

THE  
HARP OF A THOUSAND



STRINGS

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Wm. Beynon  
Corpus Christi  
November 1873







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THE  
HARP OF A THOUSAND STRINGS;  
OR,  
Laughter for a Lifetime.



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AIDED, ADDED, AND ABETTED BY OVER 200 KURIOS KUTZ, FROM  
ORIGINAL DESIGNS KAREFULLY DRAWN OUT BY MC'LENAN  
HOPPIN, DARLEY, HENNESSEY, BELLEW, GUNN, HOWARD,  
&c., TO SAY NOTHING OF LEECH, PHIZ, DOYLE, CRUICK-  
SHANK, MEADOWS, HINE, AND OTHERS.

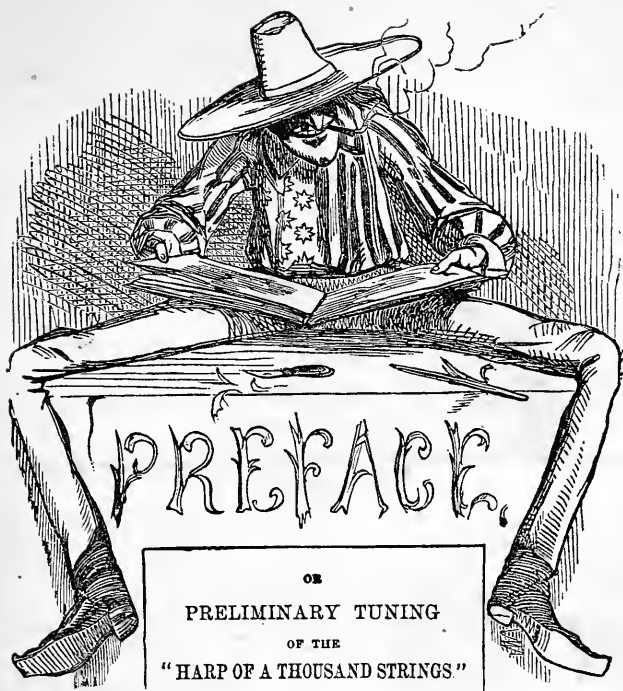
The Whole Engraved  
BY S. P. AVERY.

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Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by

SAMUEL P. AVERY,

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District of New York.



PREFACE!" exclaims the reader. "Certainly—why not? Good acquaintances are seldom formed without proper introduction—so a good book is never without a preface." "True, but why need a preface when the book is but as the moon, brilliant from borrowed light?" "There we join issue. It *has* lustre of its own. It is not the mere jumbling together of jokes, stories, quips, and cranks, that in this enlightened, railroad, and electric telegraph-reading age, will enable a book to pass muster.

No, there must be judgment, discretion, liberality, and we may say truly, taste, in stringing together the literary, artistic, and iocu-

lar pearls composing books like the present, so as to render the perusal palatable, and something for every palate. Shall we be presumptuous enough to say we have done this? If we have succeeded, the knowledge of gaining the approbation of our numerous readers, who condescend to peruse these "trifles light as air," the consciousness of raising a smile—a laugh—an *infectious* laugh, in the toilsome journey through life, will well and amply reward us. At any rate, the reader can truly say of the compiler,



#### HE'S SKATERING FOR THE PUBLIC AMUSEMENT.

We would fain convert this "*Tale of Tears*" into the realms of mirth and sunny smiles, kill care in a laugh; lighten the heart; sharpen the wits; and set the whole world, *not by the ears*, but in one PERPETUAL BROAD GRIN from (Y) ear to (Y) ear!

We would exhort all unfortunate mortals who *lean* to melancholy, to apply at once to our "*HARP*" and from its soothing tones they will receive immediate relief from the worst attack of the *blues*, and learn to "*Laugh and grow fat*."

In conformity with these good hopes and inclinations, and being, as we ever are, in a merry *vein*, trusting our efforts will not be in *vain*, we have invoked all the *choice spirits*, not of w(h)ine, but wit, whom we have met with—*ardent spirits of our own*—and prepared A FEAST OF HUMOR AND DELICIOUS DROLLERY, to which we invite all and everybody.

To the banquet, then, dear public. THE BILL OF FARE is before you; take your choice of the savory viands so abundantly provided for you. Every delicacy in *season* graces our festive board; our *sheets* form an appropriate *table-cloth*; turn to our *pages*, and before you take your *leaves*, dear friends, you will be sure to meet with your *deserts*—and for *music*—surely among our "*THOUSAND STEINGS*" one cheerful tune will be found to please you.

Impressed with the force of his own arguments, the purveyor of the present entertain

ment, has attempted this epilogue; in which, he trusts he has not presumed upon the usual leniency of after-dinner criticism; and that none of his readers are of the delightful class of censors, who flourish a flail to demolish a cobweb—who indulge in proving, by very elaborate and profound arguments, that there is no use in

*"Mirth that wrinkled care derides,  
And Laughter holding both his sides!"*



or who occasionally go so far, in fits of ultra fastidiousness, as to cross an author's *t* and dot an *i* for him.

S. P. A.

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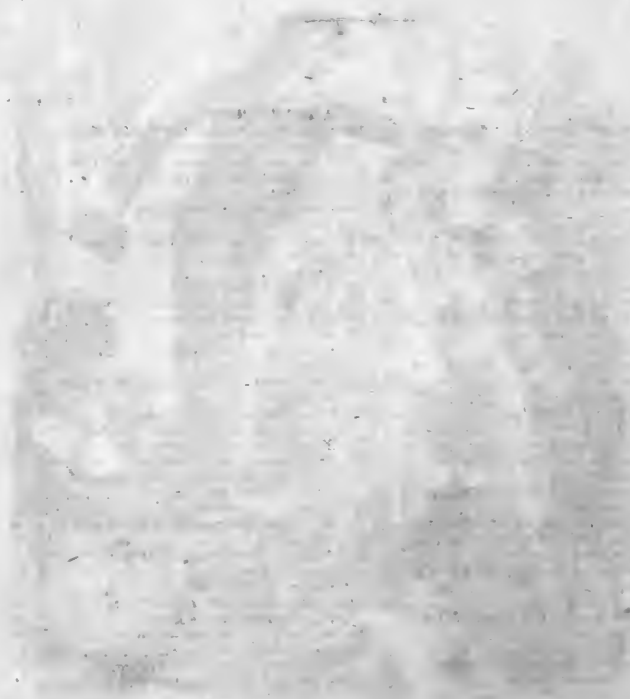
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# "THE HARP OF A THOUSAND STRINGS ;"

OR

The Quintessence of Human Wit, Waggersy, and Wisdom.

---



## SERMON.

"I MAY say to yo, my brethering, that I am not an edecated man,  
an' I am not one o' them that beleeves edecation is necessary for a gos-

pel minister, fur I beleeve the Lord edecates his preachers jest as he wants 'em to be edecated ; and although I say it that ought n't to say it, yet in the State of Indianny, whar I live, thar's no man as gits a bigger congregation nor what I gits.

"Thar may be some here to-day, my brethering, as don't know what persuasion I am uv. Well, I may say to you, my brethering, that I am a Hard-Shell Baptist. Thar's some folks as don't like the Hard-Shell Baptists, but I'd rather hev a hard shell as no shell at all. You see me here to-day, my brethering, dressed up in fine close ; you mout think I was proud, but I am not proud, my brethering ; and although I've been a preacher uv the gospel for twenty years, and although I'm captin' uv that flat-boat that lies at your landing, I'm not proud, my brethering.

"I'm not gwine ter tell you *edzackly* whar my tex may be found : suffice it tu say, it's in the leds of the Bible, and you'll find it some-whar 'tween the fust chapter of the book of Generation, and the last chapter of the book of Revolutions, and ef you'll go and sarch the Scripturs, you'll not only find *my* tex thar, but a great many other *texes* as will do you good to read ; and my tex, when you shill find it, you shill find it to read thus :

" ' And he played on a harp uv a thousand strings—sperits of just men made perfeck.'

"My tex, brethren, leads me to speak uv sperits. Now thar's a great many kind of sperits in the world—in the fust place, thar's the sperits as som folks call ghosts ; then thar's the sperits uv *turpentine* ; and then thar's the sperits as some folks call liquor, and I've got as good artikel uv them kind uv sperits on my flat-boat as ever was fotched down the Mississippi River ; but thar's a great many other kind of sperits, for the tex says : 'He played on a harp uv a *thou*-sand strings—sperits of just men made perfeck.'

"But I'll tell you the kind of sperits as is ment in the tex : it's *fire*. That is the kind of sperits as is ment in the tex, my brethering. Now thar's a great many kinds of fire in the world. In the fust place, thar's the common sort uv fire you light a segar or pipe with, and then thar's camfire, fire before you're ready to fall back, and many other kinds uv fire, for the tex ses : 'He played on a harp uv a *thou*-sand strings—sperits uv just men made perfeck.'

"But I'll tell you the kind of fire as is ment in the tex, my brethering—it's *hell-fire* ! an' that's the kind of fire as a great many of you'll

from  
the square  
to branch,  
kerflummux ; and  
Grace, ah ! And ' He  
of just men made perfect.

" And then, my brethering,  
likened unto a possum on a 'sim  
and then the earth may quake, but that  
And you may shake one foot loose, and the o  
shake all feet loose, and he laps his tail around  
fur ever—for ' He played on a harp of a *thou*-sand strings  
just men make perfect.' "

" If you want to make old Satan run,  
Play on the golden harp !  
Just shoot him with the gospel gun,  
Play on the golden harp !  
Play on the golden harp ! play on the golden harp ! "



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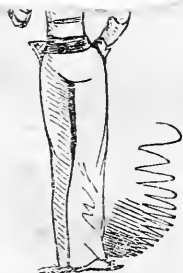


...ry  
...has a  
...our grand-  
...umbrella, black,  
...ous, and cracked; and  
while intended for a protec-  
tion from the heat, it just  
suffices to collect the sun's  
rays with an incredible  
power and sultriness, and  
exclude the air that makes

...e to the beasts of the field. Of the nine places inside this  
...," the four seats in the corners are so far preferable, that the  
occupant has the outer side of his body exempt from a perspirative  
application of human flesh (the thermometer at 100 degrees of Fahren-  
heit), while of the three middle places of the three seats, the man in  
the centre of the coach, with no support for his back, yet buried to the  
chin in men, women, and children, is at the ninth and lowest degree  
of human suffering. I left Saratoga in such a state of happiness as you  
might suppose for a gentleman, who, besides fulfilling this latter  
category, had been previously unhappy in his love.

I was dressed in a white round-about and trowsers of the same, a  
straw hat, thread stockings, and pumps, and was so far a blessing to  
my neighbors that I *looked* cool. Directly behind me, occupying the  
middle of the back seat, sat a young woman with a *gratis* passenger  
in her lap (who, of course, did not count among the nine) in the shape  
of a fat and very hot child of three years of age, whom she called  
John, Jacky, Johnny, Jocket, Jacket, and the other endearing diminu-

born  
their re-  
for fresh air,  
look out at either window, and plied largely  
with gingerbread to content him with the  
warm lap of his mother. Though I had no  
eyes in the back of my straw hat, I conceived  
very well the state in which a compost of soft  
gingerbread, tears, and perspiration, would soon  
leave the two unscrupulous hands behind me;  
and as the jolts of the coach frequently threw me  
back upon the knees of his mother, I could not  
consistently complain of the familiar use made of  
my round-about and shoulders in Master John's constant changes of posi-  
tion. I vowed my jacket to the first river, the moment that I could make  
sure that the soft gingerbread was exhausted—but I kept my temper.



How an American Jehu gets his team over ten miles in the hour,  
through all the variety of sand, ruts, clay-pits, and stump-thickets, is a  
problem that can only be resolved by riding beside him on the box.  
In the usual time we arrived at the pretty village of Troy, some thirty  
miles from Saratoga; and here, having exchanged my bedaubed jacket  
for a clean one, I freely forgave little Pickle his freedoms, for I hoped  
never to set eyes on him again during his natural life. I was going  
eastward by another coach.

Having eaten a salad for my dinner, and drank a bottle of iced claret,  
I stepped forth in my "blanched and lavender" jacket to take my  
place in the other coach, trusting to Providence not to afflict me twice  
in the same day with the evil I had just escaped, and feeling, on the  
whole, reconciled to my troubled dividend of eternity. I got up the  
steps of the coach with as much alacrity as the state of the ther-  
mometer would permit, and was about drawing my legs after me upon  
the forward seat, when a clammy hand caught me unceremoniously by  
the shirt-collar, and the voice I was just beginning to forget cried out  
with a chuckle, "*Dada!*"

"Madam!" I said, picking off the gingerbread from my shirt as the  
coach rolled down the street, "I had hoped that your infernal  
child——"

half timid  
 section on the

road.

"Yes, madam!" I answered, taking little Jocket's pasty hand into mine, affectionately, as I returned her hesitating look; "may I hope for your society so far?"

My fresh white waistcoat was soon embossed with a dingy yellow, where my enterprising fellow-passenger had thrust his sticky fist into the pockets, and my sham shirt-bosom was reduced incontinently to the complexion of a painter's rag after doing a sunset in gamboge. I saw everything, however, through the blue eyes of his mother, and was soon on such pleasant terms with Master John, that at one of the stopping-places, I inveigled him out of the coach and dropped him accidentally into the horse-trough, contriving to scrub him passably clean before he could recover breath enough for an outcry. I had already thrown the residuum of his gingerbread out of the window, so that his familiarities for the rest of the day were, at least, less adhesive.

We dropped one or two way passengers at Lebanon, and I was left in the coach with Mrs. Captain and Master John Thompson, in both whose favors I made a progress that (I may as well depone) considerably restored my spirits. If a fly hath but alit on my nose when my self-esteem hath been thus at a discount, I have soothed myself with the fancy that it preferred me—a drowning vanity will so catch at a straw!

As we bowled along through some of the loveliest scenery of Massachusetts, my companion (now become my charge) let me a little into her history, and at the same time, by those shades of insinuation of which women so instinctively know the uses, gave me perfectly to comprehend that I might as well economize my tenderness. The father of the riotous young gentleman who had made so free with my Valencia waistcoat and linen roundabouts, had the exclusive copyhold of her affections. He had been three years at sea (I think I said before), and she was hastening to show him the pledge of their affections—come into the world since the good brig Dolly made her last clearance from Boston bay.



I was equally attentive to Mrs. Thompson after this illumination, though I was, perhaps, a shade less enamored of the interesting freedoms of Master John. One's taste for children depends so much upon one's love for their mothers.

It was twelve o'clock at night when the coach rattled in upon the pavements of Boston. Mrs. Thompson had expressed so much impatience during the last few miles, and seemed to shrink so sensitively from being left to herself in a strange city, that I offered my services till she should find herself in better hands, and, as a briefer way of disposing of her, had bribed the coachman, who was in a hurry with the mail, to turn a little out of his way, and leave her at her husband's hotel.

We drew up with a prodigious clatter, accordingly, at the Marlborough hotel, where, no coach being expected, the boots and bar-keeper were not immediately forthcoming. After a rap "to wake the dead," I set about assisting the impatient driver in getting off the lady's trunks and boxes, and they stood in a large pyramid on the sidewalk when the door was opened. A man in his shirt, three parts asleep, held a flaring candle over his head, and looked through the half-opened door.

"Is Captain Thompson up?" I asked rather brusquely, irritated at the sour visage of the bar-keeper.

"Captain Thompson, sir?"

"Captain Thompson, sir!" I repeated my words with a voice that sent him three paces back into the hall.

"No, sir," he said at last, slipping one leg into his trowsers, which had hitherto been under his arm.

"Then wake him immediately, and tell him Mrs. Thompson is arrived." Here's a husband, thought I, as I heard something between a sob and a complaint issue from the coach-window at the barkeeper's intelligence. To go to bed when he expected his wife and child, and after three years' separation! She might as well have made a parenthesis in her constancy.

"Have you called the captain?" I asked, as I set Master John upon the steps, and observed the man still standing with the candle in his hand, grinning from ear to ear.

"No, sir," said the man.

"No!" I thundered, "and what in the devil's name is the reason?"

"Boots!" he cried out in reply, "show this gentleman 'forty-one.' Them may wake Captain Thompson as likes! I never hear of no Mrs. Thompson."

Rejecting an ungenerous suspicion that flashed across my mind, and informing the bar-keeper, *en passant*, that he was a brute and a donkey, I sprang up the staircase after a boy, and quite out of breath, arrived at a long gallery of bachelors' rooms on the fifth floor. The boy pointed to a door at the end of the gallery, and retreated to the banisters, as if to escape the blowing up of a petard.

Rat-a-tat-tat.

"Come in!" thundered a voice like a hailing trumpet. I took the lamp from the boy, and opened the door. On a narrow bed well tucked up, lay a most formidable looking individual, with a face glowing with carbuncles, a pair of deep-set eyes, inflamed and fiery, and hair and eyebrows of glaring red, mixed slightly with gray; while outside the bed lay a hairy arm, with a fist like the end of the club of Hercules. His head tied loosely in a black silk handkerchief, and on the light-stand stood a tumbler of brandy-and-water.



"What do you want?" he thundered again, as I stepped over the threshold and lifted my hat, struck speechless for a moment with this unexpected apparition.

"Have I the pleasure," I asked, in a hesitating voice, "to address Captain Thompson?"

"That's my name."

"Ah! then, captain, I have the pleasure to inform you that Mrs. Thompson and little John are arrived. They are at the door at this moment."

A change in the expression of Captain Thompson's face checked my information in the middle, and as I took a step backward, he raised himself on his elbow, and looked at me in a way that did not diminish my embarrassment.

"I'll tell you what, Mr. Milk-and-water," said he, with an emphasis on every word like the descent of a sledge-hammer; "if you're not out of this room in two seconds with your 'Mrs. Thompson and little John,' I'll slam you through that window, or the devil take me!"

I reflected as I took another step backward, that if I were thrown down to Mrs. Thompson from a fifth story window, I should not be in a state to render her the assistance she required; and remarking with an ill-feigned gaiety to Captain Thompson that so decided a measure would not be necessary, I backed expeditiously over the threshold. As I was closing his door, I heard the gulp of his brandy-and-water, and the next instant the empty glass whizzed past my retreating head, and was shattered to pieces on the wall behind me.

I gave the "boots" a cuff for an untimely roar of laughter as I reached the staircase, and descended, very much discomfited and embarrassed, to Mrs. Thompson. My delay had thrown that lady into a very moving state of unhappiness. Her tears were glistening in the light of the street lamp, and Master John was pulling away unheeded at her stomacher, and crying as if he would split his diaphragm. What to do? I would have offered to take her to my paternal roof till the mystery could be cleared up—but I had been absent two years, and to arrive at midnight with a woman and young child, and such an improbable story—I did not think my reputation at home would bear me out. The coachman, too, began to swear, and make demonstrations of leaving us in the street, and it was necessary to decide.

"Shove the baggage inside the coach," I said at last, "and drive on. Don't be unhappy, Mrs. Thompson! Jocket, stop crying, you villain! I'll see that you are comfortably disposed of for the night when the coach stops, madam, and to-morrow I'll try a little reason with Captain Thompson." How the devil can she love such a volcanic specimen! I muttered to myself, dodging instinctively at the bare remembrance of the glass of brandy-and-water

The coachman made up for lost time, and we rattled over the pavements at a rate that made Jocket's hullybaloo quite inaudible. As we passed the door of my own home, I wondered what would be the impression of my respectable parent, could he see me whisking by, after midnight, with a rejected woman and her progeny upon my hands; but smothering the unworthy doubt that re-rose in my mind, touching the legitimacy of Master John, I inwardly vowed that I would see Mrs. Thompson at all risks fairly out of her *imbroglio*.

We pulled up with a noise like the discharge of a load of paving-stones, and I was about saying something both affectionate and consolatory to my weeping charge, when a tall handsome fellow, with a face as brown as a berry, sprang to the coach-door and seized her in his arms. A shower of kisses and tender epithets left me not a moment in doubt. There was *another Captain Thompson*.

He had not been able to get rooms at the Marlborough, as he had anticipated when he wrote, and presuming that the mail would come first to the post-office, he had waited for her there.

As I was passing the Marlborough a week or two afterward, I stopped to inquire about Captain Thompson. I found that he was an old West Indian captain, who had lived there between his cruises for twenty years, more or less, and had generally been supposed a bachelor. He had suddenly gone to sea, the landlord told me, smiling at the same time, as if thereby hung a tale, if he chose to tell it.

"The fact is," said Boniface, when I pushed him a little on the subject, "he was *skeared* off."

"What scared him?" I asked very innocently.

"A wife and child from some foreign port!" he answered, laughing as if he would burst his waistband, and taking me into the back parlor to tell me the particulars.

---

## SUT LOVEGOOD'S YARNS.

## THE STORY OF A SHIRT.



HE first person I met was "Sut (after crossing the Hiwassee) "weaving and moving along" in his usual rambling, uncertain gait; his appearance at once satisfied me that something was wrong. He had been sick—whipped in a free fight, or was just outgrowing one of his big drunks. But upon this point I was

soon enlightened.

"Why, Sut, what's wrong now?"

"Heap's wrong; durn me skin if I aint most ded. Lite off of that hoss, George, an' take a horn, while I take two (shaking that everlasting flask of his at me), an' plant yerself on that ar log an' I'll tell ye ef I ken, but it's most beyond tellin'. I reckon I'm the darndest fool out en Utaw scept my dad, for he acted hoss, an' I haint dun that yet—allers in some trap that cudent kech a sheep. I'll drown myself sum day, see ef I don't, just to stop a family disposition to make d—d fools on themselves."

"How is it, Sut; have you been beat playing cards, or drinking, which is it?"

"Nara one; that can't be did in these parts; but seein' it's you, George, I'll tell you, but I swar I'm 'shamed—sick—sorry, and—and—mad, I am.

"Ye know I boards with Bill Carr, at his cabin on the mountain and pays fur sich as I gits when I hev money, an' when I haven't any why he takes one-third outen me in cussin; and she, that's his wife Bets, takes out tother two-thirds with the battlin' stick, and the intrus with her tongue, and the intrust's more'n the princi'l—heap more. She's the cussedest 'oman I ever seed eny how for jaw, breedin', and pride. She can scold a blister onto a bull's face rite on the curl in two minits. She out-breeds ev'rything on the river—and patterns arter ev'ry fashion she hears tell on, from bussels to briches. Oh! she's one on 'em, and sometimes she's two or three. Well, ye see, I got some hum made cotton truck to make a new shirt outen, and coaxed Bets to

make it, and about the time it were dun, here comes Lawyer Johnson along and axed for breakfus—I wish it had pizened him, durn his hide, and I wonder it didn't, for she cooks awful mixings when she tries. I'm pizen proof myself (holding up his flask, and peeping through it) or I'd be dead long ago.

“Well, while he were a eatin' she spied out that his shirt was stiff an' mighty slick; so she never rested till she worm'd it outen him, that a prep'ration of flour did it; and she got a few particulars about the perceedings outen him by 'oman's arts—I don't know how she did it, perhaps *he* does. Arter he left she set in an' biled a big pot of paste—nigh onto a peck of it, an' soused in my shert an' let it soak awhile, then she tuck it an' ironed it out flat and dry, and sot it up on its aidge agin the cabin, in the sun. Thar it stood as stiff as a dry hoss hide, an' it rattled like a sheet of iron, it did. It were pasted together all



over. When I cum to dinner, nothin' wud do but I must put it on. Well, Bets an' me got the thing open arter some hard work, she pulling at one of the tails and me at the tother, an' I got into it. Durn the everlasting new fangled shert, I say. I felt like I had crawled into an old bee gum an' hit full of pisants but it were like Lawyer Johrson's and

I stud it like a man, and went to work to build Bets a ash hopper. I worked powerful hard and swet like a hoss, and when the shert got wet it quit its hurting.

"Arter I got dun, I took about four fingers of red-head, and crawled up into the cabin loft to take a snuze.

"Well, when I waked up I thought I was ded, or had the cholery, for all the joints I could move wer my ankles, wrists, knees—couldn't even move my head, and skasely wink my eyes—the cussed shert was pasted fast onto me all over, from the pint of the tails to the pint of the broadax collar over my years. It sot to me as close us a poor cow dus to her hide in March. I sqirmed and strained till I sorter got it broke at the shoulders and elbows, and then I done the durndest foolish thing ever did in these mountains. I shuffled my britches off, and tore loose from my hide about two inches of the tail all rr and, in much pain and tribulation. Oh! but it did hurt! Then I took up a plank outen the loft, and hung my legs down through the hole, and nailed the aidge of the front tail to the floor before, and the hind tail I nailed to the plank whot I sot on. I unbuttoned the coller and risbands, raised my hands above my head, shot up my eyes, said grace, and jumped through to the ground flore."

Here Sut remarked, sadly :

"George, I'm a darnder fool than ever dad was, hoss, hornets, an' all. I'll drown myself sum of these days, see ef I don't."

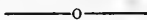
"Well, go on, Sut; did the shirt come off?"

"I—t—h—i—n—k—it—d—i—d. I hearn a noise sorter like taring a shingle roof off ov a house all at onst, and felt like my bones were all that reached the flore. I staggered to my feet, and took a look at my shert. The nails had all hilt their holt, and thar it were hanging, arms down, inside out, and as stiff as ever. It looked like the map ov Mexico, jist arter one of the first battles—a patch of my hide about the size of a dollar and a half bill here; a bunch of my har about the size of a bird's nest thar; then some more skin; then some paste; then a little more har; then a heap of skin; then more har; then skin, and so on all over that darned new fangled, everlasting, infernal cuss of a shert. It was a picture to look at—*an' so was I*. The hide, har, and paste, were about ekcally devided atween me and hit. Wonder what Bets, durn her, thort when she cume home and found me missing. Spect she thinks I crawled into a thicket and died of my wounds. It must have skared her good, for I tell you it looked like the skin ov sum wild beast torn off alive, or a bag what had kerried a load ov fresh beef from a shooting match.

"Now, George, if ever I ketch that Lawyer Johnson out I'll shoot him, and if ever an 'oman talks about flat'nin' a shert for me again, durn my everlasting pictur ef I don't flatten her. It's rit-ribution, sar'in, the biggist kind of a preacher's regular ritribution. Do you remember my driving of dad thro' that hornets' nest, and then racing of him inter the kreck?"

"Yes."

"Well, this is what comes of it. I'll drown myself some of these days, see ef I don't—ef I don't die from that awful shert. Take a horn, and don't you try a sticky shert as long as you live."



### HOW SUT LOVEGOOD'S DADDY ACTED HOSS AND WHAT CAME OF IT.



OLD that ere hoss down to the yearth." "He's a spredin' his tail to fly now!" "Keep him whar he is." "Woa." "Woa, shavetail." "He's a dancing a jig."

These and like expressions were addressed to a queer-looking, long-legged, short-bodied, small-headed, white-haired, hog-eyed, funny sort of a genius, fresh from some second-hand clothing store, and mounted on "Tarpoke," a nick-tailed, long, poor horse, half-brandy, half-devil, and enveloped all

over in a perfect net-work of bridle reins, cruppers, martingales, straps, surcingles, and red feretin, who had reined up in front of Pat Nack's grocery, among a crowd of wild mountaineers, full of fight and bad whiskey.



"I say, you darned ash carts, jist keep shirts on, will ye? You never seed a raal hoss till I rid up. Tarpole is jist next to the best hoss that ever shelled nubbins, and he's dead as a still worm, poor old Ticky-tail."

"What killed him, Sut?" said an anxious inquirer.

"Why, nuthin', you tarnal fool; he jist died—died a standin' up, a. that. Warn't that good pluck? Froze stiff: no, not that, adzactly, but starved fust, and then froze afterwards, so stiff, that when dad and me pushed him over, he jist stuck out so, (spreading his arms and legs,) like a carpenter's bench, and we waited seventeen days for him to thaw afore we could skin him. Well, thar we was—dad an' me—(counting his fingers,) Dad an' me, Sal an' Jake, (Fool Jake, we used to call him, for short,) an' Phineas, an' Simeon, an' Jonas, an' Charloteean, an' Cal-line Jane, an' Cashus Henry Clay, an' Noah Dan Webster, an' me an' the twin galls, an' Cathrine Second, an' Cleopatry Antony, an' Jane Lind, an' Tom Bullion, an' the baby, an' the prospect, an' marm herself, all left without any hoss to crap with. That was a nice mess for a 'spectable family to be slashin' about in, warn't it? I be durned if I didn't feel like stealin' a hoss sometimes. Well, we waited an' rested, an' waited until well into strawberry time, hopin' some stray hoss mout come along, but dog my cats ef eny sich luck as that ever comes whar dad is, he's so dratted mean, an' lazy, an' ugly, an' savage, an' triflin'.

"Well, one nite, dad he lay awake all nite a snortin' an' a rollin' an' a whisperin' at mam, and next mornin' sez he—'Sut, I'll tell you what we'll do; I'll be hoss my self, and pull the plough, while you drive me, and we'll break up corn ground, and then the old quilt (that's marm) and the brats kin plant it or let it alone, jist as they d—n please.' So out we goes to the pawpaw thicket, and peeled a right smart chance of bark, and mam and me made gears for dad, and they become him mightily; then he would have a bridle, so I gits an old umbrella what I found—it's a little forked piece of iron, sorter like unto a pitch-fork, ye know—an' we bent an' twisted it sorten untu a bridle bit, small shape (dad wanted it kurb, as he said he hadn't worked for sum time, an' might sorter feel his oats an' go to cavortin'. Well, when we got the bridlè all fixed on dad, he chomped the bit jist like a rale hoss (he always was a most complicated durned old fool, eny how, and mam always said so, when he warn't about,) then I put on the gears, an' out dad an' me goes to the field, I a leadin' dad by the bridle, and totin the gopher plough on my back. When we come to the fence, I let down a gap an' made dad mad, he wanted to jump the fence on all fours, hoss way. I hitched him on to the gopher, and away we went, dad leanin

forward to his pullin' right peart, and we made sharp plowin' dad goin' rite over the bushes and sprouts, same as a rale hoss, the only difference is, he went on two legs.

"Presently we cum to a sasafac patch, and dad, to keep up his karacter as a hoss, bulged square into it, and tore down a hornets' nest nigh on to as big as a hoss head, and all the tribe kivered him right strate. He rared and kicked once or twice, and fatched a squeal wos nor ary hoss in the district, and sot into runnin' away, jist as natural as ever you seed. I let go the lines, and holloed woa, dad, woa! but you



mout as well of said woa to a locomotive. Ge whillikins, how he ru-! When he cum to a bush, he'd clear the top of it, gopher and all; p'raps he thort there mout be another settlement ov bald hornets in it, and that it was safer to go over than thrue, and quicker dun; every now and then he'd paw one side of his head with fust one fore leg and then tother, then he'd gin himself an open-handed slap, that sounded like a wagon whip, and running all the time, and karrien that gopher just about as fast and high from the yearth as ever a gopher was carried, I swar. When he cum to the fence he busted right thrue it, taring down nigh on to seven panels, scatterin' and breakin' the rales mightily, and here he left the gopher, geers, single-tree and klevis, all mixed up, not worth a durn. Most ov his shirt stuck on to the splintered end ov a

broken rale, and nigh onto a pint ov hornets staid with the shirt, a stinging it all over, the balance on em, about a gallon and a half, kept on with dad. He seemed to run jist adzactly as fast as a hornet could fly, for it war the tightest race I ever did see. Down thrue the grass they all went, the hornets making it look sorter like a smoke all around dad's bald head, and he with nuthin' on but the bridle and nigh onto a yard of plow line a sailin' behind him.

"I seed now that he was aimin' fur a swimmin' hole, in the kreek, whar the bluff is over twenty-five feet perpendicular to the water, and it's nigh onto ten feet deep. To keep up his karakter as a hoss, when he got to the bluff he jist leaped off, or rather jist kept on runnin'. Kersplunge into the kreek he went; I seed the water fly plum above the bluff from whar I was. Now, rite thar, boys, he overdid the thing, if that war what he was arter, for there's nary hoss ever folded durned fool enough to leap over sich a place; a cussed mule might have dun it but dad warnt acting mule. I krep't up to the edge and looked over, there was old dad's bald head, for all the world like a peeled onion, a bobbin' up and down, and the hornets a sailin' and a circlin' round, turkey buzzard fashion, and every once in a while, one and sometimes ten, 'ud make a dip at dad's head. He kept up a right peart dodging under, sumtimes they'd hit him, and sumtimes they'd hit the water, and the water was kivered with drowned hornets. 'What on the yearth are ye doin' thar, dad?' sez I. 'Don't (dip) you see those infernal varmints (dip) after me?' 'What,' sez I, 'them are hoss-flies thar: ye ain't really afeard of them, are ye?' 'Hoss-flies h—ll!' sez dad; 'they'rè rale (dip) genuine bald hornets, you (dip) infernal cuss!' 'Well, dad, you'll have to stay thar till nite, an' arter they go to roost, you cum home an' I'll feed you.' And knowing dad's unmodified natur, I broke from them parts and sorter cum to the copper mines. I staid hid out until the next arternoon, when I seed a feller travellin', and sez I, 'What was going on at the cabin this side of the creek when you passed it?' 'Why, nuthin' much, only a man was setting in the door with nary shirt on, and a woman was greasing his back and arms, and his head was about as big as a ten-gallon keg, and he hadn't the first sign of an eye, all smooth.' 'That man is my dad,' sez I. 'Been much fitin' in this neighborhood lately?' sez the traveller rather drily. 'Nun wuth speaking of personally or particularly,' sez I. Now, boys, I haint seen dad since, and would be afraid to meet him in the next ten years. Let's drink."

And the last we saw of Sut, he was stooping to get into the doggery door, with a mighty mixed crowd at his heels.

## SUT'S EXPERIENCE WITH S-O-D-Y P-O-U-T-E-R-S.



UT related the story thus: "George, did you ever see Sicily Burns? Her dad lives at the Ratil Snail Springs, nigh to the Georgy line!" "Yes, a very handsome girl." "Handsome! that wurd don't kiver the case; it sounds like callin' good whiskey water, when ye ar at Big Spring and the still house ten miles off, an' hit a rainin', and yer flask only half full. She shows amung wimen like a sunflower as compared to dog fennel an smart weed and jimsen. But thar aint no use tryin' to describe her. Couldn't crawl thru a whisky barrel with both heads stove out, if it wur hilt study for her, an good foot

nolt at that. She weigths just two hundred and twenty-six pounds, an' stands sixteen hands high. She never got in an arm cheer in her life, an' you can lock the top hoop of a churn ur a big dog collar round her waist. I've seed her jump over the top of a split-bottom cheer, an' never show her ankils or catch her dress onto it. She kerried devil enuf about her to fill a four hoss waggin bed, with a skin as white as the inside ov a frogstool, cheeks an' lips as red as a pearche's gills in dogwood blossom time; an' sich a smile! Oh, I be dratted if it is eny use talkin'. That gal cud make me murder old Bishop Soul hissel, or kill mam, not to speak of dad, ef she jist hinted that she wanted sich a thing dun.

"Well, to tell it at onst, she war a gal all over, from the pint of her toe nails tu the longest har on the hiest knob ov her hed—gal all the time, everywhere—and that ov the excitinist kind. Ov course I leaned up to her as close as I dar tu, an' in spite of long legs, appetite fur whisky, my shurt scrape, and dad's actin' hoss, she sorter leaned tu me, an' I was beginnin' to think I wur jist the greatest and comfortablist man on yearth, not exceptin' Old Buck or Brigham Young, with all his radil culled, wrinkled wimmin, cradels full of babies, an' his Big Salt Lake thrown in. Well, wun day a cussed, dectivin', palaverin, stinkin

Yankee peddler, all jack-knife an' jaw, cum to ole man Burnses, with a load ov apple parins, callicker, ribbins, jewsharps, an' s-o-d-y p-o-w-d-e-r-s. Now, mind, I'd never hern tell ov that truck afore, an' I be durned ef I don't want it to be the last—wus nor rifle powder—wus nor perkussion—three times as smart, and hurts wus, heap wus. Durn him. Durn all Yankee peddlers, and durn their principils and practisis, I say. I wish I had all the sody powder they ever made, in his cussed paunch, an' a slow match fixed tu him, an' I had a chunk ov fire, the feller what found a peace ov him big enuf tu feed a cockroach ought to be King ov the Sultun's harem a thousand years for his luck. They aint human, no how. The mint at Filadelfy is thar Heaven; they think their God eats half dimes fur breakfast, hashes the leavins fur dinner, and swallows a cent an' a dried appil for supper, sets on a stampin' machine fur a throne, sleeps on a crib full of half dollars, and measures men like money, by count. They haint one ov them got a soal but what kud dance a jig in a kabbage seed, and leave room fur the fiddler.

"Well, Sicily she bought a tin box ov the sody from him, an' hid it away from her folks, a savin' it for me. I happen to pass next day, ov cours I stopped to enjoy a look at the tempter, an' she wur mighty livin to me, put wun arm round my neck, an' tother wun whar the circingle goes round a hoss, tuk the 'inturn on me with her left foot,' and gin me a kiss. Says she, 'Sutty, love, I've got somethin' fur ye, a new sensashun'—an' I believed it, for I begun tu feel it already. My toes felt like little minners wur a niblin at 'em— a cold streak run up and down my back like a lizzard with a turkey hen after him in settin' time, my heart felt hot and onsatisfied like, an' then I'd a cut ole Soul's throat, if she'd hinted at needsisity fur sich an operashun. Then she poured ten or twelve blue papers ov the sody inter a big tumbler, and about the same number ov white wuns inter tuther tumbler, an' put ni onto a pint ov water on both ov them, an' stirred 'em both up with a case knife, lookin' as solemn as a ole jackass in a snow storm, when the fodder's all gin out. She hilt wun while she told me to drink tuther. I swallowed it at wun run—tasted salty like, I thot it wur part of the sensashun. But I wur mistaken, all ov the cussed infernal sensashun wur to cum, and it wurn't long at it, hoss, you'd believe me. Then she gin me tother tumbler, and I sent it after the fust, race-hoss fashion.

"In about wun moment an haf I thot I'd swallowed a thrashun machine in full blast, ur a cupple ov bull dogs, and they had sot inter fitin. I seed that I wur cotched agin—same family dispersition to

make cussed fools ov themselves every chance—so I broke for my hoss. I stole a look back, an thar Sicily lay on her back in the porch, a screemin with laffin, her heels up in the air, a kickin ov em together like she wur a tryin tu kick her slippers off. But I had no time tu look then, and thar wur a road of foam frum the hous tu the hoss two foot wide and four inches deep—looked like it had been a snowin—poppin, an a hissen, an a bilin, like a tub ov hot soap suds. I hed gethered a cherry tree limb as I run, an I lit asstraddle ov my hoss, a whippin an a kickin like mad. This, with the scarey noises I made (fur I wur a whislin, an a hissin, an a sputterin, outer mouth, nose an eyes, like a steam engine), sot him a rearin and cavortin like he was skeered out of his senses. Well, he went. The foam rolled, and the ole black hoss flew. He just mizzled—scared ni tu death, and so wur I. So we agreed on the pint ov the greatest distance in the smallest time.

“I aimed for Doctur Goodman’s at the Hiwassee Copper Mines, tu get somethin to stop the exploshun in my inards. I met a sercuit rider on his travels towards a fried chicken an a hat full of ball biskits. As I cum a tarin along he hilt up his hands like he wanted to pray fur me, but as I preferred physic tu prayer, in my pecooliar situwashun



at that time, I jist rolled along. He tuck a skeor as I cum ni on tu him, his faith gin out, an he dodged hoss, saddilbags, an overcoat, inter a thicket jist like you’ve seed a terkil take water often a log when a

tarin big steamboat cums along. As he passed ole man Burns, Sicily hailed him, and axed him if he'd met any body in a hurry gwine up the road. The poor man thought perhaps he did an perhaps he didn't, but he'd seen a site, uv a spook, uv a ghost, uv ole Beelzebub himself, ur the komit, he didn't adzactly know which, but takin all things together an the short time he'd for preparashun, he thought he met a crazy, long-legged, shakin Quaker, a fleein from the wrath tu cum, on a black an white spotted hoss, a whippin ov him with big brush, an hed a white beard what cum from ui unto his eyes to the pummil ov the saddil, and then forked an went to his knees, an then sumtimes drapped in bunches as big as a crow's nest tu the ground, an hearn a sound like a rushin of mity waters, and he wur mitily exercised about it enyhow. Well, I guess he wur, an so wur his fat hoss, an wur old blackey, wust exercised ov all ov em wur I, myself. Now, George, all this beard and spots on the hoss, an steam, an fire, an show, an wire tails, is oudacious humbug. It all cum outen my inards, droppin out of my mouth without any vomitin ur effort, an ef it hadn't I'd a busted into more pieces than thar is aigs in a big catfish. The Loven-good are all confounded fools, an dad aint the wust ov em."

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### A HOPELESS PASSION.



Y young friend Ebenezer Waggles is the victim of a Hopeless Passion. He has a high forehead surmounted with curling hair, through the centre of which a little pathway conducts into the nape of his neck; his eyes are large, and suffused by a tender melancholy; his mouth is formed after the manner of a Cupid's bow, and his chin is sharply pointed and has a hole in its extremity; I don't mention his nose, because it turns up, and rather mars the effect of his other features, but he is upon the whole a very striking looking person indeed.

You could scarcely pass him in the street without re-

marking the distraught and wierdlike expression which he is in no way anxious to mitigate.

He himself admits that he is not of the "common clay," and some of his friends affirm in addition that he is rather of the "mere sham" (or "foam of the sea"); whatever affectations he may have, however, they have nothing at all to do with his hopeless passion, for that is a reality which goes nigh to consume him, "he thinks by day, he dreams of it by night;" he soliloquises about it in lonely places, and bores you with it if you sit by him in an omnibus; he woos its object with an unceasing importunity, and expends upon it his time, his talents, and his letter paper.

And yet it is neither maid nor widow who is the goddess of his idolatry, and far less (for Waggles is the soul of honor) is it any body else's wife; no maid, however coy, no widow, however suspicious, could indeed have held out such a siege so long. The idol of his heart is the Periodical Press, and his hopeless passion is to appear in print! To be in the third column of the supplement on Saturday, to be in yellow letters upon a crimson ground against blank walls for the ensuing week, to be (if such a bliss might only happen!) carried on a placard through the principal thoroughfares—that is the dream of his life, "the mirage (his own words) before his heated eyes in this vast Desert of Existence."

It was born with him, just as the name of Waggles was born with him.

I think, although my friend is a religious man, that he would barter his soul for the privilege of seeing a letter of his in print in the *Times* newspaper. Whenever a grievance arises at home or abroad, or the minutest excuse offers itself for addressing the leading journal, Waggles is one of the first in the field of "Correspondents." Now, although he has done this so constantly as to be enabled to affirm to strangers that he has been writing in the "*Blower*" for many years," the effect of his arguments (except, perhaps, in their secret influence on the mind of the Editor) has not been great; his communications, in fact, have never been printed; and his connexion with other newspapers has not been less unfortunate. To me also Waggles delights in writing (though he confesses it is not like publishing), and confides in my secrecy at all times as in a brother; and I have taken the liberty of making a few extracts from his more confidential letters for the better illustration of his character. Of this newspaper writing, he says:—

"I have proposed more enigmas for the conservative journal of my native county than the Egyptian Sphinx; when that venal and



...the print refused to insert them, I sent them, week after week, to the radical organ, in which infidel and revolutionary paper, too, I have always found my initials under the head of 'unsuitable commu-



nications;' not my real initials, of course, but those which seemed to me the most suitable to the occasion: I have written, indeed, under the protection of every letter in the alphabet without the possibility (in the hypothetical case of their being printed even) of anybody being the wiser; but I. O. U. was always informed that 'metre was not the sole requisite in a poem;' or K. I. S., that there was a 'point where gaiety became indecency;' or D. A. M., that 'blasphemy was not wit;' nor was I more successful with my more ambitious aliases; 'Juvenis' was always recommended to grow older; 'Steelpen' to mend himself, and 'Paterfamilias' (for, in despair, I tried that once) to stick to his home affairs and leave off writing rubbish."

But Waggles seemed never to be in anywise cast down by these disappointments, and did not think it at all out of the pale of chance that he might yet have been made one of "Our own Correspondents" in Utah, with the Commander-in-Chief under one thumb, and the Medical and Commissariat Staffs under the other. Nor did he confine

himself at all to the newspaper press, nor to any one branch in particular of general literature; he would have engaged to supply an article for a comic almanac, and another for "the Ecclesiologist" on the same afternoon; he has had one, scores of times, I will answer for him, ready for each, but they, unhappily, were not so well prepared on their parts for it. "From my earliest youth," he confesses, "my delicately-stringed organization has thrilled and quivered in contact with the roughness and brutality of the conductors of the periodical press; such a metaphor as that, sir, even with a supplementary reference to 'harmony' and 'silver,' has been remarked upon by those men disparagingly, or not remarked upon at all, while the rhythmical utterance of the poetry of my impassioned spirit has been designated on one occasion as 'Twaddle.'"

He is unfortunate, it appears, as regards his literary schemes even in his domestic relations: "My family are almost Calvinistic (he writes in one of his early letters); they congratulated themselves, I believe, that I was born with a *caul*; they prohibit my receiving numerous rejected contributions upon the Sabbath day; their own periodical literature is of a sombre, not to say sulphureous, description. 'A Live Coal from the Nether Pit,' a tract of not only European, but African celebrity, was thrown off, after dinner, by my maternal uncle; his connexion with the 'Weekly Scourge for Sinners,' has been of no service to me as an introduction to that journal. A rather amusing contribution of mine was returned but lately by its sub-editor, with marginal request, written in red ink, that 'I should take care of my precious soul.'"

From almost his infancy, indeed, a desire to inscribe his name upon the scrolls of fame, was "ready laid" (as the housemaids say) within. His breast needed only the slightest spark to set it alight. His own mother appears to have been the unwitting incendiary destined to lay his heart in ruins.

"About the time," he says, "of my entrance into my eleventh year, I wrote a five-act tragedy upon the Landing of Hengist and Horsa; my dear mother placed it upon a level with the historical plays of Shakspeare; my father conceived that there was 'not enough of the religious element,' in either author. 'Hengist and Horsa' is, as yet, unpublished; the situations are fine, and the characters in accordance with the period; I have not fettered myself with actual facts, but the noble brothers are made to expire simultaneously, after an eating match for the sovereignty, in presence of their assembled nobles. On my twelfth birth-day I completed an epic poem in seventy-two cantos, upon the same absorbing topic, and subsequently composed two essays,

one upon the character of Prince Hengist, and the other upon that of Prince Horsa." And again, with relation to his mother he says, "she was the confidante of the never-to-be-printed sonnet, and the rejected elegy, and the unreturned (even) five-act drama; she sympathised with me in all my misfortunes, and was, and is, *the only human being who ever believed in me.*"

Ebenezer believed, and believes in himself, however, in a very remarkable degree, and always attributes his failures to the jealousy, malignity, or dishonesty of the world in general, and of editors in particular.

"I am sure that my concise little elucidation (in fifteen verses) of the etymological conundrum of the 'Country Beehive,' should have gained me the first prize of fifty copies; instead of which it was awarded to 'our clever young correspondent B.;" it was awarded perhaps, and not presented; I have my doubts about the personal existence of that genius; and whether anything was given 'to B or not to B.' (as Shakespeare observes), 'that is the question.' Again, in the case of acrostics, I am certain that what ingenuity *can* have done for acrostics, mine has done, and yet I don't find our periodicals craving after my acrostics: I have written, too, 'Jesuitical Letters' of the most interesting description, to be read four ways, along and across and backwards and forwards, with a different and (almost) obvious sense to each. Loyola himself might have been proud of them, but the editor of the 'Cottage Sun-Dial' is nothing of the sort; he *says* he doesn't understand any of the four meanings; but I have my own reasons for suspecting that his connexion with the Romanising party in this country, sir, forbids him from publishing such exposures of the arts of the enemies of our Protestant faith. I have, however, I trust, by this time been avenged. The 'Cottage Sun-Dial' requests that the medical experience of its suffering readers may be kindly communicated, and I have at last succeeded in getting the following 'cure for cold in the head' into its columns. It is the most imaginative thing I ever composed, and I devoutly hope it may be tried by the Editor himself. 'Hire a small cane-bottomed chair and set a camphene lamp alight beneath it; undress, and cause wet sheets to loosely hang from your neck, and fall, when you have sat down, outside the chair: as there is some little inconvenience felt for the first few minutes, it is better that the patient should be secured to the woodwork, and the woodwork to the lamp; the attendant may then leave the room for a quarter of an hour, which will be amply sufficient time for the production of the desired effect.

Signed      ATE.'

'N.B.—I have never known a second application to be required.'

The sombre life of my persevering young friend has not, however, been unchequered with some gleams of passing joy : some years ago Ebenezer Waggles was as near attaining the object of his fondest wishes as any mortal in this ineffectual world may be ; the golden opportunity, it will be seen, was only lost through his own indiscretion and impatience.

"I was one and twenty years of age," he says, in one of his numerous autobiographical letters, "when the great event of my existence (very nearly) came to pass. The Editor of 'The People's Soap-dish,' a journal devoted to the Dignity of Labor and the Empire of the Spade (for which vide Prospectus), *accepted* one of my contributions ; it was rather a thrilling tale of wrong and retribution ; 'The Lord and the Laborer' was no ordinary story of everyday life, believe me ; the Peer was insolent, ignorant, debauched, and bloodthirsty ; the Peasant, made Lord Chief Justice, had reason to congratulate himself and society, when he passed sentence of death upon that hereditary ruffian ! 'Libertas' (that is, myself) was informed that the 'Lord and the Laborer' was in type ; was I not justified then upon its non-appearance in the next number, in writing an abusive communication to the Editor ? But was he, I would ask you, on the other hand, justified in returning the MS. with 'Libertas is a fool,' written outside it ? And yet that was exactly what he did."

This blow had a very severe effect upon Waggles for some time, and caused his imagination, partly through the sorrow which is most fitly poured forth in song, and partly because he thought it would be more likely to succeed than in prose, to take a poetic course ; he was not, however, more successful in this respect, for after a little time I find in one of his letters a quotation of some fifty blank verse lines, "extracted," he writes, "from an Epic Poem, entitled 'Never,' forwarded some weeks ago to the 'Weekly Coronal,' and, need I say, *rejected* ?"

Since I have known this victim of a Hopeless Passion he cannot have spent less than twenty pounds in postage-stamps and four times as much in writing paper—foolscap (he is immensely careful, poor fellow ! about blots and erasures, and fastens all his sheets together with a red silk riband) : I have counted in that huge *escritoire* of his as many as forty-eight pretty voluminous MSS. ; "This," said he, alluding to the 'Family Hodge Podge,' for which he was just then engaged in compilation, "this journal is the nine and fortieth in which my young soul has yearned to expand myself and failed ; if this too be not accepted, I leave the whole periodical press to their receipts and recipes for ever."

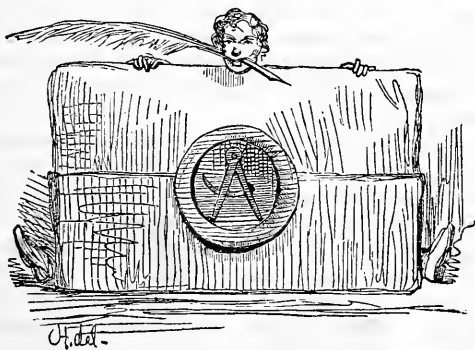
Since that distressing circumstance took place, however, Waggles has been as constant a contributor to everything as before; it was only a few days back that he came to me with heightened color and his melancholy eyes lit up with joy to tell me of his having broken ground in a new quarter.

"But it's a secret," he said, "a great secret, and I believe it may be death, aye, and death by burning to reveal it."

"I tell you what it is, Waggles," said I, "you'll write in one magazine yet, before you die, if you go on talking in this way; and that will be the Hanwell Intelligencer, or Bedlam Monthly Regenerator. What do you mean?"

"Why, I mean," replied Ebenezer, in a low whisper, and looking suspiciously around him, "that I have written a story entitled 'The Screw, the Lever, and the Plumb Rule,' and I have sent it to the 'Freemason's Weekly Journal.'"

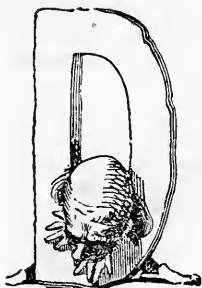
"But you're not a Freemason, Waggles?"



"No," said he, "that is the only difficulty, but I have sealed it with a pair of compasses, and I have signed it 'Brother Smith.'"

And if my young friend is not the victim of a Hopeless Passion I don't know who is.

## WHAT COMES OF CHAWIN TERBACKER.



ON'T you know the Stallinses that lives on the plantation in the summer and goes to town in the winter? Well, Miss Mary Stallins, who you know is the darlinest gal in the county, come home tother day to see her folks. You know she's been to the Female College, down to Macon, for most a year now. Before she went, she used to be jest as plain as a old shoe, and used to go fishin and huckleberryin with us, with nothin but a calico sun-bonnet on, and was the wildest thing you ever saw. Well, I always used to have a sort of a sneakin notion of Mary Stallins, and so when she come, I brushed up, and was termined to have a rite serious talk with her bout old matters, not knowin but she mought be captivated by some of them Macon fellers.

So, sure enough, off I started, unbeknowin to anybody, and rode rite over to the plantation—(you know ours is rite jinin the widdler Stallinses). Well, when I got thar, I felt a little sort o' sheepish; but I soon got over that, when Miss Carline said (but she didn't mean me to hear), "There, Pinny (that's Miss Mary's nick-name, you know), there's your bo come."

Miss Mary looked mighty sort o' redish when I shuck her hand and told her howdy; and she made a sort of stoop over and a dodge back, like the little gals does to the school-marm, and said, "Good evening, Mr. Jones" (she used always to call me jest Joe).

"Take a chair, Joseph," said Miss Carline; and we sot down in the parlor, and I began talkin to Miss Mary bout Macon, and the long ride she had, and the bad roads, and the monstrous hot weatler, and the like.

She didn't say much, but was in a mighty good humor and laughed a heap. I told her I never seed sich a change in anybody. Nor I never did. Why, she didn't look like the same gal—good gracious! she looked so nice and trim—jest like some of them pictures what they have in Mr. Graham's Magazine—with her hair all komed down longside of her face, as slick and shiny as a mahogany burow. When she laugh'd she didn't open her mouth like she used to; and she set up straight and still in her chair, and looked so different, but so monstrous pretty! I ax'd her a heap of questions, bout how she liked

Macon, and the Female College, and so forth; and she told me a heap bout 'em. But old Miss Stallins and Miss Carline and Miss Kesiah, and all of 'em, kep all the time interruptin us, axin bout mother—if she was well, and if she was gwine to the Spring church next Sunday, and what luck she had with her soap, and all such stuff—and I do believe I told the old woman more'n twenty times that mother's old turkey-hen was settin on fourteen eggs.



Well, I wasn't to be backed out that a-way—so I kept it a going the best I could, til bimeby old Miss Stallins let her knitin fall three or four times, and then began to nod and snap back like a fishin-pole

that was all the time gitin bites. I seed the gals looking at oneanother and pinchin oneanother's elbows, and Miss Mary said she wondered what time it was, and said the College discipline, or something like that, didn't low late hours. I seed how the game was gwine—but howsumever, I kep talkin to her like a cotton gin in packin time, as hard as I could clip it, til bimeby the old lady went to bed, and arter a bit the gals all cleared, and left Miss Mary to herself. That was jest the thing I wanted.

Well, she sot on one side of the fire-place, and I sot on tother, so I could spit on the hath, whar ther was nothin but a lighterd chunk burnin to give light. Well, we talked and talked, and I know you would like to hear all we talked about, but that would be too long. When I'm very interested in anything, or get bother'd about anything, I can't help chawin a heap o' tobacker, and then I spits uncontionable, specially if I'm talkin. Well, we sot there and talked, and the way I spit, was larmen to the crickets! I axed her if she had any bos down to Macon.

"Oh, yes," she said, and then she went on and named over Matthew Mattix, Nat. Filosofy, Al. Geber, Retric Stronomy, and a whole heap of fellows that she'd been keepin company with most all her time.

"Well," ses I, "I spose they're mazin poplar with you, aint they, Miss Mary?" for I felt mighty oneasy, and began to spit a great deal worse.

"Yes," ses she, "they're the most interestin companions I ever had, and I am anxious to resume their pleasant sciety."

I tell you what, that sort o' stumped me, and I spit rite slap on the chunk and made it "flicker and flare" like the mischief; it was a good thing it did, for I blushed as blue as a Ginny squash.

I turned my tobacker round in my mouth, and spit two or three times, and the old chunk kept up a most bominable fryin.

"Then I spose you are gwine to forget old acquaintances," ses I, "sense you's been to Macon, miong them lawyers and doctors; is you, Miss Mary? You thinks more of them than you does of anybody else, I spose."

"Oh," ses she, "I'm devoted to them—I think of them day and night!"

That was *too* much—it shot me right up, and I sot as still as could be for more'n than a minute. I never felt so warm behind the ears afore in all my life. Thunder! how my blood did bile up all over me, and I felt like I could knock Matthew Mattix into a grease-spot if



he'd only been thar. Miss Mary sot with her handkerchief up to her face, and I looked rite into the fire-place. The blue blazes was runnin round over the old chunk, ketchin hold here and lettin go thar, sometimes gwine most out, and then blazin up a little—I couldn't speak—I was makin up my mind for tellin her the sitation of my heart—I was jest gwine to tell her my feelins, but my mouth was full of tobacker, so I had to spit, and slap it went, right on the lightwood chunk, and out *it* went, spang!

I sware, I never did feel so in all my born days. I didn't know what to do.

"My Lord, Miss Mary," sez I, "I didn't go to do it—jest tell me the way to the kitchen, and I'll go and git a light."

But she never said nothin' so I sot down agin, thinkin' she'd gone to get one herself, for it was pitch dark, and I couldn't see my hand afore my face.

Well, I sot thar and ruminated, and waited a long time, but she didn't come, so I began to think maybe she wasn't gone. I couldn't hear nothin' nor I couldn't see nothin'; so bimeby sez I very low, for I didn't want to wake up the family—ses I—

"Miss Mary! Miss Mary!" but nobody answered.

Thinks I, what's to be done? I tried agin.

"Miss Mary! Miss Mary!" ses I; but it was no use.

Then I heard the gals snickerin' and laughin' in the next room, and I begun to see how it was; Miss Mary was gone and left me thar alone.

"Whar's my hat?" ses I, pretty loud, so somebody might tell me; but they only laughed worse.

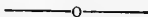
I begun to feel about the room, and the fust thing I new, spang! goes my head, rite agin the edge of a dore that was standin' open.

The fire flew, and I couldn't help but swar a little—"d——n the dore," ses I, "whar's my hat?" But nobody said nothin', so I begun to think it was best to get out the best way I could, and never mind my hat. Well, I got through the parlor dore after rakin' my shines three or four times agin the chairs, and was feelin' along through the entry for the frunt dore; but somehow I was so frustrated that I tuck the rong way, and bimeby kerslash I went, rite over old Miss Stallinses spinnin-wheel, onto the floor! I hurt myself a good deal; but that didn't make me half so mad as to hear them confounded gals a gigglin' and laughin' at me.

"Oh!" said one of 'em, (it was Miss Kesiah, for I knowed her voice,) "there goes mother's wheel! my Lord!"

I tried to set the cussed thing up, but it seemed to have more'n twenty legs, and wouldn't stand up no how—maybe it was broke. I went out of the dore, but I hadn't more'n got down the steps, when how! wow! wow! comes four or five infurnal grate big coon-dogs, rite at me. "Git out! git out! hellow, Cato! call off your dogs!" ses I, as loud as I could. But Cato was sound asleep, and if I hadn't a run back into the hall, and got out of the front way as quick as I could, them devils would o' chawed my bones for true.

When I got to my horse, I felt like a feller jest out of a hornets' nest; and I reckon I went home a little of the quickest. Next mornin' old Miss Stallins sent my hat by a little nigger; but I haint seed Mary Stallins sense—now yer see what 'comes of chawin terbacker.



### GETTING "FITS" IN A CLOTHING STORE.



UMTOWN, Me., is a place, it is! You can't exactly find it on the map, for it has been located and incorporated since Mitchell's latest, but it's *there*—a manufacturing city, as large as life, with banks, barbers' shops, newspapers, and all the usual fixtures and appurtenances of a locomotive, go-ahead, Yankee settlement.

Just about the newest thing in the new city, is a new cheap clothing store, that 'riz up' or 'rained down,' lately, on the Jonah's gourd or Aladdin's palace principle, and which, by the same mysterious dispensation, became endowed with a couple of the cutest Yankee salesmen that the Dirigo State ever turned out. T'other day, an up-river young 'un, who is about to forsake his father and mother and cleave unto Nancy Ann, came down to get his wedding suit, and was, of course, 'jist naterelly baound' to find his way into the new clothing store. Not that he sauntered in with the easy swagger of the town-bred searcher after cheap clothing, for the vernal tint was tolerably fresh on him yet, and he stopped to give a modest

rap at the door. He had effected an entrance at the grist-mill and at the *Journal* office, where he had been doing business, in the same unobtrusive manner, and the boys all agreed that Mr. Nehemiah Newbegin was from 'the Gulley,' and was paying his virgin visit to 'Pekin.'

Nehemiah was let in 'imejitly,' and he was delighted at the cordial reception he met with.

The proprietors were ready to 'forward his suit' at once, if he 'saw fit,' or they would 'take measure' and 'furnish him to order.' Nehemiah took a handbill from the top of his hat, and spread it upon his knee for easy reference. It was headed in fat Gothic letters:—



### "WINTER CLOTHING AT COST!"

And set forth that, in consequence of the mildness of the season, over five hundred thousand dollars worth of ready-made clothing was to be closed up and sold out at

### "*Enormous Sacrifice!*"

A list of prices followed, and Nehemiah, running his stumpy fingers down the column, lit with emphasis on a particular item.

"Say!—v' ye got enny of these blew cotes left, at five dollars 'nd five n'af 'nd six dollars—got any on 'em left?"

"Smith, are there any of those cheap coats left?" enquired the 'perlite' Mark of his partner. "We sold the last this morning, did we not?"

Smith understood the cheap clothing business, and answered promptly, "All gone, sir!"

"Jest 's I 'xpected," murmured the disappointed candidate, "darnation seize 't all! I told dad they'd be all gone!"

"We have a very superior article for ten dollars."

"Scacely, Squar, scacely!—ten dollars is an all fired price for a cote!"

"We can make you one to order."

"Y-e-s! but I want it now—want it right strut off—fact is, Squar, I must hev 'un."

"You'd find those cheap coats at ten dollars."

"Dun know about it! Say, v'ye got enny of these dewrable doe-skin trowses left, at tew dollars; sold them all tew, spect, haint ye?—haint none o' them left nuther, hev ye?"

Luckily there was a few left, and Nehemiah was advised to secure a pair at once. Nehemiah was open for a trade, but acting up the instincts of the Newbegins, it must be a dicker.

"Dew yeou ever tek projeuce for your clothing?"

"Take what?"

"Projeuce—garden sass and sich—don't dew it, dew yeou?"

"Well, occasionally we do; what have you to sell?"

"Oh, 'most enny thin'; a leetle of everything, from marrowfat peas down to rye straw; got some new cider, some high-top sweetings; got some of the all-killin'est dried punkin yeou ever sot eyes on; spect, neow, you'd like some of that dried punkin."

Mark declined negotiating for that 'dried punkin,' but inquired if he had any good butter.

"G-o-o-d butter! naow, Squar, I expect I've got some of the nicest and yallerest yeou ever sot eyes on; got some out here naow; got some in a shoogar box, eout in dad's waggin; bro't it doawn for Kurnul Waldron, but yeou ken have it; I'll bring it right strut in here, darned ef I doan't!" and with all the impetuosity of youth, Nehemiah shot forth to 'dad's waggin,' and brought in the butter.

On the strength of the butter, a dicker was speedily contracted, by which Nehemiah was to be put in immediate and absolute possession of a coat, vest and pantaloons, all of good material and fit.

"Now, then," said Mark, "what kind of a coat will you have?"

"I reckon I'll hev a blew 'un, Squar."

"Yes, but what kind—a dress coat?"

"Certainly, Squar, certainly, jest what I want a cote for tew dress in."

"Ah, exactly: well, just look at those plates," pointing to the fashion plates in the window, "and see what style you fancy."

"Oh, darn yeour plates, daon't want any crockery; spect Nance has got the all-killin'est lot of arthen ware yeou ever sot eyes on!"

"Yes, I see; well, just step this way, then, and I think I can accommodate you."

Nehemiah speedily selected a nice blue coat, and vest of green, but he was more fastidious in his choice of pants, those crowning glories of his new suit. He seemed to indulge a weakness for long pantaloons, and complained that his last pair troubled him exceedingly, or, as he expressed it, "blamedly," by hitching up over his boots, and wrinkling about the knees. Nehemiah delved away impetuously amidst a stack of two or three hundred pairs, and finally his eyes rested on a pair of lengthy ones, real blazers, and with wide, yellow stripes running each way. Nehemiah snaked them out in a twinkling. He liked them—they were long and yellow—they were just the thing, and he proceeded at once to try them on. The new clothing store had a nook curtained off for this purpose, and Nehemiah was speedily closeted therein.

The pants had straps, and the straps were buttoned. Now Nehemiah had *seen* straps before, but the art of managing them was a mystery, and like Sir Patrick's dilemma, "required a mighty dale of nice consideration." On deliberation, he decided that the boots must go first; he accordingly drew on his Bluchers, mounted a chair, elevated the pants at a proper angle, and endeavored to coax the legs into them. He had a time of it. His boots were none of the smallest, and the pants, though long, were none of the widest; the chair, too, was rickety, and bothered him, but bending his energies to the task, he succeeded in inducing one leg into the "pesky things." He was straddled like the Colossus of Rhodes, and just in the act of raising the other foot, when a whispering and giggling, in his immediate vicinity, made him alive to the appalling fact that nothing but a thin curtain of chintz separated him from twenty or thirty of the wickedest girls that were ever caged in one shop! Nehemiah was a bashful youth, and would have made a circumbendibus of a mile, any day, rather than meet those girls, even had he been in full dress; as it was, his mouth was ajar at the bare possibility of making his appearance among them in his present *dishabille*. What if there was a hole in the curtain! What if it should fall! It wouldn't bear thinking of, and, plunging his foot into the vacant leg, with a sort of frantic looseness, he brought on the very catastrophe he was so anxious to avoid. The chair collapsed

with a sudden "scrouch," pitching Nehemiah heels over head through the curtain, and he made his grand entrance among the stitching divinities on all fours, like a fettered rhinoceros.

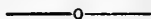


Perhaps Collier himself never exhibited a more striking group of *tableaux vivantes* than was now displayed. Nehemiah was a "model," every inch of him, and though not exactly "revolving on a pedestal," he was going through that movement quite as effectually on his back, kicking, plunging, in short personifying in thirty seconds all the attitudes ever "chiselled!" As for the gals, they screamed of course, jumped upon chairs and the cutting board, threw their hands over their faces, peeped through their fingers, screamed again, and declared "they should die, they knew they should!"

"Oh, Lord!" blubbered the distressed young 'un, "dont hollar so, gal's, don't. I didn't go tew, I swan to man I didn't; it's all owing to them cussed trowsers, every mite on't. Ask yer boss, he'll tell yer now 'twas. Oh Lordy, won't nobody kiver me up with old clothes, or turn the wood-box over me? Oh, Moses in the bulrushes! what'll Nancy say?"

He managed to raise himself on his feet, and made a bold splurge towards the door, but his "entangling alliances" tripped him up again, and he fell "kerslap" upon the hot goose of the pressman! This was the unkindest cut of all. The goose had been heated expressly for

thick cloth seams, and the way it sizzled in the seat of the new pants was afflicting to the wearer. Nehemiah riz up in an instant, and seizing the source of all his troubles by the slack, he tore himself free from all save the straps and some pantalet-like fragments that hung about his ankles, as he dashed through the door of the emporium at a two-forty pace. Nehemiah seemed to yearn with the poet, for "a lodge in some vast wilderness," and betrayed a settled purpose to "flee from the busy haunts of men," for the last seen of him he was capering up the railroad—cutting like a scared rabbit, the rays of the declining sun flickering and dancing upon a broad expanse of shirt tail that fluttered gayly in the breeze, as he headed for the nearest woods.



## TAKING CARE OF THE BABY.

### OR, TRIALS OF A BACHELOR.

THERE was no one at home except baby's mother, and baby, and I. Baby had just gone to sleep, when baby's mother remembered a trifling commission which she had promised to execute for me in the village. With an injunction to touch the cradle if baby awoke, she departed, leaving me proud of my new employment, and lulled by past immunity into a state of fatal security. History is full of similar examples.

With one eye on my book, and the other on the cradle, like a faithful watch-dog, I listened to the retreating footfall that should have warned me, but did not, "to look out for squalls." I had no idea of the awful responsibility which I had taken upon myself, or I should have shrunk from it as a cat does from water, or a mastiff from a churning-machine. In fact, I rather suspect that I felt, in a trifling degree, ambitious that baby should open one eye—only one—that I might have the pleasure of shutting it again. Unwary mortal! How little do we know when we are well off! My ambition was but too soon to be gratified; I had yet to learn by bitter experience how weary is the lot of those who—tend on babies.

I wonder whether infants are conscious in their sleep of their mother's absence, and know that an opportunity has arrived for exerting their lungs.

The baby, over whose slumbers I had become the guardian genius—how the flies pitched into its nose—was as sound asleep as any baby could be, when its mother departed; but no sooner had her shadow faded from the room than symptoms of wakefulness began to appear. First came a sigh; then a chuckle, that said as plain as a chuckle could say, “now for some fun;” then one eye opened and shut, and then both began peeping about, till the head seemed inclined to bob off the pillow.

I felt a little nervous at these symptoms—only a little. “Poh!” said I to myself, “a roll or two of the cradle will soon settle the youngster.” But it did not. Baby was bound to have a spree. It knew that “its mother was out.” That big, bothersome blue bottle fly, too, tired of watching for the ship over the clock face, started on a



voyage of discovery on its own account; and the first promontory which it reached was the nose of the baby, a tempting spot, upon



which it landed for refreshment, buzzing most villanously as it did so. It was a ticklish landing, however, and baby soon drove it off with a sneeze that astonished its nerves, and mine, too, more than the fly's, for the fly was accustomed to ticklish situations, which I was not. Baby was thoroughly roused. Up went its round chubby arm; but a rock of the cradle soon sent that back to its place. I did rock that cradle beautifully. The little head rolled to and fro as easily as if it had been fastened on by a toy mandarin's neck. I could not help admiring myself for the way in which I did it, and I am sure that any reasonable baby would have gone to sleep again, if only for compliments' sake; but the baby in the cradle didn't. The moment the rocking ceased, up popped the little head, like Judy's in the show, with a small peevish cry. That cry! it was like the "fizzing of the fuse" of a powder-magazine, sure to end in an explosion.

Were you ever roused in the middle of the night by the maid-of-all-work coming in her slippers and night-cap to inform you that the house was on fire? Did you ever stand near a Dutchman who was weighing gunpowder with a lighted segar in his mouth? If not, you cannot conceive my horror when I heard that cry. I was in a cold perspiration from head to foot. I have no doubt that hailstones as big as peas might have been picked off my forehead. I rocked for dear life, and baby bounced about like a ball of India-rubber. But it was all uselessness. I sang all the songs that I could think of, from the cabalistic "Hushaby!" to "Cease, rude Boreas!" I tried tenor, and I tried bass; but the baby did not know the difference. It seemed to think it all base. The louder I sang, the louder it cried. It was bawl and squall; and squall beat. The cry peevish became the cry indignant, and the cry indignant became the squall imperative. Blue-bottle buzzed with delight, and danced a hornpipe on the window, while the clock kept up a tantalizing "Go it! go it!"

In an unlucky moment I lifted the little tempest out of the cradle. Never, never, never will I commit such an act of thoughtless imprudence again! Before I did so, I could have truly sung with the poet, "The white squall raves;" but afterwards the fiercest blasts of Boreas seemed to come from that little throat.

In the hope of quieting the tornado, I took baby in my arms, waddled it about the room; tossed it up and down till my shoulders ached; dandled it on my knees, now the right one, now the left; but nothing would do. Like an easterly gale, that multiplied squall seemed to be endless. I felt really alarmed. I was completely terrified. I saw visions of convulsions, and such like ills that infant "flesh is heir

to." If I had been in the city I am sure that a crowd would have collected. I might have been taken up and accused of an attempt to commit infanticide—perhaps been published in the papers as a wretch guilty of cruelty to dumb animals. Dumb! How I wished that the dear family organ *had* been dumb! I even envied the deaf men that pick up cinders.

I looked at the clock and exclaimed, in despair, "When will the mother return?" and the clock answered with mocking-monotony, "Not yet! not yet!" Blue-bottle had ceased its buzzing, and returned to its old quarters over the dial-plate, to watch for the re-appearance of the ship; perhaps asking, as impatiently as I did, the question, "When will she return?" While the clock continued to repeat, unceasingly, "Not yet! not yet!"

I knew not what to do, and rushed a dozen times to the door, hoping to see the promised relief. But the walls of the distant church and the houses beyond were thick, and I could not look through them.

There was a rooster upon the fence flapping his wings and crowing like a Trojan—I do believe it was over my perplexity; the pigs were grunting in their sty, pulling each other's ears for amusement; and a cow was giving nourishment to her calf in a distant field. Suddenly, a bright idea struck me. I seized an old tobacco-pipe that had been stowed away upon the mantel-piece, and, immersing the bulb in a tumbler of water, thrust the stem into the baby's mouth. Baby was no genius. I became satisfied of that in a minute. It is an attribute of genius to accomplish its desires with imperfect instruments. There was no stoppage in the pipe. I tried it myself.

I was at my wits' ends, and laid the baby on the floor, cramming my fingers into my ears. It was of no use. I could not shut out the sound. It was like a thousand "ear-piercing pipes" drilling me through and through. I was riddled with screams that touched like galvanic wires on every nerve. What would I not have given for the sight of a petticoat bearing down to my relief? Never did Robinson Crusoe on his desert island, gaze more longingly over the ocean in search of a sail, than I did down the road for a bonnet and curls. But the feminine, like other useful commodities, had all vanished when most wanted. Even the cat, accustomed to nursing as she was—even the cat, sensible creature, had disappeared. Like the distressed hero of a novel, I was left to my own reflections, and had no resources left. There was the baby flopping about the floor like a porpoise on a ship's deck, as if lying on its beam ends were a natural position. I righted

it a dozen times, but over it went again, as if all its ballast had shifted to the head. I brought the shovel and tongs, and the bellows from the fire-place, but baby wouldn't look at them, not a bit of it, although I

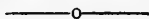


took the trouble to blow the bellows in the blue-bottle's face, and sent the threads on the carpet flying about the room. Even the clothes brush and nutmeg-grater proved no attraction, and I broke a brace-button in hopping about like a frog on all-fours. If I had stood on my head, and shook the pennies out of my pockets, it would have had no effect. Even a lump of sugar would not bribe it to be quiet. It made wry faces at the mirror, and pitched savagely into the pillow, turned indignantly from the tea-kettle, and squared off at the rolling-pin.

For nearly a mortal hour—an age—was I thus kept in a state of frenzy. My hairs stood up “like quills upon the fretful porcupine.” They have always stubbornly refused to lie down smoothly since. If my trials

had lasted much longer, I should certainly have had a "grey head upon young shoulders," perhaps have sunk into the grave with a nervous fever, and had "Died of baby-nursing" for an epitaph upon my tombstone. Fortunately for the public in general, and me in particular, I was spared such a catastrophe by the return of the mother, who burst panting into the room at the critical moment when my Job-like patience had miserably perished—by degrees, as the water leaks from a broken-hooped bucket. With what feeling of relief did I look up at the old clock, as it announced in its most cheerful tones, "She's come! she's come!"

Would you believe it?—but I'm sure you can't, the fact seems too great an enormity—that the little piece of perversity was as quiet as a lamb in a minute! Why, the mother was so deceived, that she actually called it her "precious lamb!" I heard her, and was astounded. I wonder she didn't feel sheepish; I know I did. Lamb, indeed! If that was being lamb, what would it be when it became mutton? Why, it was fast asleep again in no time, and laughing in its dreams over the fun it had enjoyed. Didn't I vow never to be caught alone with a baby again?



## A STORY ABOUT ROAST GOOSE.



**I** THINK I may lay it down as a rule that when a man lives with his mother for forty years—very comfortably, perhaps, but still in perfect subjection to a lady of superior strength of will and knowledge of the world—all trouble of thinking and shifting for himself being taken off his shoulders, all his wants and wishes gratified so long as he keeps within the maternal ken, and desires nothing that the maternal judgment thinks unreasonable or improper, he is not likely to be an individual of any very great force of character, or one whose natural and acquired powers are calculated to conduct him unaided through any difficulty or sudden emergency.

Such an individual was Mr. Joseph Bowpot, the hero of my story.

His father had died when he was about fifteen, leaving a tolerably good fortune, and a very good representative in the person of his son. Mr. Bowpot, sen., was a husband who was entirely governed by his wife; Mr. Joseph Bowpot was a son who was entirely governed by his mother. The subject was changed, but the ruler was the same.

Mr Joseph Bowpot had all the appearance of a spoiled child of forty; he was short, stout, dreamy in look, feeble in speech, unintellectual in expression, with a small development of brain, and a large development of cheeks. His dress was something between the schoolboy and the ungainly Quaker; it was chosen by his mother, both the pattern and style.

However, notwithstanding the peculiar appearance of Mr. Joseph Bowpot, and his perfect faith in, and reliance upon his mother, he had a human heart beating in his bosom—a heart that was as susceptible to the tender passion as any other heart—perhaps more susceptible than many. Mr. Joseph Bowpot was in love and engaged. The young lady (who I need not say was approved of by his mother, otherwise he would not have dared to think of her for a single moment), was a family connexion, a second cousin, or something of the kind, who resided at Little Mildhampton, Salthamptonshire; and both Joseph and his mother were invited down to spend the Christmas holidays at that very charming place, and with very charming company.

They were to go down by rail on the morning of Christmas Eve, and very busy preparations in the Bowpot mansion were being made for their departure. These preparations were left entirely to Mrs. Bowpot; Joseph was left undisturbed to his reflections.

Mr. Joseph Bowpot was very glad that they had been invited, as it gave him a chance of spending a month with his Amelia—a month of happiness, but not, he thought, of undisturbed happiness; for he was conscious of his many social deficiencies. He would in all probability be asked to ride and shoot, and he had never fired a gun, or touched a horse in his life. Most assuredly he would be asked to sing, and he knew no songs; asked to dance, and he had not danced for twenty-five years, since he was at school; but what he feared worse than all, was the certainty, as his uncle was not alive, of his being asked to carve, and take the head of the table. Of course, he never carved at home, and of all the defects in his education, this was the greatest.

Mr. Joseph Bowpot, though not a gentleman of brilliant ability, was not totally deficient in common sense, and since his engagement to his cousin, a few weak germs of self-reliance had developed themselves. He had positively acted once or twice without consulting his mother;

and he now, after much reflection, acted so again, by purchasing unknown to her a "Comic Warbler," a "Ball-room Guide," and Miss Acton's Cookery-book, containing the whole art of carving. The "Comic Warbler" embraced the usual assortment of songs—some with bits of spoken composition stuck in between the verses—some with very bad spelling and transposed V's and W's, which were considered to be extremely funny, and others with choruses of inordinate length, in which "tooral looral" was rather prominent. Joseph, after much deliberation, fixed upon the "Cork Leg," thinking it, no doubt, a novelty, and fancying that it suited his voice; and for many days the upper garret of the Bowpot mansion was made musical with its familiar chorus.



This was the lightest task of the three; for mastering the mysteries of the "Ball-room Guide"—in which the different figures of the quadrilles were set forth almost as mysteriously as the stitches in a crochet-book, reminded him very forcibly of those days of Euclid that he thought had gone, never to return again. As to the art of carving in Miss Acton's book, that was, indeed, a collection of inscrutable problems.

Those were maddening diagrams of the hare, the rabbit, the duck, the pigeon, the fowl, the leg of mutton, the sirloin of beef, and the roast goose, all mapped out with lines and figures, like the plan of an estate belonging to a freehold land society, and with directions underneath as to where the fork was to be placed, and as to the course it was proper for the dissecting knife to take.

Mr. Joseph Bowpot devoted himself assiduously to his studies, but his progress was not very rapid; and by the time the morning of their departure—the morning of Christmas Eve—came round, he had very imperfectly committed to memory the words and tune of the “Cork Leg,” the figures of “Payne’s First Set,” and some few diagrams in the art of carving—section, poultry; hopelessly mixing together the fowl, the duck, and the roast goose.

The time arrived to start; everything was in readiness under Mrs. Bowpot’s guidance; the cab was at the door; the presents were put inside; the shawls and rugs were placed upon the seats; the bags and boxes were piled upon the roof; and Mrs. Bowpot and Joseph took their places, the latter attired in a rough travelling-suit, with wrappers and comforters, looking not unlike a member of Captain Parry’s expedition to the North Pole. In about half an hour they arrived at the railway station, when Mrs. Bowpot, of course, fought out the battle of fares with the cabman, took the tickets for Little Mildhampton, saw the luggage labelled and placed in the van amidst all the din and bustle of a terminus the day before Christmas-day, and, finally, selected the carriage in which they were to travel. The bell rang, they took their places, the last basket of fish was tossed in, the doors were slammed to and locked, and with a grind, a screech, and a whistle, they were fairly on the road for Little Mildhampton.

On they went smoothly enough, stopping at very few stations; and, after the first twenty miles, Mrs. Bowpot, who, like her son, was of a full habit of body, and who was fatigued with the exertion of preparing for their departure, and from having risen at an early hour, fell fast asleep in the comfortable compartment of their first-class carriage. Joseph’s mind was too much occupied in revolving the comic song, the quadrille, and the carving, for him to think of sleep.

Joseph was always very regular with his meals—in fact he was rather addicted to the pleasures of the table—and therefore, when the train arrived at the Swindleham station, about one o’clock in the day, and the guard announced that “ten minutes were allowed for refreshment,” Joseph felt very much inclined to see what refreshment was to be had. Mrs. Bowpot still slept, and Joseph did not wake her, but

stepping quietly over her rug-protected feet, he passed on to the platform, and through two sets of large swinging doors into the refreshment-room. Old as Mr. Joseph Bowpot was, this was his first railway journey of any length, and he was rather bewildered by the large room with its Turkey carpets, its mirrors and couches, its clatter of coffee-cups, and its semicircular counter, round which were a crowd of eager devourers waited upon by a bevy of young ladies. After some little time he caught a waiter's eye; the waiter said, "Soup?" and Joseph said, "Yes;" and he found himself sitting at



a round-table, with a basin of thick brown solid liquor, and the train standing before him outside the window. The soup being hot, it took Joseph some time to finish it; and when he had done, and had called the waiter to pay him, he noticed that the room was very quiet, the devourers had gone, and the young ladies had disappeared; nevertheless, the train was in the same position. He passed on to the platform, and there noticed a great stillness, very unlike what

he expected to find on the eve of the starting of an important train. He looked into the carriages one after another to discover his mother, and to his consternation found them all empty. A porter, fancying that something was wrong, at this moment came up to him. "What train be ye lookin' fur, sur?" he inquired.

"Little Mildhampton," returned Joseph, rather nervously.

"No train till to-morrow mornin' at eight, sur."

"Well, but," exclaimed poor Joseph, in a state of nervous alarm, "I've just left it—there's my luggage, and my mother, and——"

"Ah," rejoined the intelligent porter, "thee'st cum wrang side, this be's Zuummerset; that there's Salthamptonsheer."

It was too true. The unfortunate Bowpot had passed through the refreshment-room to the wrong side, and had fixed his unsophisticated gaze upon a train on another line of rails, that was destined for a part



of the country far removed from that to which he wanted to go. His unconscious sleeping mother was separated from her son—like Evangeline from her lover—for the first time during a long and arduous career of forty years; to wake in an agony of astonishment and terror in the middle of a tunnel or a deep cutting.

Mr. Joseph Bowpot—nervous, sensitive, and inexperienced—thrown suddenly upon his own resources, was of course in a very helpless state, and ready to be governed by any advice that was offered him. Little Mildhampton being a small place, it was too true that there would be no other train thither that day; and on the intelligent porter suggesting that Joseph should take a seat in the railway 'bus, and go down to the hotel at Swindleham, he at once consented, and in a few minutes found himself bumping along the country lanes towards the town, in a very light, curious vehicle, licensed to carry eight inside, but built only to carry four.

Swindleham is a place that has sprung into importance within the last few years. It was one of the earliest towns to throw off the anti-progressive spirit of the stage-coach, and to assume an aspect of progress and activity. It built a new market-hall, a concert-room, and two chapels; and the principal inn in the town, which stood in the market-place, turned its large rambling coach-yard into the assembly and billiard-rooms, and, with a new front, abolished the old-fashioned title of "inn," and dubbed itself the "Royal George Hotel."

It was to this magnificent structure that Mr. Joseph Bowpot was bumped up the High Street, in a very uncomfortable frame of mind, compounded of reproach for his adventurous stupidity in losing his train—regret that Amelia, by living in the country, had been the innocent cause of all this trouble—doubt as to the propriety of his present course of action—and very great fear as to how he should conduct himself at the hotel until the morning. In the midst of his reflections, the bounding 'bus pulled up sharply at the door-step of the "Royal George Hotel," and to add to Joseph's discomfiture, he heard the ringing of many bells, when there immediately appeared to welcome the distinguished arrival a very stiff, clean, gentlemanly waiter, the incarnate representation of the new order of things at the "hotel"—a chambermaid and a "boots." Joseph got out far from briskly, and his nervousness was somewhat increased when the "boots" asked him if his luggage was to go up at once to a room. If he had had the boldness then to state his real position, he would have avoided much trouble and suspicion; but he allowed the opportunity to slip, and was bowed into the coffee-room with impressive silence. He sent out a shilling to pay

the 'busman, and he had scarcely got his outer comforter off, when it was indignantly returned by that deeply-wronged personage as being bad, or, as he termed it, a "duffer." Joseph looked hard at it, and so did the stiff waiter, and, what is more, the stiff waiter looked hard at Joseph. Joseph threw it down upon the table, and although it made a sound like a lump of putty, he thought it could not be bad; but the "boots," who was waiting at the door to take another coin in exchange, put it between his teeth and bit it into two pieces, which settled the point as to its value. Another coin was tendered with like success, for this time there was a faint inscription round the rim, advising you to "Buy Nankin's fine, full-flavored Congou," which, in the eyes of the 'busman, jaundiced as they were by suspicion, was a decided depreciation of its value as a piece of circulating specie. The third attempt to settle the claim was more successful, and the first difficulty was got over.

When Joseph had surveyed his appearance in the coffee-room mirrors—the first chance he had ever had in his lifetime of getting a fair view of himself—whatever his faith in the general force and ability of his mother might have been, I think his belief was a little shaken in her taste about masculine dress. The material of his body garments was coarse and unsightly—being one uniform color, neither red, brown, nor yellow, but a mixture of the three; this was called a "travelling suit," and, with a long overcoat that reached to his heels, was cut in a style that was considered the correct thing when his late respected father was a youth about town. The stiff, gentlemanly waiter seemed paralysed as he gazed upon him; but he made no remarks, and attended with dignity and silence to the duties of his office. Mr. Joseph Bowpot, it is unnecessary to say, soon felt in awe of that calm, cool, stiff, silent waiter.

"Have you any orders, sir, for dinner?" the stiff waiter blandly inquired.

Joseph, as I have said before, was always ready for dinner; it was his great meal; he watched for it, and he reserved himself for it; his love of eating would make him even adventurous for a time, as we saw at the railway station; and when he heard from the stiff waiter that a splendid roast goose was preparing, he threw off, for a moment, his nervousness and timidity, and boldly ordered it in.

When the mandate had gone forth, the vision of his ignorance of carving arose before him, and he rushed to the pocket of his overcoat for the friendly volume of Acton, which he had providently placed there along with the "Ball-room Guide" and the "Comic Warbler."

Instead of sitting before the fire, poring over the "Times" of the day before, and the county paper, he turned to the familiar page (No. 48 - article, Roast Goose, in the "Art of Carving,") and read up again for the forthcoming struggle.

While he was ruminating over the instructions, "Take your fork firmly in your left hand, and plant it securely in the figure 4, &c.," looking at the diagram, and turning it about to ascertain at what part of the real bird the "figure 4" was likely to be, muttering all the while complaints of the inartistic character, and want of clearness in the drawings, the stiff waiter had silently laid the cloth on a table between the two bow windows commanding a view of the market-place, and he now formally announced that dinner was ready.

Mr. Joseph Bowpot took his seat very slowly at the table, while the stiff waiter removed the cover from that smoking goose. Joseph made a great display in sharpening his knife, turning up the cuffs of his coat, afterwards his wristbands, then sharpening his knife again, trying it with his thumb, evidently waiting for the stiff waiter to leave the room.

It was half-past three o'clock, and being a wintry afternoon, it was getting dusk.

"Would you like the gas lighted, sir?" inquired the stiff waiter.

"Not at all—not at all," returned Joseph, hurriedly. "I—I don't think you need wait."

The stiff waiter took the hint, but he regarded Joseph with a peculiar expression—made up of curiosity, contempt, and suspicion.

Joseph looked carefully round the room, and finding that he was really alone, he drew the "Art of Carving" from his pocket, and opening it at page 48, he set it up before him against the cruet-stand, reading it across the goose, like a piece of music.

"Now," said Joseph, "'Take your fork firmly in your left hand,' so, (grasping his fork tightly). 'Plant it securely in the figure 4.' That's about the figure 4, I think, (feeling for the spot with his fingers). Very well: now to 'plant the fork securely,' (trying to stick the fork in.) Eh! What? Why there's a confounded bone! Try a little on one side (shifts the fork). No: bone there also. Why, hang it, it's all bone! Stay, perhaps I've got the wrong side. Confound these artists, I wish they'd draw better. It's no more like a goose than I am! Suppose we turn over gently; wo! (Turns the goose over, gingerly.) There goes the gravy all over the table and my trousers! (Sops it up with his pocket-handkerchief, looking round once or twice anxiously

at the door.) Now then, once more; let's see; where were we? Oh, on No. 4."

At this moment the stiff waiter appeared at the door. "I beg your pardon, sir," he asked; "did you ring?"

"No, thankee, no," said Joseph, confusedly; "I am getting on nicely."

The stiff waiter retired.

"I wish that person would not be so officious," exclaimed Joseph, rather pettishly; "he's quite put me out. Dear, dear," he continued, piteously, "how cold the bird's getting. 'Plant your fork firmly in 4.' (Sticks the fork in.) That's all right. What's next? 'Draw your knife across from the point marked 6, through the figures 8 and 10, until you arrive at 12.' Halloo! That's precious complicated! (Reads slowly, following the directions by corresponding actions with the knife.) 'Draw your knife across'—so—this confounded knife won't cut—'through the figures 8 and 10, until you arrive at 12.' That's about here. (Stops the motion of his knife.) 'You then, by a dexterous twist of the wrist, separate the two legs from the body.' (Pausing.) How dexterous twist? (Perplexed.) Somehow like this, I suppose? Good gracious!" He braced himself up for a great effort, but, unfortunately, instead of being successful, he twisted the goose off the table on to the floor, between his feet. For some reason, the stiff waiter again made his appearance.

"Ring, sir?" he inquired, more laconically than usual.

Joseph in his trepidation seized the dish cover, and clapped it on the empty dish, holding it down with his hand, while he turned round to the pertinacious waiter, and with something of indignation in his tone, replied:

"I did not ring; I tell you, I did *not* ring."

"Hem!" was the answer of the stiff writer, as he again retired.

Joseph gradually recovered himself, took off the cover, and lifting the goose up tenderly with both hands from the floor, he placed it again upon the dish, and took a couple of glasses of sherry to fortify himself for a final effort.

"Oh, that extremely officious person," he muttered to himself; "he has thrown me into a profuse perspiration. Dear me, the bird's as cold as a stone."

He took a couple more glasses of wine.

"I've not," he continued, "tasted substantial food for eight hours, and I feel the pangs of hunger. Why should I hesitate? No one observes me I will."

He looked round, and finding himself unobserved, he tore off a leg with his hand, and hacked several small pieces off the surface, eating ravenously all the time. Cold as the bird was, he ate, or rather



devoured, a fair quantity; and by the time his appetite was satisfied, the temporary courage inspired by his half-pint of sherry was exhausted along with the wine, and he relapsed into his original state of excitement. Suddenly his eyes became fixed upon the dish.

"Good gracious!" he almost shrieked; "what a horrid spectacle! The goose don't look as if it had been carved; it looks as if it had been worried by a bull terrier!"

After reflecting for some moments, he continued:—

"It must never leave the room in that state. I'd rather burn it first. That wouldn't do either, because of the smell; I should have an engine here in five minutes. Good, a thought strikes me. I'll give it away to some one in the street, and perform an act of charity at this festive season. It's a pity to waste it; it shows the remains of a fine bird, even now."

Acting upon his resolve, Joseph went to the window and looked out. It was now quite dusk; the market-place was quiet, but a common-

looking man, half tramp, half stable-lounger, who appeared as if he had not dined for some days, was walking up and down.

Joseph made several ineffectual attempts to catch his eye by nodding beckoning, and crying "Hist! hi!"

"Now he sees me," he said. "I must break the offer to him gradually, or he may be alarmed, and raise the neighborhood;" saying which poor distracted Joseph sank despondingly into a chair by the window.

The individual—whom, for want of knowing his real name, I will call Smoucher—arrived at the window with wonderful alacrity, and looking through into the half-darkened room, touched his cap.

"Beg yer pardon, sur," he said; "did you call me?"

"I did," replied Joseph, almost impressively.

"Did yer honor want yer samples taken round the town?"

"My what?"

"Yer samples," returned Smoucher, who evidently took Joseph for a commercial traveller bent upon business after dinner.

"No," replied Joseph, without understanding clearly what he meant, "that was not my object in calling you; I wished to inquire whether you had dined."

"Dined, sir!" returned Smoucher in an incredulous tone; "Now, nonsense; yer poking fun at me. I never dines."

"Never dine!" exclaimed Joseph in amazement; "can't you carve?"

"Can't I carve? Rather!—if I only gets suffin to carve; but mindin' gents' 'orses, and runnin' arrands, don't bring in anything werry strikin' for dinner worth speakin' on."

"Hum!" thought poor Joseph, "*he* can carve! Half-starved tramp as he is, yet is he superior to me with all my creature comforts. But, good gracious, that officious waiter may come into the room—I must bring this business to a close." Addressing himself to Smoucher, he said:—"Would you like a portion of roast goose?" adding faintly: "I've hardly touched it."

"A what, sur!" asked Smoucher, in astonishment.

"A roast goose."

"I should, indeed, sur," replied Smoucher, overcome, "and thankee kindly; I'm werry much obligated, I'm sure; an' if there's anything—"

"No thanks," interposed Joseph, decisively; "got anything to put it in?"

"Well, sur," said Smoucher, with some hesitation—"if you wouldn't mind my hankercher."

"No."

Joseph took the handkerchief tenderly between his finger and thumb, as it was very old and rather dirty. His excitement increased as he thought he heard the footsteps of the officious waiter in the passage; he hurried to the table, and hastily turned the contents of the dish—namely, the goose and a large gravy-spoon—into the handkerchief; glancing nervously all the while at the door, and scarcely knowing what he was about, in the dusk and in his excessive trepidation.

Smoucher's feelings, during this brief interval, had evidently undergone a revulsion. He leant coolly on the window-sill, looking into the room, and remarked, almost loud enough for Joseph to hear him: "The gent must be cranky!"

Joseph returned to the window, and gave him the bundle, saying,— "There—now go away—there's a good man!" but Smoucher, who had made up his mind that something was wrong, began to grow impertinent.

"Beg yer pardon, sur," he said, "but couldn't you throw in a tater or two?"

Joseph fetched several potatoes from the table, which he hastily thrust into Smoucher's handkerchief.

"There," said Joseph nervously; "now be off!"

"Beg yer pardon, again, yer honor," continued the troublesome Smoucher, "but eatin' 's dry work, and I should like to drink yer honor's health at this 'ere festive season."

"There's sixpence—now go away," replied Joseph, his nervousness increasing, as he pushed Smoucher from the window.

"I shall never forget your honor."

"No more!" shouted Joseph in a frenzy; and Smoucher disappeared, while Joseph sank exhausted against the window-sill, like a sea-sick passenger over the bulwarks of a vessel.

The stiff waiter had entered the room, and lighted the gas, before Joseph was aware of his hateful presence. When Joseph turned and saw him there, he sank in a chair near the window, regarding him wildly, and still holding the sill with one hand.

"Take away, sir?" asked the stiff waiter.

"Y-e-s," replied Joseph, in a faint and agitated voice; "take away."

"Aint you well, sir?" inquired the stiff waiter, with unwonted tenderness.

"I feel a little qualmy—a slight attack of indigestion—that's all."

This was addressed to the stiff waiter, in answer to his inquiry; but the words fell upon a listless ear.

That individual was standing transfixed with astonishment before the empty dish that had contained the goose. Joseph divined what was passing in his mind. He had hardly calculated the effect that the discovery of the disappearance of the goose would have; and his qualminess increased. The stiff waiter was a man of few words, and he said nothing; but his look was awful—his stiffness seemed to increase; and an attentive listener might have heard him say quietly, as he went out of the door carrying the empty dish, "Well—if that aint a case of hapoplexy, this hotel's not the Royal George."

A more serious phase in Mr. Joseph Bowpot's dilemma now developed itself. The fact had dawned upon him that he had given away the silver gravy spoon with the goose. Slight symptoms of insanity began to show themselves; he danced a little, and said something about stealing a gravy spoon being seven years; and that when his Amelia and his mother saw him again, he would be a ticket-of-leave convict. When the stiff waiter entered the room again, Joseph had calmed down somewhat, and was making considerable display of combing his scanty hair before the mirror over the mantel-shelf.

The stiff waiter took a rapid survey of the apartment; under the tables, and in the fire-place, and the result was to confirm his previous astonishment. He sought for no explanation, but as he was going out with the rest of the dishes, he said to Joseph, in his usual subdued manner:—

"Take cheese, sir?"

"Yes," replied Joseph, with affected calmness; "I think I will."

"A whole cheese, sir?"

The sarcasm fell unheeded upon the ears of Joseph, who was too much occupied with a sudden project that he had conceived of getting out of the window, and scouring the town until he found the man he had given the goose and the spoon to. He felt the necessity of getting the spoon back at any cost. He did not feel courage enough to go out of the door, and therefore as soon as the stiff waiter's back was turned, he quickly slipped on his greatcoat, and with some little difficulty squeezed himself through the open window into the street, sacrificing one of his braces in the struggle.

When the stiff waiter returned with the *whole* cheese, and found the apartment empty—he was *not* surprised; his suspicions were merely confirmed. The strange appearance—the stranger behavior—the bad shilling—the absence of luggage—all were conclusive proofs in his mind of a deliberate attempt, by an eccentric and accomplished swindler, to do the Royal George Hotel. The notion he had once cherished that



Mr. Joseph Bowpot was merely an excessively greedy visitor, who devoured all before him, regardless of appearances or apoplectic fits, now gave way to a strong belief that he was a swindler, at least, if not something worse; perhaps a burglar! This latter supposition was immediately confirmed by the entrance of the mistress of the hotel—a stout, red-faced woman, of the Mrs. Bowpot school—as all women are who are left widows to manage hotels. The mistress of the Royal George was a prompt woman of business, and without looking round the room, or without any preamble, she at once said to the stiff waiter:—



"Emmanuel, where's the silver gravy spoon?"

"Mim?" said the stiff waiter, becoming at last very limp, and looking nervously at the open window.

"The gravy spoon?" reiterated the decisive landlady in a louder key.

"Didn't I bring it out, Mim, with the dish?" asked the now very limp waiter, very faintly.

"No," was the prompt answer, like the blow of a hammer.

"Then"—returned the limp waiter, looking hurriedly round the room, "he's taken it."

"Who's taken it?"

"The gent who was here just now; a regular burglar, Mim; he ate the whole goose, and now he's bolted with the plate."

"Ate a whole goose?" asked the landlady, in utter astonishment.

"Bones and all, Mim; and he's gone out o' that window."

The conversation was here interrupted by the opening of the coffee-room door, slowly and gently, and the appearance of Smoucher entering timidly with his cap in one hand, and a bundle in the other. Smoucher was not very well known in the town; for he had not been long down from London. The landlady, however, recognised him as

an idle, dirty fellow, lounging about the Swindleham streets, and the excited imagination of the limp waiter pictured him as another of the desperate gang in league with the suspected Joseph. The landlady also began, as she thought, to see a concerted scheme to rob the place, and this induced her to be cautious, and even polite, in addressing Smoucher, in the hope of discovering what the plot really was; while the limp waiter was marvelling much why he was not immediately sent down to the Swindleham lock-up.

"What is it, my man?" said the landlady, in an assumed cheerful tone, with courage on her lips, but fear in her heart.

"Beg yer pardon, mum," replied Smoucher, slowly advancing; "no offence, I hope; but is the short, stout party in wot dined here?"

"No, he's not, at present," returned the landlady, very charmingly, now fully convinced that an accomplice stood before her, who was not ripe yet for unmasking.

"Oh," said Smoucher, reflectively.

"Anything I can do for you?" kindly inquired the landlady.

"No, thankee, mum," returned Smoucher, making a movement to leave the room. "I want to see the party myself on wery partikler bisness, and I'd better look in agen."

This would not have suited the views of the affable landlady, and she therefore begged that Smoucher would take a seat, while she sent a messenger to fetch the gentleman. As the fire looked very comfortable, Smoucher accepted the offer, although so much politeness made him suspicious. The limp waiter, under the directions of his mistress, handed him a chair, on which he seated himself, depositing his bundle carefully between his legs. The limp waiter made a motion to relieve him of this burden, which Smoucher decidedly resisted.

"Thankee," said he, rather doggedly; "yer wery kind and attentive. It'll do wery well where it is."

The waiter and the landlady having retired from the room to concert operations, leaving the door well guarded by nearly all the servants in the house, Smoucher's object in returning to the hotel was then developed in a little soliloquy which he muttered to himself as he sat before the fire:—

"I wonder whether that rum gent knew he wrop'd up a great silver spoon along o' that goose? It don't strike me he did. Howsomever, there can't be any harm in bringing it back. If I kep' it, I might get into trouble, an' the gent may stan' half a sov. if he gets it back on the quiet. I wonder what he guv' me that goose for?"

These reflections were interrupted by a noise outside the coffee-room

door, which now stood a little ajar, and the quick eye of Smoucher detected the servants on the watch.

"Now what *can* you mean?" thought Smoucher. "That looks to me very like a plant. That party's surely never been a doin' anything wrong, and a draggin' o' me into the mess. Oh, impossible! An' yet, what did he han' over that goose for? Bein' so precious lib'ral don't look wery serene! There's that blessed spoon, too. What a case it will be if he comes in an' blabs out about that with all that kit in the passage! This comes o' bein' honest."

At this moment the distracted Bowpot, who had run all round the market-place, and up the High Street, without, of course, finding Smoucher, appeared at the window very much out of breath. He could scarcely trust his eyes when he saw Smoucher sitting by the fire, and he exclaimed in a very audible tone—

"That form!" This caused Smoucher to look round, which drew from Bowpot another exclamation—

"That face!" saying which he struggled through the window. "I'm blow'd if he aint gettin' in at the window!" exclaimed the astonished Smoucher. "Oh, he must be cranky! He'll bust out about that spoon the very first thing, an' I shall get lagged for petty larceny! I'll pur-tend not to know 'im." Bowpot had by this time, at the sacrifice of a waistcoat-band, got safely through the window, and he now advanced joyously towards Smoucher, exclaiming breathlessly—

"Why, how long have you been here? I've been looking for you everywhere."

Smoucher, carrying out his determination, replied dubiously, "I don't think I ever see you afore, sur?"

Bowpot, on hearing this, started back, crying aloud, "That face. I can't be mistaken; it must be!" (Smoucher was getting very uneasy, as he saw the coffee-room door open wider and wider.) Bowpot continued—"Where's the gravy spoon?"

Smoucher made several mysterious pantomimic signs, saying, in a subdued tone—

"Don't be a blessed fool!"

"I a blessed fool," shouted Bowpot, indignantly. "Don't make faces at me, you ungrateful fellow. Is that the return for the goose I gave you? I say again, where's the gravy spoon?"

"It's all up," said Smoucher resignedly.

Bowpot's eye had caught sight of Smoucher's bundle, and he rushed towards it, Smoucher vainly interposing, exclaiming—

"Ha! what do I see? I know that handkerchief—I know that

pattern!" He seized the bundle, and squeezing said joyfully—"It's here! I feel it! Yes; the gravy spoon!"

He plucked the spoon out in triumph, throwing the bundle again on the floor, and executing a feeble dance.

"There," said Smoucher, sullenly, "now you've done it."

This remark applied to a rush of servants that he saw coming through the door. The boots and the limp waiter made it their business to seize Mr. Joseph Bowpot.



Smoucher was taken care of by an ostler and a stout stable-boy; while the mistress of the hotel, and a number of housemaids and chambermaids, made up the background of the picture.

"Unhand me directly, sir," said Joseph to the limp waiter.

"What game d'ye call this?" coolly asked Smoucher.

A scene of tremendous excitement now took place. A boy was despatched down the town for the single constable and the handcuffs. Poor Bowpot, after the first struggle, became paralysed. One of the housemaids took up Smoucher's bundle, and the remains of the mangled goose fell out.

"The goose!" exclaimed the limp waiter.

"Lor!" chorused the women.

"How shamefully it's been treated," said the landlady, picking it up.

"The accursed bird!" faintly muttered Joseph.

"Oh! ain't he swearin'!" announced the boots to the company generally.

"There goes my supper," thought Smoucher.

The active ostler, boots, boys, and limp waiter, began the precautionary task of bandaging the prisoners before the arrival of the town handcuffs.

"You're quite mistaken, you are indeed," said Joseph, appealingly; "I may be weak, but I am not guilty."

"I never see the gent afore to-day in my life," said Smoucher, "when he—"

What Smoucher was about to state was interrupted by a noise outside the coffee-room door, and a powerful female voice was heard exclaiming in indignant tones:—"Not a waiter; not a boots to take my luggage! Am I in a respectable hotel, or am I in a low pot-house?"

In that strong voice Bowpot heard the familiar tones of his mother; and although he felt somewhat ashamed of his position, he was relieved now of all fear of having to pass his Christmas Eve in the lock-up of Swindleham. Mrs.

Bowpot entered the room with a dignified air that was unmistakeable.

She knew her son was there, for the people at the station and the 'busman had told her so, but she was hardly prepared to find him with his arms bandaged with a table-cloth. At this moment the boy who had been sent for the constable returned, and, running past Mrs. Bowpot, exclaimed:—"Oh, please, the constable's laid up wi' rheumatiz; but he's sent his little gal wi' the han'cuffs."



Mrs. Bowpot heard this, and she advanced to the shrinking, but

immensely relieved Joseph, speaking not so much to him as to the whole room—“Handcuffs! Joseph! What means all this? Are you mad—or drunk—or what?”

The landlady, impressed by Mrs. Bowpot, had ordered the bandages to be removed, and the unfortunate Joseph was now at liberty. He saw that an explanation was necessary, and he attempted one:—

“Respected parent, it is with feelings of the deepest humiliation that I appear before you in my present degraded position; but you’re the innocent cause—my education has been neglected—”

“To the point at once, sir,” replied the respected parent sternly.

“I couldn’t help it,” continued Joseph wanderingly. “I planted my fork firmly in four—I gave my wrist a dexterous twist—I—”

“Planted his fork firmly in four!” shouted his mother. “He hasn’t injured anyone? He hasn’t committed murder?”

Mrs. Bowpot’s anxiety being relieved upon this point, and Joseph being evidently incapable, in his present depressed state, of giving anything like an explanation, Smoucher was left to clear up the mystery and his own character at the same time, which he did as follows:—

“I was a-standin’ in the market a-waitin’ for any job as might turn up, when I see that gent a-beckonin’ o’ me at the winder. Course I walks up; when he ses to me, ‘Would you like a porshun o’ rost goose?’ them was his exact words, and I wasn’t fool enough, o’ course, to say, no. Then he wrops up the goose in my handkercher, an’ along wi’ it he wrops up that wery spoon as all this blessed row’s about. Course when I finds that out, I ses, that gent never meant to give me that spoon; so I brings it back, and sees the gent, and was about to make it all right, when they ’as us both nailed for bu’glary.”

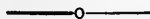
This lucid statement of Smoucher’s satisfied all parties. The servants, along with Smoucher, retired to the kitchen to laugh over the story and a good bowl of spiced ale. Joseph and his mother passed their Christmas Eve in the little bar-parlor. There Joseph learned that his mother, as soon as she woke in the train, and found him missing, had, with her usual decision of character, got out at the first station where the train stopped; and finding upon inquiry of the guard, that he must have been left behind at Swindleham, she took the next train back to that station, and after a few further inquiries, had traced him to the Royal George Hotel.

The next morning early they started for Little Mildhampton, where they safely arrived about lunch time; receiving a welcome all the

heartier for their unexpected delay. Joseph had seen the folly of being too reserved and timid; and warming up round the fire in the company of his Amelia, he told the story with great glee—although the laugh



was often at his own expense—of how narrowly he had escaped spending Christmas Eve in the cage at Swindleham; and the difficulties he had contended with in his first attempt to carve a roast goose.



## THE FAR-FAMED FAIRY TALE OF FENELLA.

A FAMOUS Fish-Factor Found himself Father of Five Fine Flirting Females—Fanny, Florence, Fernanda, Francesca, and Fenella. The

First Four were Flat-Featured, ill-Favored, Forbidding-Faced, Freckled Frumps, Fretful, Flippant, Foolish, and Flaunting. Fenella was a Fine-Featured, Fresh, Fleet-Footed Fairy, Frank, Free, and Full of Fun. The Fisher Failed, and was Forced by Fickle Fortune to Forego his Footman, Forfeit his Forefathers' Fine Fields, Find a Forlorn Farm house in a Forsaken Forest. The Four Fretful Females, Fond of Figuring at Feasts in Feathers and Fashionable Finery, Fumed at their Fugitive Father. Forsaken by Fulsome, Flattering, Fortune-hunters, who Followed them when Fish Flourished, Fenella Fondled her Father, Flavored their Food, Forgot her Flattering Followers, and Frolicked in Frieze without Flounces. The Father Finding himself Forced to Forage in Foreign parts For a Fortune, Found he could afford a Fairing to his Five Fondlings. The First Four were Fam to Foster their Frivolity with Fine Frills and Fans, Fit to Finish their Father's Finances; Fenella, Fearful of Flooring him, Formed a Fancy For a Full Fresh Flower. Fate Favored the Fish-Factor For a Few days, when he Fell in with a Fog, his Faithful *Filley's* Footsteps Faltered, and Food Failed. He Found himself in Front of a Fortified Fortress. Finding it Forsaken, and Feeling himself Feeble and Forlorn with Fasting, he Fed on the Fish, Flesh and Fowl he Found Fricaseed and Fried, and when Full, Fell Flat on the Floor. Fresh in the Forenoon, he Forthwith Flew to the Fruitful Fields, and not Forgetting Fenella, he Filched a Fair Flower; when a Foul, Frightful, Fiendish Figure Flashed Forth, "Felonious Fellow! Finguring my Flower, I'll Finish you! Go, say Farewell to your Fine Felicitous Family, and Face me in a Fortnight!" The Faint-hearted Fisher Fumed and Faltered, and Fast was Far in his Flight. His Five daughters Flew to Fall at his Feet, and Fervently Felicitate him. Frankly and Fluently he unfolded his Fate. Fenella Forthwith, Fortified by Filial Fondness, Followed her Father's Footsteps, and Flung her Faultless Form at the Foot of the Frightful Figure, who Forgave the Father, and Fell Flat on his Face, For he had Fervently Fallen in a Fiery Fit of love For the Fair Fenella. He Feasted and Fostered her till, Fascinated by his Faithfulness, she Forgot the Ferocity of his Face, Form, and Feature, and Frankly and Fondly Fixed Friday, Fifth of February, For the affair to come off. There were present at the wedding Fanny, Florence, Fernanda, Francesca, and the Fisher. There was Festivity, Fragrance, Finery, Fireworks, Fricaseed Frogs, Fritters, Fish, Flesh, Fowl, and Furmenty, Frontignac, Flip, and Fare Fit For the Fastidious; Fruit, Fuss, Flambeaux, Four Fat Fiddlers and Filers; and the Frightful Form of the Fortunate and Frumpish Fiend



Fell from him, and he Fell at Fenella's Feet a Fair-Favored, Fine, Frank, Freeman of the Forest. Behold the Fruits of Filial affection!



Fotograph of the Frame of mind and Frantic state of the author of the above Famous, Fairy Frivolity—after Finding that the last F had Flown From him Forever! Finis.

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## A TROUBLESOME SWAP.



IN one of the bathing places on Long Island last summer, there was a young couple who were engaged to be married; and one warm evening, when walking along the beach, talking nonsense, they came to a beautiful cove, which was divided by a rocky projection into two nice little bathing places. It was agreed that they should bathe here, one taking the one place and the other the other, so that they would be out of sight of each other. They went in, were having a first rate time, splashing

about and talking over the rock to each other, when a little scamp, who had been fishing there, happened to see them, and straightway was possessed by the devil to change their clothes. He did it, and the result is thus related :

As the boy ran behind a sandhill, his long shadow between her and the sinking sun attracted the lady's notice, and in some trepidation she hastened to don her apparel. Fancy her "feelinks" on finding, not her own clothes, but the hat, coat, vest, and other articles, *in extenso*, of the gentleman on the other side of the promontory! How could it have happened—and what was to be done? Was that fearfully long shadow some spirit of the sea or shore, who, offended at her intrusion upon his solitude, had resorted to this method of punishing her temerity? It were better to imagine her situation than to attempt to describe it.

In the meantime the gentleman, too, repaired to the shore to dress. —Speechless astonishment was depicted on his countenance, as it fell upon a heap of woman's clothing. "What in thunder," he muttered to himself, "does this mean? Is the place turned round, or am I crazy?" In the greatest perplexity he took up one article of feminine

apparel after another to the number of about thirty, letting one after another drop again upon the rock where he stood, with many a half audible ejaculation of wonder. There was no doubt in his mind as to whom the things belonged, but how did they get there, and where were his own clothes? With one arm akimbo, he pressed his other hand upon his forehead to collect his bewildered sense, little thinking that the mischievous elf who was the author of his embarrassment was laughing at him from behind the same sandhill.

After a few moments of hesitation, the gentleman shouted to his lady love the awkward intelligence, and in return was informed that his clothes lay at her feet. All that was to be done was to exchange the lots; but how in the name of delicacy was that consummation, so devoutly wished for, to be effected? The sun was now down, but it was not dark yet. Finally, it was arranged that the lady should venture into the water with her face seaward, while the lover should

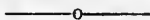


exchange the clothes and return to his side of the rocks. Unfortunately, just as he was about to cut around the other side to perform the duty, he caught sight of a couple of young ladies not far off, and he felt compelled to retreat precipitately to his place again. His dis-

comfited companion would have then come out hastily and called to the ladies for their help, but they were distant, and between herself and them she saw a boy passing along.

To cut the story short, the "peculiarly unpleasant predicament" lasted until the young lady felt it necessary, to save herself from being chilled to death, to attire herself in her lover's clothing.

He, on his part, put her garments to the same use for his own benefit, and a pretty good fit it was; for the two friends were about of a size, and but for the discrepancy of a full beard, he might, in less dusky light than then prevailed, have passed for a lady. It was his intention, in some way or other, he hardly knew how, to rectify the matter immediately; but when he had ventured to join his laughing and blushing sweetheart, he saw the mischievous boy a little distance off, with a grin on his impish countenance, closely watching their motions. Quickly putting a handkerchief to his face to conceal his tell-tale beard, the gentleman took the lady's arm, and they sauntered on the shore until it was dark, then entered the hotel as privately as possible, and making the best of their way to their respective rooms, lost no time in donning more appropriate habiliments.



## SOCIAL STRUGGLES.



VER being audibly requested, in a lull of conversation, to allow a young lady of sentiment (and at least six-and-thirty) to send you her album, as she knows you will be sure to "write something nice in it."

Lodgings next door to a boarding-school, with walls of lath and plaster, where the Battle of the Plague is fought upon an average nineteen times a day upon the loudest of pianos.

Being acquainted with an amateur dramatic writer of the Elizabethan school, who insists on always making you the audience (the only one he gets) of his most ponderous and by consequence his pet produc-

tions.

Having the repute of being a good oyster-opener, and being expected to operate for a party of a dozen, with the prospect when you've done of having none left for yourself.

In one of those retired country walks you are so fond of, comin' across a stray bulldog who manifests the utmost interest in your progress, literally dogs your every step, and by the intense expression o' his countenance quite disarms you of the thought of kicking him away.

Lending your marked catalogue to a critic from the provinces, who has no more eye for pictures than an oyster, and hearing him at dinner-time pass off half your notes in the margin as his own.

Being by nature of a rather swellish turn, and having to sacrifice yourself upon the altar of affection, by going shopping with your wife and carrying home for her a baby-jumper.



Being expected to sit easy in your chair while your prosy host is trying to unfold the plot of your new comedy.

Being driven to put up, after twenty miles of walking, at a hostelry devoted to convivial custom; where, if you sit up, you are half choked with rank tobacco; and if you go to bed, the "Social Owls" or "Jolly Crabs" keep up such a singing in your head, that the idea of sleep can somehow enter it.

Enjoying (?) the repute of being "such a good-natured fellow," that everybody fancies he may ask you to do anything, and never even thanks you when at any sacrifice you've done it.

Being of a slightly superstitious turn of mind, and when on your knees vowing inextinguishable passion, hearing a vile German band begin to play "*Love Not!*"

Because you are reputed a good judge of music, being asked by a fond mother to a private morning concert, just to hear how nicely her dear Julia (aged six years and a quarter) is progressing as a pianist.

Lastly.—Sitting in the painfulest of postures to be photographed, and being most especially entreated to "look natural!"



## FASHIONS IN FEET. OR, THE TALE OF THE BEAUTIFUL TO-TO.\*

Now beat the drum and clatter the gong,  
And let us upraise our voices strong,  
And tell it aloud with music and song,  
What praise may well to our dames belong—  
'That they're sure to go right if they can't go wrong.

YA-HOO.

If any of our lovely country-women should meet a Chinese lady, they would deem her lot unblest—at least, the first idea that would occur to them would be, that they would not stand in her shoes.

The Chinese ladies do not understand "long measure;" at all events their table is peculiar, as they have but three inches to a foot. A curious fact in their anatomy is, that their toes are bent, and twenty in

\* There is but little known of Snoo, the original author of this historical romance, but that he wrote a poetical treatise on Boot-making, in measures of two feet each. If any inference may be drawn from the title of his work, he can have ventured but ankle-deep into the waters of the Sing-Slo, the Chinese Castaly.

number, being *doubled* under the sole; thus even though their feet move forward, their toes go backwards.

They are extremely contentious; they cannot meet without scuffling. Their walk is uneasy—they seem to move with pain; and how should it be otherwise when rails are under their feet?

Yet, though feet so diminutive are at present, and have been for many centuries worn by the celestial ladies, this was not always the case. A French postillion has been described as all boots: the sage Ya-hoo, whom we have quoted at the head of this story, spoke of the softer sex in his time as *all slippers*; yet it is true that even this expression seems to set them upon a bad footing.

Their feet were not always so small. You shall find in Chinese histories that the Emperor Min-Te, who came to the throne in the thirty-first year of the sixty-first cycle, had a beautiful empress, To-To, whose feet in length rejoiced in their complement of exactly twelve



inches. The Emperor loved his lady with imperial measure of attachment; indeed he regarded her single self with more affection than he

entertained besides for any two of his handmaidens; and he would seldom absent himself from her society except when it was necessary for him to give audience—that is, to smoke a quiet hooka in presence of his ministers—in the celestial council chamber. The custom of the country rendered it impossible that To-To should attend him there; but when the formal conference was over, he would frequently detain his favorite minister, Hum, in whose character and wisdom he had great confidence, and retiring to a more snug apartment, would invite his Empress to join them in a cosy pipe. On such occasions state business was sometimes a second time discussed; and the decisions of the lesser council often annulled and superseded those of the greater.

Min-Te was a lazy monarch, and was well pleased to have all troublesome questions of policy or justice arranged in a quiet manner, without his intervention: he did not like to be obliged to decide between the conflicting opinions of different ministers; but in these agreeable little after-councils, strange to say, though a lady was allowed a voice in them, there was always unanimity, and seldom a very lavish expenditure of words. No wonder that Min-Te should value a minister whose simple eloquence, and of course great argumentative powers, sufficed at once, upon whatever subject they were exercised, to carry conviction even to an Empress. To testify his great esteem for Hum, he ordered that he should be lodged in the palace, in chambers not far distant from the imperial apartments. He frequently employed him to instil into the lovely To-To a proper sense of all the duties she should aim at fulfilling as a woman and a wife; but above all, as the chosen lady of the Emperor.

● The beautiful Empress received meekly and graciously the lessons of virtue thus imparted to her. Nothing, to her apprehension, could be more agreeable than the counsels given by Hum. The Emperor, looking on at a little distance, was overjoyed at seeing with how much attention she listened to the instructions of so excellent an adviser; and when at other times he heard her discourse of virtue and the duties of wifeness, “this is all Hum,” thought he. Thus she gained still more of his affection, and Hum of his esteem; and the fame of both went abroad throughout all the celestial dominions. When Hum appeared in the streets the people flocked about him. “A Hum! a Hum!” they cried, “the Emperor’s favored counsellor! Three cheers for a Hum!” Then they shouted aloud, and no sound could be heard except “A Hum!”

The Emperor was a sound sleeper; that is to say, he could sleep in spite of a sound. It is strange that a *sound* sleeper and a *quiet* sleeper



should be nearly synonymous expressions; not quite, indeed, for one who snores may be a sound sleeper. The Empress was a sound sleeper also; a very determined sleeper; for she was addicted to somnambulism, and somnambulists must be very determined sleepers.

From being himself such a decided somnambulist, it was some time before the Emperor became aware of his lady's peculiarity. A little whisper, however, no bigger than a mosquito, which had for several days been fluttering about the palace, and buzzing into people's ears, one morning came dancing about his; and having awhile piped into it a very small voice, gave it a sting which caused considerable irritation, then flew out of the window, and in a short time had treated every mother's son,



and no less father's daughter throughout the celestial dominions, in nearly the same way.

That little provoking noise kept ringing in his imperial music-box, and the smart continued, so that his majesty at night was quite unable

to sleep; but, in the hope, no doubt, of bringing the customary influence upon him, he lay quite still (by his lady's side), and breathed hard, as though he had been in slumber.

He fell, by-and-by, into a sort of half doze, a dreamy mood, in which the little tune of the small whisper seemed to split into two parts; the one consisted of a number of minikin figures made up of queer bars very strangely put together, which kept dancing about his closed eyes; the other still sounded in his ear, but its members assumed an articulate character, and the sounds and the figures mutually interpreted each other; whilst the tune was still discernible in the words, and the motions of the characters kept time to it. This was the song:—

Min-Te, Min-Te, Min-Te,  
Oh Emperor bold and free!

Do as bid,  
Open your lid,

You'd better be wise and see.

With a chee, chee, chee, chee, chee, chee, chee.\*

Lest it betide (chee, chee,)

That your wife should creep (chee, chee,)

Away from your side (chee, chee,)

For she walks in her sleep (chee, chee).

With a chee, chee, chee, chee, cheeee, cheee, chee.

And a chee, chee, cheeee, cheee, cheee, chee, cheeeeeeee.

Min-Te, Min-Te, Min-Te,  
Lend the loan of your lug to me;

I'd have you be wise,  
And open your eyes,

And see what you shall see.

With a chee, chee, chee, chee, cheee, cheee, chee.

There's Hum in his bed (chee, chee,)

At the end of the gallery, (chee, chee,)

Best cut off his head, (chee, chee,)

Or at least his salary (chee).

With a cheee, chee, chee, chee, cheee, cheee, chee,

And a cheee, chee, chee, chee, cheee, cheee, cheeeeeee.

And so the song was proceeding, like the moon, all made of *cheese*,

\* I believe it is either Captain Marryat or Captain Basil Hall who has given a specimen of the Mosquito language very closely resembling this.

when his imperial majesty (who lay *dos-à-dos* with his wife, for the greater convenience of dozing a doze) was suddenly aroused to full consciousness by a gentle pull of the silken coverlid. He lay quite quiet (though a gnat at the moment settled on his nose), and soon perceived that the Empress was getting out of bed in her sleep, and evidently taking the greatest possible care not to awaken herself in so doing. Having no doubt at all—none whatever—not the slightest in the world—not the least possible—that she was altogether unconscious of what she was about, he thought, like a good Emperor, that it would be right she should be looked to, lest she should break her neck down the stairs or out of the window, the palace being two stories high; and, as he discovered that she moved towards the door, he rose from bed as quietly as she had done, and followed; she all the while treading as noiselessly as though she were a fly, and he as though he were a spider.

She proceeded along the gallery, and passed the stairs without accident; and she had arrived almost at the bottom of the corridor, when the Emperor, alarmed lest she should make a false step (a fox-paw as the French call it), seized her by throwing his left arm round her waist; at the same time placing his right hand over her mouth, to prevent that natural utterance of alarm which might be expected from a lady suddenly awakened under such circumstances. Startled she was, and she certainly *would* have screamed, had it not been for his precaution. Being quite in the dark, both as to where she was, and as to who had laid such violent hands upon her, you may imagine how greatly she was frightened. She struggled to get loose, though still without making much noise; indeed she thought that it would not be amiss if she could get back to her chamber as quietly as she came thence. But this was not to be; for the prime minister Hum, who, with what truth I cannot pretend to say, had the reputation of being at all times wide awake, was not asleep upon the present occasion; and hearing, with his pair of very acute ears, a little scuffling in the gallery, he opened the door of his apartment, which was close to the scene of action. He had apparently been deeply engaged in study, for he held in his hand a lighted lantern, the light of which he now directed upon the pair in the corridor. The instant he saw them, however, it dropped from his hand; and closing and fastening the door with all possible celerity, he jumped upon his bed, coiled himself into a circle less than his waist in diameter, drew the clothes over him in a heap, and lay without moving, breathing, or letting his beard grow, till the morning light had filled his apartment.

During the moment that a gleam from the lantern had been thrown

upon them, To-To became aware that it was only the Emperor who had frightened her so much in the dark; and of course, much delighted at this discovery, and her fears all banished thereby, she immediately returned to the imperial apartment.

"My dearest To-To," said his imperial majesty as they entered, "I was not till now aware that you were a somnambulist. Why did you never mention to me that you were so afflicted? I would have had a gold collar made to surround your ankle, and a chain and lock to secure you to the bed. I myself would have kept the key, so dearly do I tender your safety."

"I had hoped," she replied, "that my attachment to your sacred majesty would always have exercised the counteracting influence which it has hitherto done, and have overcome entirely the infirmity to which I was formerly subject. I have no fear of another attack, and I think the gold chain therefore will be quite unnecessary."

"As, however, you are restless to-night," said the Emperor, "I will secure you for the present with this strap. Stay, let me pass it round you. There, that will do—nay, one pull more—uh, uh—you can't move now, I think. That's just the thing—the lock is famous—so—and here goes the key. Don't be afraid; you can't roll down. And now, as I am rather of the sleepest, good night, dearest madam. Indeed this sleep-walking is a terrible thing; but we'll say no more about that till the morning."

He had scarcely finished speaking before he was fast asleep; but poor To-To could not get to sleep at all, for she was almost cut in two by the strap he had fastened round her.

In the morning the Emperor liberated his wife; but he did not revert to the subject of sleep-walking till after he had finished his morning devotions and meal.

He sent for her then; and when she came into his presence he asked if she remembered the circumstances of the preceding night. She confessed that she had some confused recollection of a dream, in which she had imagined that, after her beloved lord had been a long time absent from her, whilst pining for his return, she suddenly beheld him walking towards her, at a distance, in the garden; and that in the affection of her heart she had gone forth to meet him, and to welcome him home. She was, accordingly, hastening down the long walk, when a black dragon flew out of the canal by which it was bordered, and coiled suddenly around her. That she was mortally frightened thereat, and, with the greatest presence of mind, resolved on the instant to utter a loud scream; but that the black dragon put one of its terrible paws upon

her mouth, and prevented this. On partially awakening about that time, what was her satisfaction at discovering that the black dragon was no other than the Emperor himself.

Her compassionate lord endeavored to console her with the suggestion that some remedy might possibly be found for this unfortunate habit; and he questioned her as to whether there was any manner in which she could at all account for her being thus afflicted. In answer to this, she expressed a suspicion that her mamma had been partly concerned; and she told some long story to substantiate this view: but that I consider little worthy our attention, as she made the facts a few weeks older than herself, and might therefore be supposed to know but little of the matter. She afterwards, however, put the thing in a more philosophical light, when she said, that her habits being sedentary and her feet large, the latter, she thought, had not a proper proportion of exercise during the day; and thus made up secretly for the deficiency at night, when they knew that she was sleeping, and unable consequently to keep a look out upon their motions.

Now here let it be mentioned that large feet in the days of Min-Te were as necessary to the ideal of female loveliness throughout the celestial dominions, as small feet have been ever since; and that Min-Te himself had chosen the delectable To-To as the wife of his bosom, chiefly on account of her felicities in that department of the beautiful. Nevertheless, when his lady declared her conviction with premeditation that those her lovely members walked away with her in such an inexcusable manner, he could not restrain himself from uttering a malediction against them. This malediction was expressed in three words; but the nib of my pen turns this way and that, and refuses to write the first: "their soles" were the other two.

Min-Te then informed his lady that it had come to his knowledge that, though he doubted not she was quite unconscious of the fact, the little excursion she had taken the past night was by no means the first she had made in the same direction; and he considered that if she walked at all, that was the wrong way, and this he disapproved in *To-To*.

But *To-To* expressed great satisfaction at hearing this, as she said that actions done in sleep always went by a rule of contrary, and that her walking the wrong way in a dream, was the most lucid of all possible proofs that her ways were always correct in her waking hours.

Could the Emperor do otherwise than bow to the force of such argument? He highly applauded his lady, and assured her of his perfect confidence in her waking excellence. Yet he confessed that his strong

conviction of this was in itself a source of disquiet to his mind; for she had clearly demonstrated that it would be the occasion of her always going wrong in sleep. It was his wish, if possible, that this might be avoided; and the only mode which occurred to him of escaping from the dilemma, was to prevent her from going at all. How to effect this? He wished heartily that her feet had not grown since infancy, as she then would not have taken to sleep-walking; but they *had*, and what was to be done; Min-Te was an inventive genius; he hit upon an admirable plan: he sent for a cook and a cleaver, and had these offending members chopped six inches shorter. The cure was complete; it is confidently stated that To-To never more walked in her sleep; and I recommend all somnambulists to try the efficiency of Min-Te's invention.

The Emperor next wished a private conference with his prime minister. Hum had not yet arisen, and the messengers had to seek him in his chamber. They found him nearly in the attitude in which he lay when we wished him good night; but when they endeavored to arouse him, they discovered that he had choked himself by swallowing his pigtail.

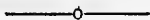
A proclamation went abroad throughout the empire, that the most honored and exemplary Empress, the lantern of beauty and steel-yard of ceremony, had set the fashion of short feet; and though it was not absolutely required that all the ladies of the land should conform to this *mode*, it was made imperative on all parents to wrap up the feet of their female children in such ligatures of cotton, silk, leather, or brass, as should effectually prevent the future growth of the pedal bones and ligaments, the toes being bent inwards towards the sole; "for," said the edict, "as the toes of women have a natural bias to go wrong, it is proper that they should be turned the opposite way."

The name of the Empress—To-To, signifying "Long-Foot,"—had become inapplicable; nor could it be desirable for an imperial lady, when length of foot had ceased to be among the elements of female beauty: the Emperor therefore changed it to Fo-Paw, which may be Englished as "One who walks the wrong way."

Min-Te and Fo-Paw thenceforth lived ever happily.\* The wisdom of Min-Te is much spoken of in this day, and he is accounted one of the greatest benefactors of his country; for the Chinese are of opinion

\* This is perhaps the less remarkable, as the whole reign of the Ten-Thousand Years—such is one of the titles of the Emperors of China—did not extend beyond twelve calendar months.

that their wives have walked much more steadily since they lost the use of their feet.



## HYSON AND BOHEA.

"Of the love that upsprung  
In the fair and the young,  
Let the sorrows be sung,  
By most musical Tung."—TUNG.

### INTRODUCTION.

"THE Tea-Tree," of Tee-to-tum, is the most celebrated of all Chinese didactic poems, and is one of those great and elaborate works to the production of which the labor of a life is necessary. The story of Hyson and Bohea, of which the following must be looked upon as somewhat a free translation, may be considered as perhaps the most pathetic of its episodes.

Tee-to-Tum did not misemploy his genius, and his toil was not ill rewarded; for "The Tea-Tree" may be considered the great national poem of the Chinese.

The history of Tee-to-Tum is somewhat remarkable. It is related that he was cradled in a tea-chest, and that tea not only formed his earliest diet, but that through life he took no other nourishment. He lived in a retired tea-garden in the district of Sing-Te; his house and furniture were formed of tea-wood, and the dry branches of tea-trees served him as fuel. He lived to a green old age, and his death was occasioned by an accident similar to that which terminated the days of Anacreon, only that the Chinese poet was choked, not by a grape-stone, but a tea-stalk.

His poem is very voluminous, being divided into two hundred books, or, as he calls them, branches. Each branch comprises full a thousand "leaves;" not indeed leaves of two pages each; but the single verses of Tee-to-Tum are called "tea-leaves" by the people of the Celestial Land. His industry was remarkable: not a day passed without his adding to or correcting his poem.

"TE veniente die, TE decedente canebat."

Pour forth, O Muse!\* thine influence let me win!  
 O let me draw thee! let me drink thee in!  
 Warm thou my tongue with spirit clear and strong,  
 And from thy kettle breathe the steam of song:  
 Gently uplift thy dewy lid and see  
 The fancied forms of Hyson and Bohea;  
 Imbue my lips their mournful fates to tell,  
 Whilst flow hot streams for two that loved so well.

Love, wondrous smith! who fashions chains from looks,  
 And from mere eyes can form both eyes and hooks,  
 Had linked their hearts the hour that first they met,  
 Had linked their hearts with links that bound them yet.  
 In lonely glen their constant love began,  
 And, first by chance, oft since they met by plan.



Oh, happy the youth (for him Fortune, in truth,  
 Hath a white page without any blot.)  
 To whom it occurs that his pigtail with hers  
 Shall be tied in a true lover's knot.

\* The Muse of Tea, whom the poet invokes at intervals throughout his poem, and whom we have invoked at the commencement of this volume.



And none in all the province could compare  
 With the sleek Hyson, or Bohea the fair.  
 Both born and bred away from city's scenes,  
 Though town-bred youth might call young Hyson *green*,  
 Though town-bred dames with scornful eyes might see,  
 And dub his country love, "poor, weak, Bohea,"  
 Enough for them the charms within their reach,  
 Enough for them that each was loved by each.

Yet 'neath some evil star their love arose :  
 Though they were dearest friends their sires were foes,  
 The cause of *their* dear friendship is not hidden—  
 Both young, both comely, and their love forbidden :  
 The cause their *sires* were foes is still more plain—  
 Both had one trade, and both lived in one lane.  
 One village lane some *ly* from Nanking's walling ;  
 And manufacturing porcelain was their calling :  
 Both shone in that like two superior stars,  
 And so between them they had many *jars*.

Old age and youth!—oh ! *that* is formed for strife,  
 This—*this* for love, the bird's-nest soup of life !  
 And should the truth before those sires be set,  
 How well their children loved, how oft they met,  
 Not locusts, dragons, Tartars could compare  
 With the fierce wrath of that grey-pigtailed pair.

But with a cautious care the maid and spark  
 Deceived their sires, and kept them in the dark ;  
 Made assignations with a code of signs ;  
 Oft met by moonlight among groves and vines.

The days pass'd on,—the nights flew likewise by ;—  
 Weeks past, and months : and still they met to sigh  
 And dream of bliss. Young Hyson ! fond Bohea !  
 In vain ye dream of bliss that must not be.

One night,—that gloomy night no bat would flit  
 But crows around flew late and oft alit,  
 And winds breathed loud in melancholy wail,—  
 A treacherous friend had told their tender tale.

A treacherous friend, to whom Bohea confessed  
With too fond trust the secrets of her breast,—  
Though bound to silence by the holiest oath,  
That friend, *too* treacherous, had betray'd them both;  
Told more, much more than need the muse repeat,  
And when they met, and where they next should meet.  
Bohea had told *her* all, and told her true:  
Bohea knew not that friend loved Hyson too.

Unwise Bohea! your error now is learn'd;  
Too soon committed, and too late discern'd;  
Too soon you trusted, and too late you vex;  
Yet not in you the fault, but in your sex.  
Each fair one of some secret thus possesseth,  
Whilst all the change is hers, can take no rest;  
So, prizing it more deeply than her peepers,  
To make it safer, finds it several keepers.

That night, that gloomy night, that night of mist,  
Bohea and Hyson sought their place of tryst:  
Bowered with green leaves, and far from haunts of *m-n*,  
That place of tryst was no *trist* place till then.

They rushed to meet,—they almost met; delight  
Was in their looks. How was't they met not quite?  
What was't that check'd their speed at once and joy,  
And made them pause,—that maiden and her boy?

For such effect cause strong and good was there:  
One hand had grasped Bohea by her long hair,  
And kept her from her love,—the fond, the true:  
And one stern fist held Hyson by the queue.  
Their bliss was balk'd, their hearts were filled with doubt,  
Their heads were hurt, and both shriek'd loudly out!

Yes, 'twas their sires: their sires had heard their tale  
From that false friend,—and both with rage turn'd pale:  
But both resolved to learn the story's truth,  
Ere one condemned the maid, or one the youth.  
With this intent they both had sought that spot:  
Oh, fair Bohea's and Hyson's evil lot!

Just ere they met,—alas, too faithful pair !  
 Those two sprang forth, and seized them by the hair.  
 By her's Bohea's stern father dragged her home,  
 And question'd, as they went, how dared she roam  
 To meet young sparks by moonlight in a glen,  
 And why *that* youth, of all the race of men ?  
 Arrived at home, he tied her to a post  
 By those sweet locks young Hyson prized the most  
 Removed her seissors from the unhappy fair,  
 And bound her hands, lest these unbind her hair,  
 Withheld her rice and pipe, and barred the door,  
 Until she vow'd she ne'er would do so more

And Hyson's father let not him go free,  
 But brought him home, and strapp'd him to a tree



By his long queue,—ah me, that it would moult !  
 For, fasten'd by that lock, he could not bolt.

Then as a thresher whirls round in a trice  
The ponderous flail and thrashes out the rice.  
So, whirling round his head a stout bamboo,  
He thrash'd his son : his son who dared to woo.  
The youth, when 'gainst his ears he felt the cane,  
(Against his *ears* was much against the *grain*,)  
Shriek'd out an oath he'd never do't again.

That self-same night, when all were lock'd in sleep,  
The sad Bohea, who stay'd awake to weep,  
Rose from her couch, and lest her shoes might klop,  
"Padded the hoof" and sought her father's shop.  
High in the midst a tea-pot huge was placed,  
Of finest porcelain and superior taste ;  
In forming which it was her sire's fond aim  
To win at once more custom and more fame.  
So water-pots, and boots of giant size  
Oft hang from shops to attract the passers' eyes.  
To turn it to some use, besides mere show,  
Just at this time he made it a depôt  
For certain tea, some four-and-twenty-lbs.  
Dried by himself—the produce of his grounds.  
There came Bohea, the beautiful! the sweet!  
And standing on the tips of her small feet,  
Scarce knowing what to do or how begin,—  
She lifted up the cover, and look'd in.

Then went she thence,—she was her father's daughter,—  
And, one by one, fetch'd several pails of water,  
And emptied in ;—but slow the liquid rose,  
And soon she brought this labor to a close.  
"Oh! vain," she cried, "with destiny to cope!  
This tea-pot, too, was formed to balk my hope.  
At such a rate as this, oh, Fortune's spite!  
I scarce should fill it should I toil all night.  
I hoped in this to bid my sorrows flee;  
But fate forbids. Unfortunate Bohea!"

She clasp'd her fair hands like some stage adept,  
Lean'd on the porcelain, raised her eyes and wept.  
The tears went down her cheeks in such array  
As floods roll down when river-banks give way.

Oh! joy, Bohea! thy woes shall find their bar:  
 Those tears in quick streams gush'd into the jar;  
 So hot they fell, so large, and fast, and free,  
 They fill'd the porcelain pot,—and made the tea.  
 "Is't true?" she cried. "Then Fo hath heard my prayer—  
 Come back, sweet Hope! and hence, far hence, Despair!  
 If but my act shall prompt the youth I love,  
 Though parted here, we soon may meet above.  
 So now of friends and foes I take my leave,  
 And drown myself to make my father grieve."

She climb'd a chair beside the tea-pot's brim;  
 She plunged—she sank—alas! she could not swim.  
 White gleam'd her robes amid the watery gleam—  
 The steam arose—her breath rose with the steam.  
 No corks were there, no bladders, and no stick;  
 Three times she kick'd, and then she ceased to kick:  
 Strong was the tea-pot, and in vain she struck it,  
 And her last kick kick'd that, and kick'd the bucket.  
 As leaves of tea, long twisted and curl'd up,  
 Swell and unrol in tea-pot or in cup,—  
 Though downward bent her toes had long perforce lain,  
 She turn'd them up in that sad piece of porcelain.

Perchance this tale improbable appears;  
 Yet think how often maids are drown'd in tears,  
 Then deem it true, and weep for poor Bohea,—  
 First drown'd in tears,—then both in tears and tea.

Young Hyson heard—for ill news travel fast—  
 Young Hyson heard—young Hyson stood aghast.  
 He swore, he raved, he stamped, he tore his hair,—  
 That one long lock,—he scream'd,—he cursed the chair  
 That help'd her up,—he cursed his evil lot—  
 He curs'd the tea, he also curs'd its pot.  
 He strove to weep,—but strove to weep in vain,—  
 There seem'd to glow hot lava in his brain,  
 Volcano fires before his eyes to start,  
 And more than earthquake to convulse his heart.  
 He strove to speak—but, oh! no voice would come;  
 He strove again—his words were, "Ha" and "Hum."

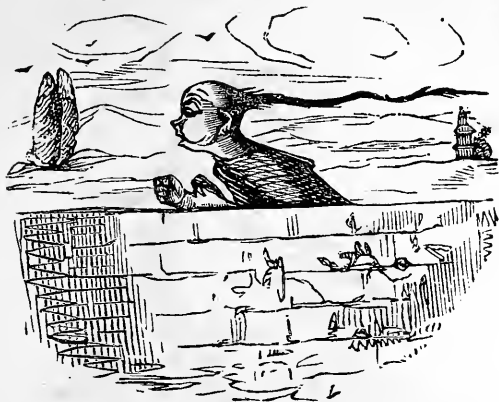
Once more he strove ;—at last the fetters broke  
That bound his speech,—he strove to speak,—and spoke :—



“Oh! thou white lump of sugar!\* thrown too soon  
To sweeten tea—(ah! would I were thy spoon)!—  
Thou for whose sake my grief must ever keep hot,  
Why didst thou fall in that detested tea-pot?  
Alas! no power may bring her back to life,  
Who was my love, who should have been my wife—  
Away with words, with life—in brief, with *breath*—  
Nought now is left worth living for, save death!  
Though foes should gladden, and though friends should weep,  
If fires be hot, knives sharp, or opium cheap,  
If wolves be fierce, wells deep, or girdles strong  
Then farewell, life!—thou shalt not hold me long.”

\* This metaphorical apostrophe, which occurs in the original of Tee-to-Tum, is the more remarkable, as the Chinese are not in the habit of taking sugar in their tea.

Thus spoke the youth : then rose from where he sat  
 And rush'd away—the wind bore off his hat,—  
 He heeded not—he rush'd, and on the wind  
 His clothes flew out, his pigtail streamed behind :—



Long, black, and fluttering with his speed it stream'd,  
 And head and pigtail some huge tadpole seem'd,  
 Or comet grim, dread portent of the skies,—  
 Its tail the pigtail, and its light his eyes.

Thus on he flew, and did not turn, or stop,  
 Or pause, till lo ! he reach'd a blacksmith's shop—

There check'd his steps.—“Hillo !” but no reply—  
 “What, hoa ! who waits ?”—his loud voice rent the sky.  
 Dread silence follow'd,—and his bold heart sunk.  
 “Sure those within must be asleep or drunk.”  
 He first peep'd in,—then enter'd—but could find  
 None, save one old man, almost deaf and blind.  
 “Father !” he cried ;—the old man answered “Son !”—  
 “Have you an axe ?”—the sage replied, “Here's one.”—  
 “The price ?” he asked.—“Three mace.”—“I'll give you two.”  
 —“Enough.” He seized it, paid, and on he flew.

Not far from thence—from thence it might be seen—  
 There grew a tea-tree, of the sort called green ;

To that he bent his flight, and there he found  
One branch that grew breast-high above the ground  
He cut it midway through—part fell down flump,  
And part was left outstanding from the stump.  
The first he dragg'd away, and threw aside;  
The last he sharpen'd with the tool: then cried,  
“Oh! worst of all plant-kind! malignant tea!  
Since my sweet girl, my all beloved Bohea,  
For whom have I such bitter cause to grieve,  
Amid thy lifeless leaves of life took leave;  
What better course could be, what wiser plan  
Devised for me—oh! most unhappy man!  
To leave a world of which my soul is sick,  
Than on thy stick thus cut, to cut my stick!”

He said, and moving some few paces back  
To gain a run, he made his girdle slack,  
And bared his breast:—then raising to the skies  
His hands, he oped his mouth, and closed his eyes,  
Breathed out one last sigh for his love's sweet sake,  
Cried, “Oh, Bohea!” and rush'd upon the stake.  
The stake went through between his lights and lives  
He gave four kicks, two screeches, and one quiver—  
He felt the sharp wood in his vital parts,  
And in that quiver seem'd ten thousand darts.  
“Oh Fo!” he cried, or ere his eyes grew dim—  
“Oh Fo!” he cried, and Fo gave ear to him—  
“Oh Fo!” he cried, “be not a foe to me,  
But draw me hence, yet, yet my love to see.  
Since early death thus bliss on earth denies,  
Oh! let us meet and mingle in the skies.  
And though our parents' hearts have yet been hard,  
Whence our fond hearts were each from each debarr'd,  
Grant that they now may sorrow o'er our doom,  
And lay our bones together in one tomb,  
And write our tale, that all our fates may know!”  
This said, young Hyson was absorb'd in Fo.

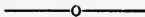
Her parents in the tea-pot found Bohea—  
They drew the body thence, and saved the tea,  
Rich store, in well-cork'd jars, for livelong weeks.



But tears meanwhile bedew'd their tender cheeks ;  
 And much they wish'd, when every wish was vain,  
 They ne'er had parted that most faithful twain.  
 And Hyson's parents found him on the stake—  
 A sight to make their fond hearts yearn and ache ;—  
 Hung up, ah me ! in every breeze to spin,  
 Like windmill's sails, or chafers on a pin.  
 They moved from thence—they laid him in a shell—  
 They learn'd the fate of her he loved so well.  
 They, too, at last relented—but too late ;  
 And feeling guilty, threw the blame on fate.

Then well-writ notes and courteous messages  
 Pass'd between Hyson's father and Bohea's.  
 Old feuds forgot, they clear'd their brows of gloom,  
 And both subscribed to build one common tomb,  
 Even on that spot where met those thralls of love.  
 One half beneath the ground, and half above  
 Of tea-pot shape 'twas built, but partly hid,  
 And the roof fashion'd like a tea-pot lid.  
 The whole when lined with finest porcelain clay,  
 There, in two chests, Bohea and Hyson lay.  
 A plant of tea was set on either side ;  
 This green—the sort on which young Hyson died ;  
 That black—a kind since far and wide renown'd,  
 In whose infusion fair Bohea was drown'd.  
 The plants grew well, and, rich in leaf and bloom,  
 The branches mingled o'er the lovers' tomb :  
 Whence those two species, from those days to these,  
 Have borne the names of Hysons and Boheas.  
 Still maids and lovers to that tomb repair  
 To plight the vows of fond affection there ;  
 Kneel by the grave, or lift their hands above  
 To pluck the sprigs as talismans of love ;  
 And gentle brides, their husbands' hearts to fix,  
 Of those two kinds the cup of union mix.  
 Ne'er had the fond pair known that state divine,  
 "Where transport and security entwine ;"  
 But since kind Death had tied them in one tether,  
 Their namesake leaves full oft are brought together,  
 In equal chests (with India-paper linings),  
 In transports, with security to Twinings.

Then weep no more for that united pair,  
 Since thus in death one common lot they share;  
 And, like their trees that high in air embrace,  
 Fo bade their spirits rise from that low place  
 To meet above; and Hyson and Bohea  
 Now mix their essence both in Tien\* and tea.



### THE WONDERFUL WHALERS.



FATHERS of the Oratory,  
 Listen to my surprising tale,  
 Harken to a wonderful story  
 More than very like a whale;

\* Heaven.

Each mesmeric marvel-monger,  
Lend to me your ears likewise ;  
If for miracles you hunger,  
You shall ope both mouth and eyes.

In the ship *Ann Alexander*,  
Cruising in pursuit of whales,  
Bold JOHN S. DEBLOIS, Commander,  
With a crew so gallant, sails.  
In the South Pacific Ocean,  
Reaching to the Off Shore Ground,  
'Mong the waves in wild commotion,  
Several monstrous Whales they found.

These two boats did follow after,  
Larboard boat, and starboard too,  
And with shouts of glee and laughter,  
The Leviathans pursue ;  
When the larboard boat commanded  
By the stout First Mate, did soon  
In a Whale, with force strong-handed,  
Deeply plunge a sharp harpoon.

Off the mighty monster started ;  
Pain and anguish gave him cause ;  
Suddenly he backwards darted,  
Seized the boat between his jaws ;  
Into smithereens he cracked it ;  
Or, as witnesses declare,  
Who beheld the thing transacted,  
Bits no bigger than a chair !

In the starboard boat, the Captain  
Quickly to the rescue struck,  
And, although the bark was snapt in  
Pieces, saved the crew—by luck.  
Now the good *Ann Alexander*  
To their aid the waist-boat sent ;  
Half the band then having manned her,  
At the Whale again they went.

Soon the ocean-giant nearing,  
They prepared to give him fight,  
Little thinking, never fearing,  
That the beast again would bite.



But without their host they reckon'd;  
At their boat he also flew;  
Like the first he served the second,  
Snapped it into pieces too.

Sure his jaws, together clapping,  
Had the gallant seamen crushed;  
But, when they perceived him snapping,  
Straight into the sea they rushed.

To afford the help they needed,  
Bold DEBLOIS repaired again,  
Once more, also, he succeeded,  
In the aim to save his men.

Tired, perhaps, of sports renewing,  
To the ship this time they hied,  
When, behold, the Whale pursuing,  
With his jaws extended wide.  
Gloating with revenge, he sought 'em ;  
But with blubber pierced, and gored,  
He was crippled, or had caught 'em ;  
But they all got safe on board.

Risk the heroes little cared for ;  
Speedily they set their sail  
In the ship herself—prepared for  
One more tussle with the Whale.  
Now they reach'd him—plunged a lance in  
The infuriate monster's head ;  
Then—of course they had no chance in  
Close encounter—onward sped.

For the ship they saw him making,  
But the chase he soon gave o'er,  
Which the animal forsaking,  
Down on him again they bore ;  
Fifty rods below the water  
There they saw the monster lie ;  
So, despairing him to slaughter,  
They resolved no more to try.

At this time, DEBLOIS was standing  
Sternly on the larboard bow,  
Ready, with harpoon in hand,  
To inflict a deadly blow :  
Up he saw the monster rising,  
With velocity and power,  
At the rate of speed surprising,  
Of full fifteen knots an hour !

In an instant—Heaven defend us!—

Lo, the Whale had, near the keel  
Struck, with such a force tremendous,  
That it made the vessel reel;  
And her bottom knock'd a hole in,  
Into which the water pour'd;  
And the sea so fierce did roll in,  
That the billows rush'd and roar'd.

Yet the ship was saved from sinking,  
Though so riddled by the Whale,  
And DEBLOIS and his unshrinking  
Crew, survive to tell the tale.



Strong are all those daring fellows,  
Doubtless, the harpoon to throw:  
And—to judge from what they tell us—  
Stronger still to draw the bow!

## THE "OLD SALT" AMONG THE MERMAIDS.

A YARN, BY A CAPE CODDER.



Do I b'leve in the sea-sarpint? You might as well ax me if I b'leved in the compass, or thought the log could lie. I've never seen the critter myself, cos I haint cruised in them waters as he locates himself in, not since I started on my first voyage in the *Confidence* whaler, Capting Coffing; but I recking I've got a brother as hails from Nahan',

that sees him handsome every year, and knows the latitude and longitude of the beast just as well as I knows the length o' the futtock shrouds o' the foretops.

Brother Zac's pretty cute, and kalkilates from actil observation how much the sarpint grows every year; and then he gets siferin', and figgerin', and reckonin', till he makes out how tarnal long it took the sarpint to extensify himself to that almighty size—offerin' to prove that the critter was one o' them ar' creeping things what the first Commadore took into his boat at that ar' big rain as the parsons tell on; and perhaps, as Zac says, he is the real, original, eternal sarpint, as got the weather-gage of our first mother, and gammoned her to lay piratical hands on her husband's stock of apples, jest as he was gettin' his cider fixins ready in the fall. And, by gauly, old fellers, their ain't nothin' agin natur in that yarn, nyther—for brother Zac says, he can prove that that ar' sarpint must have partaking o' the tree o' life as grewed in the garding of Eding, afore them first squatters what had located themselves thar' was druv' off for makin' free with the governor's trees. Well, there was a nigger as I knowed once, down south, 'mongst them coting plantashings—and this here darky used to get his rum aboard rather stiff—so, one night, havin' stowed away a soakin' cargo, he found the navigation pretty considerable severe, and after tackin' larboard and starboard, makin' short legs to winderd, and long uns to lewerd, he missed stays, and brought up in a ditch. While the darkey was lettin' off the steam, and snorin' himself sober, a mud dortle, about the size of our captin's epilletts, crawls right slick into his open mouth, and wriggles stret down into his innerds. Waell, the nigger felt the effects of too much tortle to his dying day; and that's the case, I guess, with the sarpint—for, havin' fed in his infancy on the fruit o' the tree o' life, he was obligated to keep on livin' ever arter, and can't die no how he can fix it. And so he keeps on gettin' longer every week, like a purser's account, and nobody can't guess what for, nyther.

Did *you* ever see a marmaid? Waell, then, I reckon you'd best shut up, cos *I* have—and many on 'em; and marmen, too, and marmisses and marmasters, of all sizes, from babbies not bigger nor mackrels, to regular six-feeters, with starns like a full-grow'd porpus. I've been at a marmaid's tea-party, and, after larnin' the poor ignorant scaly critters how to splice the main brace, I left the hull bilin' on 'em blazin' drunk.

You see, when our craft was cruisin' up the Arches, we cast anchor, one mornin', in pretty deep water, jest abreast of a small green island as wasn't down in the chart, and hadn't got no name, nyther. But our captin know'd what he was arter, abeout as right as ninepence, cos a



small skewner came alongside pretty sune, freighted with brandy and wine for the officers, what they'd ordered for their own private stores. Waell, the slings was run up to the end o' the main-yard, and the waisters were busy hoistin' up the barrils, when a cask o' brandy slipped from the slings as it was being canted round, and dropped right splash into the sea, sinkin' right away. Upon 'zaminationg the manifest, it proved to be the best cask o' brandy in the skewner, imported from Boardo, direct, for the captin' himsel. He raised a gretty muss, I guess, right off the reel. "You eternal lazy suckers," said he; "look here! take all the boats' anchors, lash 'em together in tews, so as to form grapnels o' four pints each, and drag all about here for that ar' brandy—and mind you find it, or I'll put every mother's son of you on short allowance o' rye for the next month."

Waell, the boats was ordered out, and a gropin' we went. I was placed in the jolly, with Sy Davis and Pete Slinks, and a middy to direct. The middy was a pretty considerable smart fellow, and jest as we was puttin' off, he nodded up to the chaplin, as was leanin' over the side, and says:—"What say you to an hour's float upon this here glassy sea?" The parson was down by the man-ropes in a minnit, and off we sot, a fishin' for the brandy tub.

The current run pretty slick by the side of the little island, and the second luff, who was in the cutter, ordered us to go ahead, and watch along the shore, jest to see if the tub warn't rolled up there by the tide. We pretended to look right hard for the tub, till we made the lee o' the island, and then, if we didn't resolve to take it easy, and run the noose o' the jolly into the yaller sand o' the shore, there ain't no snakes. I held on, in the starn, by the grapnel, and the parson pulled out of his pocket a good-sized sample bottle o' the new stuff as he'd jest bought, and wanted the middy to taste; and, arter passin' their ideas on the licker, the chaplin gave us men a pretty stiff horn apiece, now I tell you, and first-rate stuff it was, I swow. It iled the parson's tongue, like all out-doors; it took him to talk, all about the old original anteek names o' the islands that laid in spots all about thar'—classic ground, as he called it, and a pretty yarn he did spin, tew. He talked about the island of Candy, whar' the sweetest galls was in all creation, or anywhar' else; and of a great chief, called Beau Lasses, or Molasses, who killed a one-eyed giant of a blacksmith, named Polly Famous, by spitting in his eye; and about a fireman, named Henearus, who carried out an old man, one Ann Kysiss, on his shoulders, when his house was a-fire; for you see, many o' them old Grecian men had winning's names, and wisey warsey, tew. But what took my cheese, was the

parson's tellin' us about tew fellows, as got up the biggest chunk of a fight, and kept right at it for ten years, stret out, and all about a gall, named Ellen, what skeeted from her moorings, and run off to Parrs. Then the parson tried to pint out the island of Lip-salve, where a she-conjuror, called Sarcy, from her boldness, used to keep a hull skeul of singin' galls, called syringes, cos they sucked the sailors ashore, and then chawed them right up, like a piece of sweet Cavendish. Then, the middy, who'd been keepin' dark, and layin' low, all this time, show'd his broughtens-up, and let fly a hull broadside at the parson, about them ar' syringes and other fabblus wimming; such as King Nepching's wife, Ann Thracite, and her she Try-it-ons and Neer-a-heads, and river galls, right down to marmads.

Wuell, you see, all this here talk made us dry as thunder; so, the chaplain said, he guessed the sun was over the fore-yard, and baled us out another horn o' licker all round. Then he took a "spell-ho!" at the jawin'-tackle, and allowed there was a river in Jarminy where all our Dutch imegrants hails from, and that a naked gall used to locate herself in a whirlpool, and come up on moonshiney nights, and sing a hull bookful o' songs, as turned the heads o' all the young fellers in them parts. Wuell, reports ruz up, as she'd a hull cargo o' gold stowed away at the bottom o' the whirlpool, and many a wild young Jarman, seduced by the gall's singin', and hopes o' gold, lept into the river, and warn't heerd on never arter. These matters hurt the young gall's kariter, and the old folks, who'd always allowed that she was a kind of goddess, began to think that she warn't the clear grit, and the young fellers said her singin' was no great shakes, and that her beauty warn't the thing it was cracked up to be.

There was a famous general, who was n't raised in that section o' the country, but had swapped a castle on a mountain in Spain, for one o' them ar' water lots, near the whirlpool; he began to find himself rayther short o' cash to buy his groceries, and, concluding that he couldn't dew without a leetle whiskey, to keep off the aguy, resolved to pay the whirlpool gall a visit, and jest see if he couldn't soft soap the young critter out of a leetle rhino. Next full moon, he tortles to the bluff what hung over the bilin' and foam'n' river, and jest at eight bells, up ruz the gall, stark naked, a sittin' on the white froth o' the whirlin' water, and singin', "Won't you come to my bower what I've shaded for you?" "Wuell," says the ginerall, not a bit daunted—says he, "look here, my gall, I meant to eat a lobster salad with you to-night, if you promise to behave like a lady, and won't cut up no infarnal shines." Wuell, the gall give her word o' honor, and the ginerall dove

into the whirlpool, and down they went right slick. Next mornin' the gineral was found to hum with a sighter old gold pieces, bigger round than the top of a 'backer box, and a hull pot full o' the tallest kind 'o jewels; you see, the sojer had carried a small flask of Monongahely in his pocket, and the river gall couldn't git over the old rye—tew glasses opened her heart, I guess, and she let the gineral slip his cable in the mornin' with jest abeout as much gold as he could stow away. Some o' his friends kalkilated as he'd better drop his anchor thar' agin—and there was some talk in the settlement of forming a jynt-stock company for the purpose o' gettin' up all the gold—but the gineral tell'd 'em he guessed he'd got enough for him, and he seed quite enough down thar' not to want to go no more; and refusin' to say what he had seen, or tell 'em how they was to go to work, it kinder stopped the jynt-stock company. The river gall she fell quite in love with the gineral right up to the hub, and sot on the bilin' water night arter night, singin' "Meet me by moonlight alone,"—but the gineral said he'd see her hanged first afore he trust her agin—for, says he, "no woman was never deceived twyst," which riled the river gall like mad, and in revenge she sot the whirlpool a bilin' like all creation as if resolved to keep the neighborhood in hot water. From the circumstance of the gineral's gettin' so much gold out o' the river, the Jarmins called it the Rhino, and it's been known by somethin' like that name ever since.

When the chaplain had expended his yarn, he sarved out another allowance o' licker. I recking that he was the raal grit for a parson—always doin' as he'd be done by, and practisin' a darned sight more than he preached. "'Taint Christian-like," says he, "to drink by one's self, and a raal tar never objects to share his grog with a shipmate." Them's the gin-a-wine Bunker Hill sentiments of spiritual salvashing, and kinder touch the bottom of a sailor's heart!

The middy then uncoiled another length o' cable abeout the fabbeulous wimming o' the sea, and said it were a tarnation pretty idea, that them angels from hevving as ruled the airth should keep watch over the treasures o' the water. Then he telled a yarn consarnin' the captin' of a merchantman as was trading in the South Seas, layin' at anchor, becalmed, one Sunday mornin' abeout five bells, when a strange hail was heerd from under the bows o' the craft, and the hands on deck as answered the hail seed somebody in the water, with jest his head and arms sticken' out, and holdin' on to the dolphing striker. Wael, I guess they pretty soon throw'd him a rope and hauled him aboard, and then they seed he was a regular built marman, one half

kinder nigger, and tother half kinder fish, but altogether more kinder fish than kinder nigger. So, as I was tellin' you, they got him aboard, and he made an enquerry arter the captin, who come out o' his cabing, and the marman made him a first-rate dancin'-skeul bow, and says



in ginnewine English, "Captin, I sorter recking it ain't entered into your kalkilation as this here is Sabberday, for you've dropped your tarnal big anchor right in front o' our meetin'-house door, and I'm d—if eeny of our folks can go to prayers."

Wae'll, the captin was rayther taking aback, and the calm, you see, overlayin' him in that thar' hot latitude, had sot his back up above a bit; and besides that, he felt considerable streeked at bein' roused out o' his mornin's nap for nothin'; so, altogether he felt sorter wolfish,

and lookin' at the stranger darned savagerous, says, "Who the ugly are *you*?"

This here speech put the marman's dander up, for he says right sassy, "I guess I'm appointed deacon over all the marmans and mermaids in these here parts, and I'll jest trouble you to treat me with the respect due *tew* a stranger and a gentleman."

Wuell, I recking the capting's ebeneser *was* roused, for he seized hold of an harpoon that was layin' on the fowksell, and hollered to the marman, "You fishy vaggybund, make tracks out o' my ship, you sammony-tailed son of a sea-cook, or I'll drive the grains slick through your scaly carkiss, I will." Wuell, the critter seein' as the capting meant danger, made but one flop with his tail, and skeeted over the side o' the ship into the water. The capting did not weigh anchor, nor nothin', only durin' the night the cable was cut by the marmen, and the ship drifted on *tew* a corril reef, and rubbed a tarnal big hole in her plankin'.

"That's a good yarn," said the parson, "and I b'leve it's true as gospel. Nothin's impossible in natur, and the hull o' these strange fixins as we hears tell on, is nothin' more than links in the almighty grea chain cable of universal natur'. Bats is the link o' betweenity as connects the naturs o' fowls o' the air and the beasts of the field. Seals and alligators links the naturs o' beasts and fishes. Babboons and apes links beasts with humans; and why should not mermaids be the links between humans and the fishes o' the sea? But there's the signal for the boat's return; here's jest a leetle horn apiece in the bottle—let's licker one more round, and then absquattle."

We pulled quietly back to the ship. The barrel of brandy had not been found, and I wish I may be sniggered if the capting did not fly into the biggest kind o' quarter deck passion I ever did see. He stormed great guns and fired hull broadsides at the boat's crew, swearin' that they should keep on dredgin' till the tub was found, if it was the day arter eternity. So, you see, the hands was piped *tew* dinner, but I was ordered *tew* keep in the boats and take keare they didn't stave each other.

Wuell, I laid down in the capting's gig, and what with the parson's licker, and the talk about mermaids, and syringes, and water galls, and one thing and t'other, a very pretty muss began mixin' in my brain pan. So, as I was layin' comfortably moored in the stern sheets, with my head a leetle over the boat's quarter, I thought it highly unwrong that the brandy tub hadn't been fotched up, and that the men using the grapnels must have shirked as we did, cos, if they'd sarched

as they oughter, they must have seed the barrel, for the water was so pertickler clear that you could dissarn the crabs crawlin' over the kor-ril rocks at the bottom o' twenty fathom.

Waell, while I was lookin' into the ocean to see if I could light upon the barrel, a leetle o' the largest fish I ever did see, come and swum, right close to the bottom of the sea, jest under the boats. Then it kept risin' and risin' till I seed its long fins were shaped like men's arms; and when it come near the sarfis, it turned on its back, and then I seed a human face! I know'd at once that it was a marmaid, or a marman—or one o' them amfibberus critters called fabelus syringes as the chaplain has been spinnin' his yarns about. So, the critter popt its head up jest above the water, which was smooth as glass, and a little smoother tew by a darned sight, and jest as clear and jest as shiny, and says he to me, "Look here, stranger, you and your shipmates ain't doin' the genteel thing to me no how you can fix it, for they're playing old hub with my garding grounds and oyster beds by scratchin' and rakin' 'em all over with them ar' darned anchors and grapnel fixins, in a manner that's harrowin' to my feelins. If the captin wants his thundernation licker tub, let him jest send eeny decent Christian down with me, and I'll gin it him."

Waell, I'm not goin' to say that I didn't feel a kinder skeered, but the chaplain's yarns had rubbed the rough edge off, and the notion o' findin' the captin's cask pleased me mightily, cos I knowed it would tickle the old man like all creation, and sartinly get me three or four liberty days for shore goin' when we returned to Port Mahon. So as I hadn't on nothin' pertikler as would spile, only a blue cotting shirt, and sail-cloth pantys, and the weather bein' uncommon warm, I jest told the marman I was ready, and tortled quietly over the boat's side into the blue transparent sea.

The marman grappled me by the fist, and we soon touched bottom, now I tell ye. I found as I could walk easy enough, only the water swayed me about jest as if I war a leetle tight, but I didn't seem to suffer nothin' for want o' breath, nyther.

We soon reached whar' the brandy cask was lyin' right under the ship's keel, which accounts for it's not bein' seen nor nothin' by the boats' crews. I felt so everlastingly comical about findin' the tub, that I told the half-bred dolphing feller as pinted it out, that if I know'd how to tap it, I wish I might die if I wouldn't give him a gallon o' ne stuff as a salvage fee.

"What's in it?" says the marman.

"Why, licker," says I.

"Wae'll," says the marman, "so I heerd them scrapin' fellers in the boats say; but I guess I've lick'er enough to last my time, tho' I recking yo'r lick'er is something stronger than salt water, seein' its hooped up in that almighty way."

"Why, you lubber," says I, "it's brandy—the rael gennewine coney-hack."

"And what's that?" says the marman.

"Why, dew tell—want to know?" says I, "have you lived to your time o' life without tastin' spirretus lick'er? Wae'll, I sware, you ough to be the commodore of all them cold water clubs, and perpetual president of all temp'rance teetotallers. Go ahead, matey, pilot the way to your shanty, and I'll roll the barrel arter you. I'll sune give you a



drink o'lick'er that will just take the shirt tail of eenything you ever did taste, now I tell you."

Waell, the critter flopped ahead, for you see it's the natur' o' the marmen, seein' as they've no legs, only a fish's tail what's bent under them, jest like the lower part o' the letter J, to make way by floppin' their starns up and down, and paddlin' with their hands—somethin' between a swim and a swagger—but the way they get through the water is a caution. I rolled the tub along over the smooth, white, shiny sand, and the crabs and lobsters skeeted off right and left sides, out o' my way, regular skeered, and big fishes of all shapes and makes, with bristlin' fins, swum close alongside me, and looked at me quite awful with their small gooseberry eyes, as much as to say, "What the nation *are* you at?"

Bymeby, the marman brought up in front of rayther a largeish cave, or grotto of rock and shell-work, kivered with korril and seaweed. So, you see, the tub was put right on eend in one corner; I made an enquery o' the marman, if he had a gimlet, and he said he b'lieved there was sitch a thing in the hold or cellar; he'd found a carpenter's tool-chest in a wreck a few miles to the easterd, and he fetched away six or seving o' the little fixings, thinkin' they might be useful to him. So, he opened the back-door, and hailed a young marman to bring him the gimblet.

Seein' as there was no benches, nor nothin' to sit down on, which marmen and marmails don't desire, cos they've no sittin parts to their bodies, which is all fish to their waistbands, I jest sot on the top o' the brandy tub, and took an observation of the critter before me. His face was a reglar human, only it looked rather tawney and flabby like a biled nigger, with fishy eyes, and a mouth like a huge tom cod. His hair hung stret down his shoulders, and was coarse and thick like untwisted rattlin'; his hands were something like a goose's paw, only the fingers were longer and thicker—and his body was not exactly like an Injin's, nor a nigger's, nor a white man's—nor was it yaller, nor blue, nor green—but a sorter altogether kinder mixed up color, lookin' as if it were warranted to stand the weather. Jest abeout mid-ships, his body was tucked into a fish's belly, with huge green scales right down to the tail.

Whilst I was surveyin' the marman fore and aft, the back-door opened, and a she critter flopped in, with a young marman at the breast. The leetle sucker was not bigger than a pickerel, with a tail of a delicate sammon color, and a head and body jest like one o' them small tan monkeys, with a face as large as a dollar. The marman introduced the she critter as his wife, and we soon got into a coil of talk right slick, all abeout the weather, and the keare and trouble o' a



young family—and I wished I may be swamped if the marmaid warn't a dreadful nice critter to chatter. Like all wimming folk, she was



plaguey kewrous as to whar' I was raised and rigged; and when I said, I guess I hailed from Cape Cod, and all along shore thar', she looked at the marman, and said to me, "Waell, I never—Cape Cod! why, stranger, I guess there must be some finity in our breeds."

Waell, you see, I grew rather kewrous tew, and wanted to log the pertiklers o' the nateral history o' the race o' marmen—so I made a few enquerries respectin' their ways o' life. "I guess," says I, "you've a tarnal good fish-market in these here parts, and keep your table well supplied with hallibut and sea-bass, and black-fish, eh?"

"Why, stranger," says the marman, rather wrathly, "secin' it's you, I won't be offended, or, by Hevving, if that speech ain't enough to make a marman feel scaly, why then it ain't no matter. We claim to be half fish in our natur', and I recking you don't kalkilate we gobbles our relations? there's sea varmint enough in all conscience, sitch as oysters, and clams, and quahogs, and muscles, and crabs, and lobsters. We go the hull shoat with them; and then we cultivates kail, and other sea truck in our gardings, and sometimes we swims under the wild fowl as they're floatin', and jerks down a fine duck or a gull, or gathers their eggs off the rocks, or the barnacles off drift wood."

Jest then. the marman's eldest son-fish fatched in the gimblet, and

brought up the marman's jawin' tacks with a round turn. The young un was about the size of an Injin boy jest afore he runs alone—half papoose, half porpus. He got a leetle skeered when he clapt eyes on me, but I guv' him a stale quid o' backer to amuse himself, and the sugar plum made the marmaster roll his eyes above a bit, now I tell you.

Wae'll, I bored a hole in the brandy tub, and pickin' up an empty clam shell, handed a drink to the lady, and told her to tote it down. She swaller'd it pretty slick, and the way she gulped arterwards, and stared, and twisted her fishy mouth, was a sin to Davy Crockett. The marman looked rather wolfy at me, as if I'd gin her pison; so I drewed a shell-full and swallered it myself. This kinder cooled him down and when the marmaid got her tongue tackle in runnin' order agin, she said she guessed the licker was the juice of Hevving, and she'd be darned if she wouldn't have another drink right off the reel.

Seein' this, the marman swallered his dose, and no sooner got it down, than he squealed right out, and clapped his webby hands together, and wagged his tail like all creation. He swore it was elegant stuff, and he felt it tickle powerful from the top of his head to the eend of his starn-fin. Arter takin' two or three horns together, the sonny cried for 'a drink, and I gin him one that sent him wrigglin' on the sand like an eel in an uneasiness. So, the marman said as the licker was raal first-rate, and first rater than that tew, he guessed he'd ask in his next door neighbor and his lady, jest to taste the godsend. Wae'll, in a minnit, in comes a huge marman of the most almighty size, looking jest like Black Hawk when he was bilious; he fotched up his lady with him, and his eldest son, a scraggy hobbadehoy marman, and his darters, two young marmails, or 'marmisses, jest goin' out o' their teens, who flapped their yaller-skinned paws over their punking-coloured chops, pretendin' to be almighty skeered at comin' afore a strange man in a state o' natur'—but they forgot all about that thar', when the licker was handed to them.

Arter takin' a few smallers, the fresh marman said he guessed the clam shell was altogether tew leetle to get a proper amount of lieker, whereby a feller could judge correctly of the raal taste o' the stuff; so he went to his berth in the next cave, and fotched a large blue and silver shell that held about a pint.

The news o' the brandy tub spread pretty slick, for in half-an-hour I'd the hull grist o' the marmen belongin' to that settlement cooped up in the cavern. Sith a noisy swillin' set o' wet souls I never did see; the drunk com' on 'em almighty strong, for they kept me sarvin' out

the licker jest as quick as it could run. I thought if the capting could have seen me astridin' his brandy cask, in an underground grocery at the bottom o' the sea, surrounded by sitch a skeul of odd fish, how many dozen at the gangway would he have ordered the bosen's mate to have sarved me out?

The way the drunk affected the different critters was right kewrous, now I tell you. One great scaly feller stiffened his tail all up, and stood poppindickler erect on the peaked points of the eend fin, like a jury-mast, and jawed away raal dignified at all the rest, wantin' them to appoint him a sort o' admiral over the hull crew. Another yaller feller with a green tail, was so dreadful blue, that he doubled himself into a figgery 5, and sung scraps and bits o' all sorts o' sea songs, till he got tew drunk to speak at all. Some o' the marmen wanted to kiss all the marmails, and tew o' the ladies began scratchin' and fightin' like two pusseys, cos one trod on t'other's tail. Some went floppin' and dancin' on the sand like mad, raisin' sitch a dust that I could not see to draw the licker—but the party round the tub soon druv' them to the right 'abeout, as interferin' with the interest o' the settlement. Every minnit some fresh marman dropped on the ground with the biggest kind of load on; I never seed a set o' critters so almighty tight, yellin', swearin', and fightin', till they growed so darned savage, rous that I kinder feared for my own safety amongst them drunken moffradite sea aborgoines. So, you see, I up and told 'em that I'd clapt my veto on the licker, and that they should not have any more.

Wael, if ever you did hear a most eternal row, or see a hull raft o' drunken fellers cut didoes, then *was* the time. It was voted that I were a public enemy, and every half drunken marman suddenly became very 'fishus to have me Lynched, and it were settled at last that I were to be rode on a rail, and then tarred and feathered. But, while some o' the varmint went arter the rail and the tar, the rest o' the critters began quarrelin' who was to sarve out the licker; and as each marman, drunk or sober, wanted to have the keare o' the precious stuff, they soon raised a pretty muss, and kept on tearin' at each other like a pack o' wolves. Seein' this, I jest sneaked quietly away from the cave grocery, till I com' in sight o' the ship, when I struck upperd for the sarfis, and swum for dear life. I soon seed that the boats' crews were musterin' for another bout o' draggin' for the brandy cask, so, fearin' least the capting should miss me, I jest laid hold o' the edge o' the gig, and crawled in pretty quickly, and laid myself down in the starn sheets, as if I'd never been out o' the boat.

I hadn't laid thar' half a second, when I heerd a noise jest for all the

world as if somebody was squeezin' a small thunder cloud right over my nead. I ruz up, and thar' were the capting and the hull crew



lookin' over the ship's side at me—the officers in a tarnal rage, and the men grinnin' like so many hyenas.

"Rouse up, you long-sided lazy swab, and bring the boats in from the boom. Are you goin' to sleep all day?"

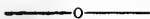
"Ay, ay, sir," said I, jumpin' up in the boat, when all the water run off me like forty-thousand mill-streams—I'd been so outrageous soaked while down with the marmen. I felt kinder skeered lest the capting should see it, but when I stood up he laughed right out, and so did the hull crew, tew.

"Why, he's not awake yet," said the capting. "Bo'sen, give him another bucket."

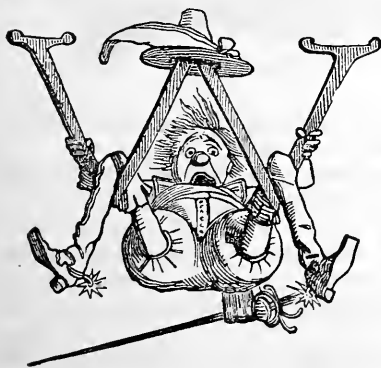
You see they wanted to persuade me that I'd fell asleep in the gig, as fast as a meetin'-house, and slept thar the hull while the crew were at dinner, and that no shoutin' uor nothin' couldn't wake me 'p—so,

bo'sen run along the boom, and jest give me a couple o' buckets o' sea water right over me. When I told 'em my yarn abeout the marman poppin' up his head, and invitin' me down, and all abeout findin' the brandy tub and the rest, they swore that I'd got drunk on the parson's licker, and dreamt it all in the boat. But I guess I know what I did see, jest abeout as slick as anybody; and the chaplain b'lieved the hull story; and said that as I'd learned the marmen the valley o' licker, they'd get huntin' up all the tubs and barrels out of the different wrecks in all the various seas; and that intemperance would spile the race, and thin 'em off till they become one o' the things that was—jest like the Injins what's wastin' away by the power o' rum and whiskey given 'em by the white men.

I recking the parson warn't far out in his kalkilashing. The love o' licker has had its effect upon the marmen and the marmads; they must have thinned off surprisin'ly, for I aint seed none since, nor I don't know nobody that has, nyther.



## MAC DERMOTT ON THE WIDOW GREEN.



WHEN the militia were disembodied, a number of meritorious soldiers like myself, were permitted to exchange the sword for the ploughshare, and become members of that respectable portion of the Connaught community, usually designated "walking gentlemen." My campaign in the gallant Galway had unfitted me for any honest calling—and now, "my occupation gone"

—after the hunting season ended, I tired of the monotony of Kiltycormack, and the *ennui* of a life of idleness heavily oppressed me. My father, as a panacea for my complaint, recommended farming; my mother proposed matrimony; and the domestic confessor, as in duty

bound, averred, upon his conscience, that there was no cure for a case like mine, but "rum and true religion." To the use of all and every of these remedies I felt disinclined, when the opportune arrival of my maternal uncle, Captain O'Flaherty, to spend the Easter holidays, decided my fate.

It was after dinner, and I had strolled out into the garden, leaving my honored parents, their worthy guest, and Father Dennis Boyle, in close divan. My father extracted a fresh cork. "Dick," he said, addressing the gallant captain, "I don't know what to do with Frank. It's a mortal sin to see a strapping fellow like him idling about the stables. I offered him the farm of Durnecin, and to stock it into the bargain—but he won't have it."

"And I wanted him," said my lady-mother, "to marry Judith O'Brien. He can have Judy for the asking; and she has two thousand pounds, and that ready."

"Two hundred a-year when her grandfather hops the twig," added the commander.

"And the devil a soul her uncle has to give a rap to, as everybody knows, but her own four bones—and Father Bradley will leave a churn full of half-crowns behind him," quoth the confessor.

"And what objection can the boy have to the match?" inquired Captain O'Flaherty.

"The family is objectionable," rejoined my sire. "Her grandfather was a brogue-maker—and her aunt went off with a recruiting sergeant."

"Well, you know that Frank would have no fancy to claim kindred with Father Bradley; and there's a prejudice against priests' nieces in general. It will never do," observed the captain. "But I have it; send him to England. He's a tearing-looking fellow—let him but play his cards decently, and he'll bring home an heiress in half a year. Nothing goes down there but an Irishman—and the more brogue the better."

After, what is termed in parliamentary language "an animated debate," it was decided that I should proceed directly to the British metropolis, put myself in the way of fortune, and conquest was a matter of course.

On this excellent errand of fortune-hunting I bade adieu to home, and reached London safely. I took lodgings in a private street, near Russell-square; and spent—as fresh ones generally do—a whole week in looking for and at the "lions."

Before I had occupied my quarters many days, I could not avoid

noticing the marked attention with which my movements were observed by a stout gentlewoman, my opposite neighbor. I inquired from my hostess who was the person under whose *surveillance* I found myself; and learned that she was the widow of a tradesman, and had been left extremely wealthy.

A month passed: no heiress presented herself; and all I had to comfort me was the increased admiration of my fat friend and neighbor, Mrs. Green. The Ascot meeting came, and thither, of course, I hastened; for there beauty would be found—and to one so deep in the arcana of the turf as I, the trip, no doubt, would prove profitable as pleasant. The week passed over on which I made my *début*, and its history shall be a brief one.

I found myself a "cleaned-out man," and master of a solitary guinea.

Never was an Irish gentleman in more uncharitable temper with the human race than myself as I crossed Russell Square, on the way to my own domicile. It was evening—and I remarked a young lady issue from a house, leading a Blenheim spaniel in a ribbon leash. She was scarcely twenty yards before me, when a vulgar, over-dressed fellow accosted her, to her evident annoyance. The lady quickened her pace, and so did her persecutor. He whispered something, and she averted her head; but, with intolerable impudence, the fellow seized the ribbon and took possession of the favorite. I hurried up. The girl, with tears running down her pretty face, was vainly remonstrating with the scoundrel—but I took a shorter and more successful method—kicked him off the pathway—restored the spaniel to his mistress—and offered my protection, which was promptly and gratefully accepted.

We traversed several streets, and stopped at a handsome residence, which the lady informed me was her father's. She thanked me, and bade me good evening. I lingered for a moment—ascertained the number of the house—and read upon a brass plate the name of "Mr. Selwyn."

As I walked home, my head was in a whirlwind—one while brooding over my losses; at another dreaming of the pretty girl and her dog. I threw myself on the sofa and commenced castle-building, when my reveries were broken by the maid, who handed me a sealed note. I opened it. For the life of me I could not but laugh—it was an invitation to tea, from Mrs. Green, the stout gentlewoman opposite. Should I accept it? Pshaw! the thing was too ridiculous: she was older than my mother. I hesitated: that evening I had nothing to do: hang it, it would kill time for an hour. I took my hat, crossed the street, and found myself in the presence of the sugar-boiler's widow.

I shall abridge the interview. Mrs. Green recovered her self-possession first, and came at once to business. She had four hundred pounds a year; ten thousand pounds in the three per cents.; her house was freehold property; and all was in her own power, to dispose of as she pleased. She was a "lone woman, God help her!" her relatives were worthless and undutiful—she wanted a husband and an heir—and the *finale* was, that her hand and fortune were at my disposal.

Odds wrinkles! here was a confession! What was I to say or do? I stammered out my thanks; told the old story—not a marrying man—but, of course, eternally obliged by the preference; took a polite leave of the dowager, and kissed the maid as she let me out.

I awoke next morning possessor of a guinea, and deeply enamored with the mistress of the pretty Blenheim. London without supplies is, as everybody admits, a less endurable place than purgatory—though the latter has certainly a bad name. I breakfasted—sat down to write a penitential letter, and request an immediate remittance. But before I had proceeded with my epistle, the postman's knock was heard, and a letter, in the well-known handwriting of my worthy father, was duly delivered by the maid.

I broke the seal impatiently. Heaven and earth! what a detail of adverse fortune that brief despatch contained! It is needless to particularize; but unless one thousand pounds were immediately procured, he, with ample means, must yield to the unexpected pressure of the times, and become, like hundreds of others, an insolvent.

I knew my parent's temper: his proud heart would break. What was to be done? I flung myself in bitter agony upon the sofa, as Mrs. Green's maid came a second time, to ask me to see her mistress for five minutes.

Why need I dwell upon it? My father's difficulties had driven me desperate. I listened calmly to the dowager, and told her frankly how I was embarrassed. The interview ended in my giving an assurance that I would marry her next day, and in her transferring eleven hundred pounds to me; of which sum I remitted a thousand to Ireland by that night's post.

I redeemed my promise faithfully.

To remain another day in London was insupportable. I pleaded indisposition, obtained leave of absence for a week to visit Cheltenham, and left my blooming bride on the evening of the same day which made her mine.

I was far too early for the coach. Where should I turn my steps to? To my own house—for I was now absolute master of a dwelling. No,



no—any place but that home for me. I walked rapidly to the square; and from the same house, the sweet girl whom two evenings before I had rescued from insult issued with her favorite—the little Blenheim.

I advanced—God knows why. She recognised me, and with smiles bade me a good evening. With all the artless warmth of a young heart, she thanked me again for protecting her.

O how deeply every word stung me to the soul! Here was a being—young, artless, and beautiful. I could have loved her—worshipped her. But I was bound to one from whom I could expect no congenia feelings. Every evening found me walking with my pretty Marianne I resided in a village near town; the week elapsed; I remained *perdu* and postponed my return to the Greek kalends. The sugar-boiler



reliet was not inclined, however, to become a consenting party to this arrangement; and on the very day my leave of absence had expired she bundled off to reclaim her truant lord.

It so happened that one of the "finest peasantry on the earth" had honored me with a call. Accident introduced him to the dowager and Tony Magin undertook, for a consideration, to restore me to her longing arms. He averred that none could do it but himself; "he would know my skin upon a bush, and swear to my walk a mile off." Sure enough, the scoundrel redeemed his pledge—popped upon me during one of my evening interviews—and having strong suspicions that a recognition would cost him broken bones, Tony prudently declined renewing our acquaintance in the street, but watched me home, and reported to the "lady gay" the exact spot where her errant consort might be discovered.

I, in the innocence of my heart, dreamed not of the agreeable surprise in preparation, and wrapped up in my dressing-gown, was drowning easy thought over a cup of tea—when the door opened—no doubt "the maid of all work" with a fresh muffin. A pair of lusty arms enfolded me—I looked up—my "bonny bride" had locked me closely in her embrace! Behind, the villain Tony was standing; for, doubtful of the reception his employer would receive, he prudently enacted rear-rank man, keeping the door ajar, to secure a retreat on the first demonstration of hostilities.

I returned a captive; but the contiguity of my dear Marianne was, I suspect, the motive that influenced, on my part, this passive submission. Alas! I seldom saw her afterwards, as her father left London for the Continent. During our last walk I took leave of her, and the secrets of both hearts were revealed. I loved her, and my passion was returned. To confess the story of my marriage, was an effort that I had neither virtue nor resolution to achieve; and all Marianne knew was, that at present a barrier to our happiness existed; and I solemnly promised that were it removed, I should make her mine.

To exist in town after that she left it was impossible.

I levanted forthwith, and my adventures for the next three months would fill a volume.

All this time my marriage was a secret to my family—and the thousand I had remitted home enabled my father to surmount difficulties, and maintain his independence, while all around were ruined.

A month passed quietly; no attempt at recapture had been made; and I began to hope that my fat admirer would not prove a Penelope, but allow time to abate her sorrow, and obliterate the image of her absent lord. My father spoke occasionally on "settling in the world;" and my mother dropped sly hints touching Miss Judy O'Brien. She was a greater catch, it would appear, than ever; for the priest had

been gathered to his fathers, after bequeathing the produce of his clerical exertions to this, his favorite niece.

It was a fine autumnal evening; Captain O'Flaherty had come over to shoot partridges, and a few friends were invited to do him honor. All, save the parson attended in good time; and he being a late man, it was resolved to vote him present. Dinner was ordered accordingly, when wheels grated over the gravel, announcing that the absentee was come.

"Step out, Arthur," said the captain; "hurry the doctor, or he'll take half an hour to *peel* in the hall, as he never ventures out in the evening without being swathed like a mummy."

I obeyed the order—opened the door—and found myself in the close embraces of a female, while a well-remembered voice exclaimed triumphantly, behind—"Arrah! didn't I tell ye, mistress dear, that if he was over ground, I would find him for ye?"

I was petrified with horror; but disengaging myself from my consort's arms, jumped down the steps; repaid Tony's exertions in recovering me with a flush hit, that left him sprawling on the ground; rushed madly to the stables—and leaping upon a visitor's horse, which fortunately remained saddled, rode off at speed I hardly knew whither.

I stopped at an obscure *shebeen-house*, and despatched a courier for Captain O'Flaherty. He came—and wisely decided, that, for such ardent attachment as the sugar-boiler's widow's, there was no safety but in the grave. My hat and clothes were, one night, left upon the bank of the river, found there next morning, and announced the melancholy certainty of my having come to an untimely end. Deep was the general distress, and great the exertions of the peasantry to find the corpse, and lay me in the resting-place of my forefathers. But their efforts were ineffectual.

You know my story now. I have only to add, that my wife is erecting a tombstone to my memory, and that the obituary notices in the newspapers were numerous and flattering. Hitherto I have remained undiscovered. Captain O'Flaherty sends me the supplies—and I expect to find a letter from him waiting for me at Rome. I may as well tell all. Marianne was the magnet that brought me here. You have seen her, and may, before many days pass, have the pleasure again. Heigh ho! Why do you keep the bottle there? Don't you perceive how much that confession has overcome me?

I could not, when we separated, but ponder on the madcap's history; and when I did sleep, dreamed that Tony had discovered us in the Capitol, and that the disconsolate bride had memorialized his Holiness the Pope for restitution of conjugal rights.

## MY WIFE'S PIANO.

THE deed is accomplished. My wife has got a piano, and now farewell the tranquil mind—farewell content and the evening papers, and the big cigars that make ambition virtue—oh, farewell! “And oh! ye mortal engines, whose rude throats the immortal Jove’s dread clamors counterfeit!” But stop, I can’t bid them farewell, for one of them has just arrived. It came on a dray. Six men carried it into the parlor, and it grunted awfully. It weighs a ton—shines like a mirror—and has carved Cupids climbing up its limbs. And such lungs—whew! My wife has commenced to practise, and the first time she touched the machine, I thought we were in the midst of a thunder storm, and the lightning had struck the crockery chests. The cat, with tail erect, took a bee line for a particular friend upon the back fence, demolishing a six shilling pane of glass. The baby awoke, and the little fellow tried his best to beat the instrument, but he couldn’t do it. It beat him. A teacher has been introduced into the house. He says he is the last of Napoleon’s grand army. He wears a huge moustache, looks at me fiercely, smells of garlie, and goes by the name of Count Run-away-and-never-come-back-again-by. He played an extract de opera the other night. He run his fingers through his hair twice, then grinned, then he cocked his eyes up at the ceiling, like a monkey hunting flies, then came down one of his fingers, and I heard a delightful sound, similar to that produced by a cockroach dancing upon the tenor string of a fiddle. Down came another finger, and I was reminded of the wind whistling through a knot hole in a hen coop. He touched his thumb, and I thought that I was in an orchard listening to the distant braying of a jackass. Now he ran his fingers along the keys, and I thought of a boy rattling a stick upon a picket fence. All of a sudden he stopped, and I thought something had happened. Then down came both fists, and oh, Lord! such a noise was never heard before. I thought a hurricane had struck the house, and the walls were caving in. I imagined I was in the cellar, and a ton of coal was falling upon my head. I thought the machine had burst, when the infernal noise stopped, and I heard my wife ejaculate—

“Exquisite!” “What the deuce is the matter?” The answer was, “Why, dear, that’s La Sonnambula!” “D—n Sonnambula!” thought I; and the Count rolled up his sheet of paper. He calls it music; but for the life of me, I can’t make it look like anything else than a rail fence with a lot of juvenile niggers climbing over it. Before that instru-

ment of torture came into the house, I could enjoy myself, but now every darned woman in the neighborhood must be invited to hear the



new piano, and every time the blasted thing shrieks out, like a locomotive with the bronchitis, I have to praise its tone, and when the invited guests are playing I have to say, "Exquisite:" "Delightful!" "Heavenly!" and all such trash, while, at the same time, I know just as much about music as a blind codfish. There are more tuning hammers than comforts in our house, and—and I wish the inventor of the piano was troubled with a perpetual nightmare, and obliged to sleep in one of his instruments all his life. As for myself, I had rather put my head under a tin pan and be drummed to sleep with a pair of smoothing irons than hear "La Sonnambula," or any other La thumped out of a piano. Scatter pennies in front of my house, and draw together all the wandering minstrels in the city—hand organs, banjos, fiddles, tamborines, rattling bones, and fish horns. Let juvenile monkeys crawl in at my windows in search of three cent pieces—let me be awakened at mid night by the cry of "murder!"—ring the fire bells and have a devil of a time generally—do all this, and I will not complain; but banish the pianos. My piano has got to go. I am going to launch the infernal machine out of the window the first dark night, and, my friends, I advise you to sleep with cotton in your ears, or when she gives her dying grunt you'll think you've fallen out of bed, or a fallen star has gone to roost upon your housetop. For the information of "Young America," I will state that all the pieces of brass wire and ivory keys they are welcome to, but the skeleton I want for a refrigerator.

## THE OCEAN BRIDE.

## A TALE OF CRINOLINE.



OW it was blowing a brisk gale, under a bright autumnal sky, on the south coast. The tide was coming in, dashing wave after wave in foam and spray upon the rocks, with which the beach was studded. Smythe Walsingham and Aubrey De Wells were stemming the teeth of the wind, by walking right in the face of it along the shingly sea-weedy shore. From among the rocks on which the waves were rapidly gaining, started, like a hare from its form, an elegant female figure, fashionably attired. An expansive straw-hat protected her complexion, and a profusion of dra-

pery swept the pebbles on which she trod, or rather skipped. With a rapid succession of bounds, she ascended the slope of the shore till she reached its level; where there was a seat, on which she sat down.

"I say," said Smythe to his companion.

"See that?" returned Aubrey.

"What can she have been after?" Walsingham wondered.

"Collecting shells and sea-weed," replied De Wells. "Blue-stockings, no doubt."

"I'm afraid not," said Walsingham. "She may wear a blue stocking on one leg, but do you know, I think the other is a wooden one."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed De Wells.

"I do. I'll bet you a guinea it is."

"Done."

"Yes, but how are you to find out."

"I'll manage that. You light your cigar, and walk up and down."

"I wish," sighed Walsingham, "I were as impudent a fellow, Aubrey, as you are."

He ignited his Cuba, and retraced his steps, whilst his friend, pursuing his onward course, approached the bench on which the subject of his wager had placed herself, and, with quiet self-possession, seated himself by her side. She immediately turned upon him a face of marvellous beauty, the particulars of which space forbids us to detail. It was illuminated by a bewitching smile, which seemed to tell him he was no intruder. He uttered an involuntary exclamation of admira-

tion and delight; and then he begged her pardon. She laughed: and De Wells gazed at her in speechless rapture.

"What are you thinking of?" she quietly demanded.

"Can it be?" exclaimed the young man. "No; it is impossible."

"Will you be good enough," she laughingly said, "to let me know what the impossibility is?"

"Excuse me, I could not breathe it. You would never forgive me."

"Words uttered in the wind fly far," said the young lady. "What did your companion say to you about me?"

"You overheard it then! And—oh!—of course you have not a word—"

"I have nothing whatever of the kind."

"I knew it! beautiful being!"

"Hush! You mean to say that you admire me?"

"Admire you! Words cannot express—"

"Yes, they can. You mean to say that you love me."

"By Heavens!—"

"Just so. You would marry me?"

"Oh! that were happiness beyond imagination."

"Not at all. Take this ring." He obeyed mechanically. "Now place it on my finger." He did as he was desired. "Say, 'With this ring I thee wed.'" Spell-bound, as most young men would have been under similar circumstances, he repeated the words. "Now catch me!" she said; and, suddenly starting up, bounded down to the rocks whence she had emerged. He instantly followed. In and out the crags and boulders, over which the waves were rapidly rising, he sought, but sought the fugitive in vain. In this tantalizing game at hide-and-seek he was at length interrupted by Smythe Walsingham, who was tired of waiting. Walsingham joined him in the search, which still proved fruitless. Doubtless the eccentric fair one was acquainted with the locality, and had hidden herself in some secret cranny among the rocks. Just as they had arrived at this conclusion, a large wave broke over them, and obliged them to retire, not without some fear for the frolic fair one's safety. The bet was drawn: the adventure in a little while forgotten.

Three years after the event above related, Aubrey de Wells became the husband of his cousin, Emily Tunbridge. At what may be playfully denominated the fatal portion of the marriage service, the scene of the sportive wedding on the sea-shore suddenly recurred to the mind of the bridegroom, causing his frame to vibrate as with an electric shock. At the same moment a whistle, like that of the sea-wind,

rushed through the church, which it is unnecessary to state was that of St. George, Hanover-square. All heard it—with momentary astonishment, since the noise was a strange one to occur in such a locality. The circumstance, however, was soon forgotten—its memory drowned in the champagne of the wedding-breakfast. The happy pair left immediately for the sea-coast—for that very part of it referred to in the commencement of this narrative. Aubrey's glowing description of its romantic scenery had inspired his young bride with a desire to make that spot their place of sojourn during their honeymoon. Steam, in these days, rapidly annihilates space and time to render lovers happy. The evening of their wedding-day saw them strolling towards the sea. The wind was brisk, the air keen and bright, the sea rough as before. Sea-gulls drifted close by them on their way, and one or two so much so as nearly to knock Aubrey's hat off, to which narrowly-escaped casualty, engrossed with the thoughts of love, he paid no attention. There is, once in the lives of most men, a time when they feel that—which has been so often described, that the description need not here be repeated. Suddenly, just at the turning of a cliff, a female form presented itself, emerging from behind a rock. Gracious Powers! it was the same—that of her whom, three years ago, he had lost sight of amid those rocks. She was attired, as before, in the long and spreading drapery, which is evidently destined to be eternal; but the round hat was laid aside, and the hair was fantastically dressed with corals and shells, and she was adjusting its tresses by means of a comb and the help of a hand-mirror. She sang, or rather chanted, a wild air, the burden of which was, "Come with me, oh! come with me!" and she beckoned to Aubrey de Wells.

"Ah!" screamed Emily. "Who is that mad girl? Go away, and leave my husband alone!"

"Husband!" repeated the strange young lady, satirically. "I like that. Come, sir."

Aubrey, with a convulsive movement, withdrew his arm from that of his wife, who stood rooted with amazement to the spot. The Unknown again beckoned—he advanced towards her as though attracted by a mesmeric influence. She placed her right hand on his shoulder, took his in her left, and, by some unknown fascination, set him whirling with her in a wild and headlong waltz towards the sea. As they sped, her garments flew up above what should have been her knees; but, in place of limbs, the terrified Emily beheld something which, from her description, appears to have been the tail of a dolphin, of which the creature spun and gyrated upon the caudal fin!



Far, far away, over the green, green waves, where the wild, wild, &c.: all of which may be imagined. The ill-fated Aubrey de Wells had been spirited off by a mermaid!



Seven years elapsed, and Aubrey returned not. For seven years had he gone to sea, and had never been heard of. Emily became, as she was legally entitled to do, the bride of another. She married Smythe de Walsingham.

O young men, ever, whilst long dresses last, that is to say, simply ever, take care, ere you marry, to ascertain what they hide. It is possible, oh, horror! that they may serve to conceal hoofs, if not a tail.

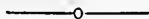
## EDITORIAL TROUBLES.

THIS editor must be both a philosopher and a poet, as the following pathetic rhyming record will abundantly prove:—Baby's got the measles, second boy is drooping, third one down on the thrundle bed ! with dreaded cough is whooping. Mercury down to zero, wood pile some below it ; man tries to be a hero, but feels he cannot go it. Wife is busy washing a pile of dirty "duds," whilst ever and anon a tear falls silent in the suds. Husband rocks the cradle, "second" on his lap, soothes the third one with a kiss, and hits the fourth a slap. So from melancholy moans, and startled troubled dreaming, the tune is changed to groans, stifled sobs, and screaming. Patience all exhausted he roughly speeds the rocking, and jolts the little sufferer with a roughness that is shocking. Confusion worse confounded ! A neighbor opens the door, and with voice astonished says, "Have you heard the price of flour ?" "No !" husband loudly halloes ; "what's the latest



news ?' "Flour's thirteen dollars ! twelve has been refused." A scream ! 'tis Sissy's voice : something comes athwart her. In she

comes all covered o'er with blood and dirty water. Old brindle's gored the heifer, and broke the yearling's thigh, knocked Sissy down and cut her, and scared a passer-by." Wife sits down despairing, weary of her life; husband, nothing caring for the quadrupedal strife, wonders whether Job, the man of many sores, when his wife bade him give up, led such a life indoors. Meanwhile the *wealthy* mother sits in her easy chair, on its rich embroidered cover, 'mid comfort everywhere, and wonders what they mean—these people that are poor—prating of their troubles, which they think they endure. "If they only had *her* trials—know what *she* underwent—they'd think that all the vials of wrath were on them spent;" which sets us thinking, reader, that if rightly estimated, one-half of our sorrows are sadly over-rated. And the moral of our rhyme, though prosely it runs, is, never *borrow* trouble, but take it as it comes.



### A SERMON ON KEARDS, QUARTER HOSSES, FIDDLES AND FOOLIN' WITH THE GAIS.



H! Their minister was certainly a study, he had just such a face and air as a clever artist might have chosen to characterize the bell-wether of some hill-hiding Covenanter flock. In short, it was stern, hard, and uncompromising. Nor was his garb less singular, for he sported (may we be forgiven for the phrase), a snuffy-brown coat, of strange and antiquated cut, which bore but too evident tokens of long and not over careful usage. The continuations were of yellowish-grey cloth, with stove-pipe legs, built like an Irishman's hurricane; "straight up and down," and encased below the knees in serviceable-looking buckskin riding-leathers, well stained with Missouri mud; add to

these a pair of buffalo overshoes, a surprising shirt collar, and a wonderfully starched linen cravat, whose complicated folds and puritanical stiffness would have broken a "New York washerwoman's heart at first sight," and you will have a very accurate delineation of this

reverend gentleman's outer man. We must not forget, however, a pair of wide-bowed horn spectacles which divided their time between the top of his venerable head, and the bridge of an independently cocked-up nose, thereby adding not a little to the grotesqueness of this somewhat unclerical *tout ensemble*.

The first selection from this parson's discourse is as follows :

"Yes, my sin-stricken bretherin and sisters, thar Lord only knows how I'm to bring this hyar congregation out of the gall of bitterness and the bonds of iniquity ; whar's the sense of my wrastlin's in prayer ? whar's the good of my groanin's in sperit ? whar's the use in my ridin' down hyar every Lord's day mornin', an' thar corderoy mighty bad at that, to try an' save these hyar sinner from the brimstone and fire as is to come ? whar's the sense, I say, my bretherin ? for I tell yeou all, an' I jest allow that thar Lord knows it too, that thar's some of yeou a settin' hyar, that dance out at thar toes in a week, all thar religion that thar minister kin hammer inter thar heads, let alone thar hearts, with prar-meetin's, and preachin', and singin' of psalms, through a 'hull year round. Yes, my bretherin and sisters, it's thar wickedness of Christmas week, thar dancin', and thar foolin', and thar drinkin', and thar gamblin', that does thar devil's work hyar ; an' whar will yeou be, my bretherin ? yes, whar will you be, I say, when Satan comes a huntin' his own, or as is remarked in thar Scripters, like a roarin' lion a goin' round to see what he kin devour ? take kear, my bretherin, take kear."

And again—in allusion to the prayer-meeting business :

"Whar's the good in invitin' yeou inter prayer-meetin's, when yeou air always excusin' yecourselves and never thar ? Ef it war a corn-huskin', wouldn't yeou be thar ? Well, yeou would ; and I jest *know* ef it war a hoss-race, yeou'd be sure to be thar. But how is it, when we want yeou to serve thar Lord, and call on yeou to come up an' help us, are yeou thar *then* ? Well, yeou ain't, brethren, an' why ain't you ? Why, because thar ain't no keards, nor quarter hosses, nor fiddles, nor dancin' nor foolin' with the gals, *thar's* the why. An' how was it tother night ; my bretherin, when deacon Graves and yeour preacher war all thar war thar ? Well, it rained, s'pose it did ; air yeou sugar or air you salt ? and wouldn't yeou hev gone, ef you had bin sugar or salt, ef it war to a frolic ? Well, yeou would. Yeou're a travellin' thar broad road, the 'hull on you ; it's dreadful nice now ; it ain't steep and hain't got no ruts inter it, but yeou'd better be a goin' the narrer one ; yes, ef it war all corderoy and hog-wallow, yeou'd do well to be a goin' of it ; for when thar folks as travel it air a shoutin'

Jory, an halleluya, whar will yeou be? A wailin' and a nashin 'of  
geour teeth, *thar's* whar."

And again :—

" When I go inter thar house of a professor of religicn, an' see thar,  
thar begammon board, and thar dice-box, or may-be, a pack of keards  
a lyin' on thar table, I allow that thar, in that house, thar's somethin'  
wrong. Do yeou see them air things in my cabin, my bretherin, or in  
Deacon Graves's cabin? *Well*, yeou don't. But thar's a Bible thar, an'  
a hymn-book, an' a sound of prayer, an' a shout of thanksgivin' thar.  
*Well*, thar is."



## NOSES—A PROBOSCIC POEM.

BY THE WITTIEST OF ANGLO-SAXE-ONS.

MOTTO—"I *Nose* what I *Know*."

Hail mighty nose! thou much insulted part;  
Thy praises, like thyself, shall soon be "blown,"  
And with the rise of Science and of Art,  
Thou shalt arise 'till all the world shall own  
That thou wert formed for nobler ends than these—  
To carry spectacles, take snuff, and sneeze!

Hail mighty nose! thou Palace of the Soul!  
Thou never-failing index to the heart!—  
Thou Bishop of our life—made to control,  
With proper supervisions every part,  
Assist the Bard whose unpretending lays  
Would gladly prove thy worth and sing thy *praise*.

The Rynologic Science—that's the name—  
Has had its votaries in every age,  
Although, as yet, is quite unknown to fame,  
And ne'er adorned the philosophic page;  
I mean to say the maxims of mankind  
Associate the human nose and mind;

Which prove the mind dependent on the nose,  
Just as the nose is pendent from the face;  
And this dependency most clearly shows

The nasal organ is the real place  
Where thoughts are born, and where they always stay,  
Until they bribe the lips and get away!

But to the maxims—if a man's aggrieved,  
"His nose is out of joint!" we all exclaim.  
And if by any one a slight's received  
He cries—"They've bridged my nose! O what a shame!"  
And when a cunning demagogue proposes  
To learn the people's mind, he "counts their noses."

We say of one a little too officious,  
Prying and peering with unblushing face,  
"He puts his nose in other people's dishes—  
He'd better keep it in its proper place!"  
And when a person very scornful grows,  
You'd hear it said that he—"turns up his nose!"

Our doctrine proved—we now proceed to show  
How to determine characters at once,  
That every man with certainty may know  
Whether a stranger be a sage or dunce,  
Witty or dull, a courtier or a lout,  
Just by inspection of a person's snout!

The *Roman* nose betokens manly sense,  
The humble *Snub* bespeaks the modest man,  
But then 'twill never rise to eminence.  
The least aspiring of the nasal clan,  
With but a moderate love of fame or pelf—  
(I've got, they say, a snubbish nose myself.)

The *Aquiline* proclaims the keenest wit,  
But full of guile as any hawk—or hawker!  
The *Turn up* nose—as ancient Horace writ—  
Is everywhere a scorner and a mocker,  
Some crooked end it certainly proposes—  
Don't hang your hats nor hopes on turn up noses

The *Bottle* nose is commonly a feature  
One doesn't from paternal blood inherit;  
And hence discloses not so much the nature

Of mind and soul, as of some other "spirit!"  
Its meaning, therefore, is of small avail,  
As in a droughty time the "sign" must fail.



The *Gimlet* nose betrays an intermeddler;  
Whene'er you see a gimlet nose before ye,  
It augurs that some new opinion pedler,  
Or "special agent" now intends to bore you,  
The very chap who, when he pricks your oint,  
With hideous smile, cries, "don't you see the point?"

Observe the point?—ye gods!—of course you do;  
You see it all transparently enough,  
And worse than that, he'll make you *feel* it too.  
If you are "made of penetrable stuff"  
You'd better far encounter, on my word,  
A tailor's needle or a Taylor's sword!

## "THE BLESSED BABBIES!"

OR,

THE FAMILY OINTMENT.

AN ORIGINAL TALE OF DEEP DOMESTIC INTEREST.



ALTHOUGH your lot be care or strife,  
 Be this your maxim e'er through life,—  
 Content and patience, resignation,  
 Whate'er your fate, whate'er your station;  
 And so, the same to illustrate,  
 A simple story I'll relate :

In a snug house, not far from town,  
 Resided Mr. Abraham Brown,  
 Who'd all the comforts of this life;  
 But chief of all, a charming wife—  
 A gentle partner, loving mate—  
 A being formed to captivate.  
 They loved each other fondly, truly,  
 Though sometimes they would both complain,



And tantalize and quarrel duly,  
 For th' joy of making it up again.  
 Now, 'tis a rule,  
 We're taught at school,  
 'Tis heaven's decree, who will deny?  
 Man's sent below—  
 Who'll gainsay, No?—  
 When wed, to increase and multiply,  
 This truth I hardly need to mention;  
 But that the cause of all the strife  
 Between our hero and his wife,—  
 The mainspring of the whole contention,—  
 'Bout which they quarrell'd like two tabbies  
 Three years they'd Hymen's fetters borne,  
 Yet with regret their minds were torn,  
 Because they had no "*blessed babbies!*"

For this one blessing, how they sigh'd!  
 But still to them it was denied;  
 And how they envied the hard lot  
 Of those who'd half a dozen got!

Thus time roll'd on from year to year  
 Without one hope to crush despair;  
 And Brown and wife, both feared, alas!  
 Their childless to their graves should pass.

Now, it so happened, Mrs. Brown,  
 One day, the stairs in passing down,  
 Slipp'd, and you will not be amaz'd,  
 That she her shin severely graz'd.

'Twas very bad, each day grew worse,  
 She tried to walk about, in vain;  
 She kept her bed, and hired a nurse,  
 And felt excruciating pain.  
 The doctor's skill is quite defied,  
 Various remedies they tried,  
 But all in vain.

Poor Mr. Brown was craz'd, or nigh,  
 When scanning the *Daily* ——— one day,

An "Ad.," conspicuous, met his eye,  
 So he perus'd it then straightway.  
 'Twas one of HOLLOWAY's, and it held,  
 For wounds or sores  
 Each one deplores,  
 Rheumatic gout,  
 Without a doubt,—  
 His "*Family Ointment*" all excelled.

The "Ad." flashed hope upon Brown's brain,  
 Again he read it, and again;  
 There was a charm about the name,  
 Which to his soul like balsam came.  
 "*The Family Ointment!*" he'd try its use.  
 Who knew the effect it might produce?  
 Elate with hope, he went straightway  
 (Fearful of any more delay,)  
 Unto the patient's room, and then,  
 To her the advertisement read again.  
 Now Mrs. Brown, with pain half-mad,  
 At prospects of relief was glad;  
 So off went Brown  
 By rail to town,  
 And with all haste unto the Strand,  
 For he was given to understand,  
 There was the ointment to be had,  
 A dozen boxes there he bought,  
 Because he very wisely thought,  
 Its qualities he'd fairly try,  
 By laying in a good supply.

Without delay, his wife applied  
 Th' remedy to th' affected part,  
 Rubb'd it well in; 'tis not denied  
 It caus'd the wounded shin to smart;  
 And a sensation, (she declared,)  
 All through her system, as appeared.

Six times a day, for a week or more,  
 She used the ointment to the sore;  
 Its good effects were soon reveal'd,  
 She felt relief, the wound was heal'd.

To Holloway both grateful were,  
 And spoke his praises far and near ;  
 But Mrs. B. was stunn'd, you'll guess,  
     When, with a blush and smile of glee,  
     His lovely wife, sweet Mrs. B.,  
 One morning did to him confess,—  
     We'll not repeat her words,—  
 Let it suffice, howe'er, that she  
 Was in a way "that ladies wish to be,  
     Who love their lords!"

Brown was delighted and astounded ;  
 His spouse, though pleased, not less confounded ;  
 Time placed the fact beyond a doubt.  
     Their cares and sorrows all were past—  
     Their hopes would realiz'd be at last—  
 The leg got well, and Mrs. B. got stout.

Then, how affectionate was B.  
     Unto the partner of his joys !  
 No man was half so kind as he !  
     Fond visions haunted both their brains  
 Of half-a-dozen girls or boys  
     To soothe their pains.  
 The doctor and the nurse were hired  
 Long ere their services were required ;  
 And baby linen, too, prepared,  
 Which females, young and old, declared,  
     Its value to enhance,  
 That for taste, elegance, and value,—ay,  
 'Twas not too much to say,  
 And everybody coincided,—  
 It equall'd that which was provided  
     For the imperial babe of France ;—  
 That is, the same they would have w'v'd .  
 But then, of course, it must be allow'd  
 They couldn't do so then, 'tis flat,  
     For one good reason why,  
     Which no one can deny,  
 They hadn't a chance :  
 The Prince of France

Was not born till a long time after that.  
 However, I've no wish to bore ye,  
 So thus proceed I with my story.

The weeks and months so quick take wing.  
 And now appears sweet smiling Spring.  
 When nature looks so fresh and gay,  
 Clothed in its newest, best array,  
 And various budding flowers are seen  
 To deck the hills and valleys green ;  
 And song-birds, from each leafy spray,  
 All carol forth their sweetest lay.  
 Balmy fragrance fills the air,  
 And Nature's smiles are ev'rywhere—  
 Those heaven-wrought smiles, that shine and glow,  
 And life, and health, on man bestow.

Pardon, kind readers, this digression,  
 I fear I'm getting too poetic ;  
     Still the description I've essay'd,  
     You'll all agree, I'm not afraid,  
 Though rather romantic in expression,  
     Is not too grave or too pathetic.  
 Well, it was spring—you'll understand,—  
     And from certain symptoms it was clear—  
     To doctor and nurse it did appear,—  
     And so they said to Mr. B.,  
     To quiet his anxiety :  
 The all-important moment was at hand.

'Twas evening. Rack'd with hopes and fears,  
 Pensively Brown sat himself down-stairs ;  
 Anxiously watching nurse to appear,  
 That the result he then might hear.  
     And Mr. B.  
     Was fidgetty.  
 He tried to think, but all in vain,  
 Then his cigar he smok'd again,  
 And sipp'd his wine—took up a book,  
 And fix'd on the title a vacant look.

## THE BLESSED BABBIES.

The subject was not mirth-inspiring,—  
To some of interest, to be sure;  
And one they'd be admiring,  
"A Treatise on the Cold-Water Cure!"  
"Damn the cold-water cure!" cried B.,  
"Brandy-and-water, hot, for me!"  
He might have said more,  
Had not the parlor door,  
Just at that moment open'd in great haste;  
And, no longer the reader's time to waste  
(No doubt our prolix style he'll curse),  
Not much to his surprise,  
Before Brown's anxious eyes  
Stood the nurse;—  
With smiling face, and glist'ning eye,  
Which seemed glad tidings to imply.



Up jumped Brown,—“Now, nurse, quick—pray,  
How's the dear patient? tell me,—say?”  
“Sweet, blessed lady, it's all over;—”  
“All over?”  
“Yes; and you may think yourself in clover,—

I give you joy,  
 Missus has got,—"  
 "What, nurse, what?"  
 "A *bootiful little boy!*"  
 "Good!—good, by Jupiter!" cried B.;  
 And then he laugh'd and wept with glee.  
 "The blessed,—darling little babby!—  
 Here, good nurse, I'll not act shabby,—  
 I'm not a man of wealth,  
 But here's a pound—  
 To drink the little new-come's health!"

With many thanks, nurse left the room,  
 And Brown his seat did then resume.  
 Anxiously waiting,  
 'Tis as well to be stating,—  
 Indeed, it should not be omitted,  
 Nurse's return,  
 That he might learn  
 How his lady was progressing,  
 Likewise their little blessing,  
 And when to her chamber he might be admitted.

Nurse came again, and you might trace  
 Nothing but smiles all o'er her face.  
 "Well, nurse, what news? how's my little queen?"  
 "I give you *double* joy, sir,—"  
 "What do you mean?"  
 "It's all over again, sir,—charming! prime!  
*Missus has got a little girl this time!*"  
 "Good again! by jingo!—" shouted B.,  
 "Was ever such a lucky fellow as me?  
 Here's another pound, nurse,—no oration,  
 This is an extraordinary occasion;—  
 Of cash I can afford to stand some,  
 I like to do the thing that's handsome!"

Nurse curtsey'd, and then walk'd away,  
 Wishing, if that was to be the pay,—  
 That Mrs. B.,—the truth I speak  
 (Though such a thing would be uncommon,  
 For any woman),—

Would keep the game alive for a week!—  
 Brown felt delighted, boundless was his joy,  
 The happy father of a girl and boy!—  
 But ere he had time to give his feelings vent,  
 Open flew the door,

The nurse appear'd once more!  
 Brown wondered what this meant.  
 "Now, nurse; now, nurse,—how goes it, eh?"  
 "Bootiful!—couldn't be better, I say.  
 A *third* time, sir, I have to wish you joy,  
*Missus has got another little boy!*"  
 "Good again!—keep the game alive!—  
 This is the way to live and thrive!—  
 Beat this, my Trojans, if you can,  
 HOLLOWAY, you're a wonderful man!—  
 Here's food for gossip for old tabbies;  
 God bless the blessed little babbies!  
 There nurse!—another pound, away!  
 And see to your tender charge without delay."  
 The nurse quick vanish'd at the door,  
 Brown thought the business now all o'er;  
 Not so,—for to his great surprise,  
 Nurse stood a fourth time 'fore his eyes.  
 He was astounded, you'll be sure,

When, with a wicked leer,  
 Thinking his soul to cheer,  
 She announced the birth of *number four*!  
 "Damn'd bad!" this time, cried Brown,  
 Reseating himself with a fling;—  
 "I wanted brats, I own,  
 But this with my fancy don't exactly chime,  
 I did not bargain for *four at a time*,  
 It's *rather* too much of a good thing!  
 I must see my wife,—nurse, don't scoff,—  
 I must remonstrate, or, curse me, she'll ne'er leave off!"  
 "Lawks, sir," cried nurse, "how can you wonder so?  
 It's all owing to the *Family Ointment* you know."

Brown did not offer to say nay,  
 But to his lady went straightway;  
 And Mrs. B., you may be sure,

With pride presented babbies four.  
 They form'd a little juvenile party,  
 Fine children too and well and hearty.



'The boys the image of papa,  
 The girls the picture of mamma!  
 "But, my dear," said Brown, "you're rather fast,  
 I think our prayers are heard at last;  
 I wish'd for children, it is true,—  
 One at a time, or even two,  
 Nay, *three*, p'rhaps, might not be amiss,  
 But I bargain'd not for a lot like this!"  
 "My dear," she said, with a kiss of love.  
 Meant at the same time to reprove  
 "Do not complain,  
 For that is vain,

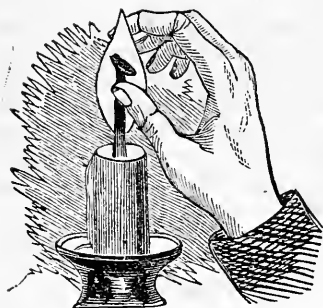


The proverb says, and well you know it,  
 So, there's no occasion, perhaps, to show it,  
 Although it should never be forgot,  
 You must be contented with your *lot* !  
 But then, at one time, to be sure,  
 Rather too many, perhaps, is *four* !  
 Mind not," she cried, and him caress'd,  
 "Dear Abraham !—now you're *four times bless'd* !  
 "Five hundred times, my angel, true !  
 I'm bless'd, in having these and you !"  
 Cried Brown, as with a loving kiss,  
 Upon her lips he seal'd his bliss.  
 "Go on !—a go, don't ever call,  
 Damme ! *there's room enough for all* !  
 Dear HOLLOWAY !—your *Ointment's* praise,  
 I'll gladly speak in, all my days.  
 For, I believe, howe'er 't may be,  
 It's made a *family man* of me !"

He ceas'd, with joy embraced his wife,  
 Then kiss'd the "blessed babbies" round,  
 And I'll be bound,  
 That from that day,  
 So all who know them say,  
 They're the happiest couple to be found in life.



### "A PINCH OF SNUFF."



THE luckless fate of inventors and originators has become proverbial, but the luckless individual whose nostrils rejoiced in the first pinch of snuff, stood in no need of the niggardly praise of contemporaries, or the lavish gratitude of posterity. That first "pinch" was its own priceless reward, far above present appreciation or future fame. What matters it, that his great name has not been reverently handed down

to us: that posterity seeks in vain his honored tomb, on which to hang her grateful votive wreath: that zealous antiquaries have raised up innumerable pretenders to his unclaimed honors, and striven to rob him of his fame? Enough for that lucky inventor wherever he may rest, that he enjoyed in his lifetime the reward for which ordinary benefactors of their kind are fain to look to the future.

It is perfectly vain to attempt now to penetrate into the mystery which envelopes the name and nation of the first snuff-taker: long before rough, noble-hearted Drake cured his dyspepsia by the use of tobacco, or Raleigh transplanted some roots of that precious weed into English soil, there were European noses which had rejoiced at its pulverised leaves. Conjecture, lost in the mazy distance, gladly lays hold of something substantial in the shape of snuff's first royal patron. This was Catherine de Medicis, who, receiving some seeds of the tobacco plant from a Dutch colony, cherished them, and elevated the dried and pounded leaves into a royal medicine, with the proud title of "*Herbe à la Reine.*" For in the beginning men took snuff, not as an everyday luxury, but as a medicament. Like tea—which a hundred years later was advertised as a cure for every ill—the new sneezing powder was hailed as an universal specific, and so pleasant in its operation, that mankind, acting upon the wholesome aphorism that prevention is better than cure, eagerly anticipated the disease it was supposed to remedy.

The use of "the pungent grains of titillating dust" received a somewhat heavy and discouraging blow from an unexpected quarter. That

ubiquitous power which hurled anathemas alike at the heresies of Luther and the length of clerical wigs, discountenanced its use, and at length fairly lost its temper in the contest with snuff. Whether from a prescience of the beneficial influence it was destined to exert upon mankind, or from a suspicion of its power of sharpening obtuse intellects, it is difficult to say; but Popes Urban VIII. and Innocent waged quite a miniature crusade against snuff, anathematizing those who should use it in any church, and positively threatening with excommunication all impious persons who should provoke a profane sneeze within the sacred precincts of St. Peter's pile. Louis XIV., that good son of the Church, filially complied with the paternal injunction, but his courtiers were less yielding; and the gilded antechambers of Versailles frequently resounded with the effects of the pleasant stimulant. All persecution has a distinct tendency to establish the object of its hate, and so it was with the subject of our article—it only required to be known to be loved; and I do not doubt that, had circumstances required them, snuff would have found its martyrs.

Its use was not general in England until Charles II. introduced it, upon his return from exile, with other important fashions. It had been known and used before, as had the periwig, but it was not until his reign that it became common. When the Stuarts relieved the country of their presence for the second and last time, it had become firmly established, and, by the days of good Queen Anne, was such a necessary of life, that there were, in the metropolis alone, no less than seven thousand shops where the snuff boxes of the Londoners could be replenished. At that time indeed gallants were as proud of their jewelled boxes of amber, porcelain, ebony, and agate, as they were of their flowing wigs and clouded canes, the handles of which were not unfrequently constructed to hold the cherished dust. We are told by courtly Dick Steele, that a handsome snuff box was as much an essential of "the fine gentleman," as his gilt chariot, diamond ring, and brocade sword-knot. We know them to have been manufactured of the costliest material, heavy with gold, and brilliant with jewels, as they needed to be when their masters carried wigs "high on the shoulder in a basket borne," worth forty or fifty guineas, and wore enough Flanders lace upon their persons to have stocked a milliner's stall in the New Exchange. Unfortunately, but very naturally, this extravagance rendered snuff a butt for the wits (who all took it by the way) to shoot at. Steele, whose weakness for dress and show was proverbial, levelled many of his blunt shafts at its use; and Pope, who himself tells us of "his wig all powder. and all snuff his band," let fly one

of his keener arrows at the beaux, whose wit lay in their snuff boxes and tweezer cases.

As the world laid by, in the Georgian era, much of the magnificence of their attire, so their snuff boxes became plainer, and decidedly uglier. Rushing into an opposite extreme, the most outrageous receptacles for the precious dust were devised. Boxes in the shape of bibles, boats, shoes, toads, and coffins, outraged good taste. The strangest materials were used in their construction, the public taste leaning towards relics possessing an historical interest. Thus the mulberry tree planted by Shakespere, the hull of the Royal George, in which "brave Kempenfelt went down, with twice four hundred men," and the deck of the Victory, on which Nelson died "for England, home, and beauty," have alone been supposed to provide material for snuff boxes to an extent which, if known, must considerably weaken the faith of their possessors in their genuineness.

Nor has snuff itself been less liable to the rule of fashion than the boxes that held it. We will give a few familiar instances. In the naval engagement of Viga, in 1703, when a large Spanish fleet was taken or destroyed, a great quantity of musty snuff was made prize of, and patriotism ran high enough to cause the "town," for some length of time, to resist all that was not manufactured to imitate the flavor from which it took its well-known name of "musty." Nearer to our own time, a large tobacco warehouse having been destroyed by fire, in Dublin, a poor man purchased some of the scorched or damaged stock, and, manufacturing it into coarse snuff, sold it to the poorer class of snuff-takers. Forthwith capricious fashion adopted, endowing it with fabulous qualities, and Lundy Foot's Irish Blackguard (so it was termed) filled the most fashionable boxes. Again, during the Peninsular campaigns, in which the Light Division of the British army bore so memorable a part, the mixture used by and called after its gallant leader, General Sir Amos Norcott, had a more extensive sale than any other. When Napoleon was at Elba, and folks began to tire of legitimacy, as they soon did, it became fashionable to use snuff scented with the spirit of violet, and significantly to allude to the perfume. Garrick, when he was manager of the Drury Lane Theatre, brought a mixture into fashion by using and alluding to it in one of his most famous parts. The tobacconist whom he thus favored was his under-treasurer Hardham, whom no writer about snuff should omit to notice. He was a great favorite with Garrick, whom in his turn he almost revered. One of Hardham's most important duties was to number the house from a hole in the curtain above the stage; and

it is amusing to fancy the little tobacconist, snuff-box in hand, calmly watching the pit fill, or from his elevated position admiring the histrionic talents of his gifted patron. His shop in Fleet street is also memorable. It was the general resort of theatrical men and tyros, who sought to reach the manager through his subordinate, and his little back parlor witnessed the *début* of many who afterwards gained applause from larger, yet not more exacting audiences. Her Majesty Queen Charlotte has bequeathed her name to a once favorite mixture, and George the Fourth has some slight chance of being remembered by the famous "Prince's Mixture," which was so popular when it was the fashion to admire and imitate that gifted individual.

It would be a grateful, but almost an impossible task to enumerate the kings, soldiers, lawyers, poets, and actors, who have sought from and found in the snuff box comfort and inspiration. Prominent among the rulers of the earth who have acknowledged the pleasing influence of snuff, is Frederick the Great. His snuff-box was the pocket of the long waistcoats of that period, in which he kept large quantities loose—a dirty habit which Napoleon, who was a great plagiarist, adopted. It would be easy to draw out a famous list of literary names attached to snuff, beginning with Dryden, who was particular enough to manufacture his own mixture, and selfish enough to preserve the secret of its excellence, with the view, probably, of enhancing the value of the pinch from his box, for which the beaux and wits at Will's intrigued. In the pulpit, at the bar, and on the stage, snuff has been equally valuable in adding to the persuasive eloquence and talent of its patrons. By the female portion of human kind it was at one time generally taken, nor was it uncommon for even young and pretty women to offer and accept a pinch in public. After the gentle sex had to a great extent given up the habit, some strong-minded females were to be found who retained it. Mrs. Siddons, when she came off the stage, after dying hard as Desdemona, or harrowing the hearts of her audience by her representation of Jane Shore, would composedly ask those around her for a pinch of the precious restorative.

When we consider the beneficial influence which snuff has exerted over mankind generally, we cannot help regretting that its virtues were not sooner known. For we put forth the proposition seriously that its effect upon the world has been to render it more humane and even-tempered, and that had the western hemisphere discovered the tobacco plant earlier, historians would have had more pleasant stories to chronicle. For instance, is it not possible—nay, most probable—that the

fate of Rome, discussed by the Triumvirate, over their snuff-boxes, would have been different? Is it likely, that under the humanizing influence of mutual pinches, Antony would have asked for, or Augustus resigned the head of Cicero to his bloodthirsty colleague; or that the other details of the conscription, which deluged the streets of Rome with the blood of her best citizens, would have been agreed to? Again, can any one imagine Charles the Ninth and his evil counsellors plotting the massacre of St. Bartholomew over pinches of the soothing dust? Is it probable that the High Court of Justice would have entitled its royal martyr to a special service in the Book of Common Prayer, if its deliberation had been inspired by the kindly snuff which since that time has so often softened the vigor of the law? My hypothesis may seem an absurd one, but history supports it. When Charles the Second introduced snuff into general use, men's hands had scarcely adapted themselves to more peaceful occupations than cutting their neighbors' throats, and the ashes of a long and bitter civil war needed little fanning to break into a blaze again; and yet, for forty years of misgovernment, the nation kept its temper. How can this forbearance be accounted for? Was it that circumstances no longer called for as stern and as effectual remedies as before? No. Was the second Charles one whit more desirable than the first of that ilk?—was Clarendon more liked than Stafford?—was Russell's head of less consequence than Prynne's ears? No. Again, wrongs as grievous as those which Hampden had died in resisting were to be avenged, but in a milder, better fashion; for mankind had in the meanwhile learned to take snuff. Much of the haste and irritation, which had previously led to blows, discharged itself in a good-natured sneeze. Snuff made men forbearing, even jocular over their wrongs. Who can doubt that the revolution which ended in placing William of Orange on his father-in-law's throne, owed its bloodless character not a little to the influence of snuff? We read of difficulties in its course, which, fifty years previously, would have inevitably led to bloodshed, being easily, almost humorously, surmounted. The plagued nation effected a revolution over its snuff-boxes in the happiest conceivable manner.

Having ventured so far, I am inclined to put forward a yet higher claim which snuff has upon our gratitude, and to hint that the great deeds of great men who were snuff-takers may be traced by a chain of reasoning—slight, yet conclusive—to this their dearly prized luxury. The hackneyed saying that time is money, or money's worth, has more truth in it than most of the fallacies which are supposed to regulate our conduct. The most important events of our lives often hinge on

moments. A moment to stifle passion—to summon reflection—to plunge into the past, and bring up a buried memory—to consider results—is often of the utmost consequence, and this valued moment the pinch of snuff ensures, when, without it, delay would be simply embarrassment. The pinch of snuff taken at the right instant secures an important reprieve, during which the unpleasant question may be evaded—the hasty reply reconsidered—or the angry *repartee* thought better of—while the same time gained serves to improve the diplomatist's equivoque, to point the orator's satire, and polish the wit's *mot*. In a word, its use on important occasions affords, to every one who needs them, better means of acting upon Talleyrand's mischievous yet clever aphorism—that language is useful rather to conceal than to express our thoughts. Moreover, the action necessary in conveying the tempting graces to their destination has not unfrequently been found useful. It employs the hasty hand that may itch to take illegal



vengeance for fancied insult; it serves to hide the angrily twitching mouth and passionately expanding nostrils, to give a natural expression to changes of the countenance, which would otherwise indicate emotion, and to parry attention till reason has been summoned to supplant passion.

It is denied (in a rather irritating way sometimes) that the subject of our article has any beneficial influence upon the intellects of its patrons. We are not about to claim for it any such exalted qualities, but we may be allowed to mention a fact or so which entitle it to some respect medicinally. As we have before stated, in its early days it was considered to possess powerful healing qualities, and, even now, is found of use in cases of headache and weak sight. It was also supposed valuable in cases of heaviness and obtuseness of intellect. Is it, therefore, unreasonable to presume that it may have had some share in gaining for our brethren beyond the Tweed that shrewdness of national character which has become proverbial? The specimens which came in the train of James I. southward did not command much respect or admiration from our countrymen; indeed they were the butts at which every satirist hurled his shafts, and blunt must have been that one which did not pierce some patent folly of language or manner. The town rang with anecdotes of their rags, beggary, and quarrels; ballad-singers made merry at their expense, and the stage resounded with uncomplimentary allusions. Indeed, in one of the most popular plays of that period, the king himself was not spared, and the actors (Ben Jonson among them) had very nearly lost their ears for their boldness. Nor was it until, at least, a hundred and fifty years after this period that the Scotch became noted for that enterprise and talent which now distinguish them. We do not deny that the union may have developed their traits, but it is clear that within that time snuff had become a national stimulant.

To the observer of men and manners there is something very characteristic in the various fashions in which the pinch of snuff is taken. "The exercise of the snuff-box," as it was once termed, was an acknowledged science, but few were the great proficientes who could mutely express their feelings by its aid. We have not space to run through all its exercises, but we may mention the "pinch military," which Frederick, and, after him, Napoleon practised—inhaling snuff copiously, and with much waste, as though it were human life they were throwing away; the "pinch malicious," of which Pope was perfect master; the "pinch dictatorial," which burly Johnson established; the "pinch sublimely contemptuous," such as Reynolds took when some travelled virtuoso hinted at excellence away from Leicester-square, and ruffled his complacent vanity: and, above all, the "pinch politic," which Talleyrand understood so well.

From snuff to sneezing is but a step, which we purpose taking before we bring this cursory article to a close. The act of sneezing appears to



have been variously regarded at various stages of the world's history, but, from the earliest times of which we have any authentic record, it



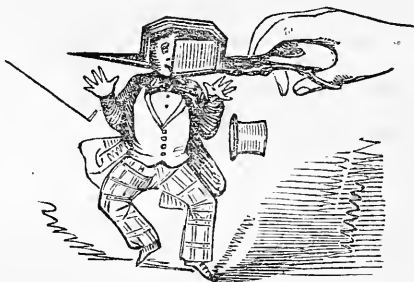
has been the custom of those around to give vent to a short benediction immediately upon its commission. The Rabbins considering themselves bound to find a reason for this universal custom, and being hard pressed, gave the somewhat incomprehensible explanation that, previous to Jacob, man sneezed but once in his lifetime, and then immediately before death; so that those around, warned of his imminent journey, hastened to wish it a good termination. How it was that Jacob instituted a new order of things we are not told, but as a proof of the truth of their assertion they give the fact that in all nations of the earth a similar custom will be found existing. Strangely enough this assertion was corroborated by the first colonists of America, who discovered the habit in common use amongst the aboriginal tribes. The Greeks and Romans certainly had a similar habit, but far from attaching any ill omen to the sneeze, they regarded it as of good augury. Thus Catullus assures us, that when Cupid upon a memorable occasion sneezed, all

"The little loves that waited by  
Bowed and blessed the augury."

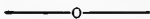
And in his *Life of Themistocles*, Plutarch informs his readers that sneezing by the general on the eve of a battle was regarded as a certain sign of conquest.

Strangely enough we find that, in comparatively modern times, the custom of giving expression to good wishes when a friend sneezed was attributed to the fearful plague which periodically swept over Europe

Sneezing was one of its first and most dangerous symptoms, and those who were by, as they gathered their robes about them, and fled from their doomed fellow-creature, would ejaculate a quick "God bless you," hurriedly invoking from a more merciful quarter the aid they feared to give. Violent sneezing was not only among the first, but was one of the last fatal signs of that fearful scourge, and was often too rapidly followed by death to give time for more than a short benediction.



Anyhow, the custom still exists, and one of the most pleasant reminiscences attached to the first pinch of snuff is the chorus of hearty good wishes of sympathizing friends which follows upon the inevitable sneeze.



## THE SKELETON IN THE CUPBOARD.

### A TALE OF CRINOLINE.

It was nigh midnight. Mrs. Mountbrown, with three of her lovely daughters, attended by her son Augustus, was on the point of starting for an evening party, there, at the behest of Fashion, to sacrifice to Terpsichore those hours which ought, alas! to be devoted to Morpheus.

"I am so sorry, dear," said Mrs. Mountbrown to her eldest and loveliest daughter, "that you can't go."

"Never mind, Ma," said the interesting Bertha. She was resigned, but pale. The bloom had deserted her cheek to settle, in a hectic spot, on the extremity of a more prominent feature. It was such a pity! She had a bad cold.

"Have some Eau-de-Cologne on your handkerchief, Ma," suggested Bertha, unselfishly interested in her parent's preparation for that gaiety, which was denied to her own heart. "It's in my bed-room, on the drawers. Run up for it, Betsy, quick." The obedient girl left the room, taking with her the candle that she had been holding to the lady's-maid. Betsy was a maid-of-all-work, who had been in the house about a week, and in London first in her life, for the same time. She was an untutored native of that forest wild, in which the arrow of the careless Tyrrel gored the bosom of the unguarded Rufus.

A minute had scarcely elapsed when a loud and violent shriek was heard overhead, a rapid and floundering step descended the stairs, and Betsy, pale with terror, rushed into the room, plunging among the party like a skittle-ball, and knocking them down like so many pins. The comparison may be odious, but it is expressive. A drawing-room table also was upset in the general tumble, and the books and albums with which it was loaded were sent flying into space. A lamp which cost thirty guineas had fortunately been placed on the mantel-shelf.

"Oh! 'm!" screamed Betsy, regardless of the general cries of indignant astonishment attending the catastrophe she had created, "Oh, Miss! Oh lor! I see it—I see it!"

"See! see what? What do you see?" cried the party, in amazement and unison.

"I see it, mum, as plain as I sees you and the young ladies. Ugh!" And the poor girl shuddered with inexpressible horror.

"Nonsense, you silly creature. What is it that has frightened you so out of your wits?" angrily demanded her mistress.

"The Ottomis, 'm! Ugh!" exclaimed Betsy, with another shudder, "the Ottomis!"

"What!"

"The skellington, 'm—the skellington in the cupboard!"

"Fiddle-de-dee!" cried Mrs. Mountbrown; whilst her daughters, with a slightly startled expression, ejaculated, "La! What skeleton in what cupboard?"

"Oh, 'm! the skellington in Miss Bertha's cupboard, 'm. I'd no thoughts it was in that cupboard, 'm. Mrs. Caddy never said as it come out of where it was kep."

"What stuff has Mrs. Caddy been telling you? She ought to have known better at her time of life; as my housekeeper, too, she should have had more sense."

"Why, 'm, she said as how there was one cupboard in the house where a skellington was kep; she wouldn't tell me what cupboard it was.

'No,' she said, 'I won't say,' she said, 'but don't go a openin' none o' the cupboards, and then you won't zee no skellington.'

"How very wrong of Mrs. Caddy!" said the lady of the house. "Her motive is good,—to prevent the under-servants from peeping and being tempted to take things; but telling stories is not the right way to prevent dishonesty. I suspect a Jesuit has crept into the house, and made a pervert of Mrs. Caddy, teaching her that the end justifies the means."



"Humph!" remarked Augustus, "some other vagabond may perhaps have crept into the house, and frightened Betsy. The skeleton in Bertha's cupboard may be one clothed with flesh, and carrying skeleton keys."

It was now Mrs. Mountbrow's turn to feel some alarm, in which

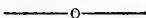
the young ladies strongly participated. The bell was rung for Thomas, who was summoned from behind the carriage which stood at the door, to come up with the kitchen poker. Augustus seized the drawing-room ditto, and ascended the stairs to Bertha's room, Thomas and his young master marching abreast, and the ladies and servant girls following,—Betsy by compulsion, protesting that what she had seen was a bag of bones, and a skull with the eyeholes in it all a-light with blue flame, and as big as cheese plates.

To satisfy themselves that there was nobody either in the closet or under the bed was the work of a moment to Augustus and the footman; when a general laugh arose at the expense of Betsy, who was told to open her eyes and assure herself that the horror which she imagined she had beheld was all fancy. No sooner had she opened them, however, than she closed them instantly again with a piercing shriek, exclaiming in accents of agonized terror:—

“There—there a be—there a be still! Don't ye see un?—the skellington in the cupboard!”

It was as she said. There, from a peg, which some unknown hand had driven into the wall, hung Bertha's *Jupon Squelette*!!!

Comment would be didactic.



## AN IRISH HIGHWAYMAN.



Bishop of Cashel, having occasion to visit Dublin, accompanied by his wife and daughter, determined to perform the journey by easy stages, in his own carriage, and with his own sleek and well-fed horses, instead of trusting his bones to the tender mercies of an Irish post-chaise, and the unbroken *garrons* used for drawing these crazy vehicles.

One part of his route was through a wild and mountainous district; and the bishop, being a very humane man, and considerate of his cattle, made a point of quitting his carriage at the foot of every hill and walking to the top. On one of these occasions he had loitered to look at the extensive prospect, indulging in a reverie upon its sterile appearance, and the change that agriculture might produce, and in so

doing suffered his family and servants to be considerably in advance; perceiving this he hastened to make up for lost time, and was stepping out with his best speed when a fellow leaped from behind a heap of loose stones, and accompanying the flourish of a huge club with a demoniac yell, demanded "Money!" with a ferocity of tone and manner perfectly appalling.

The bishop gave the robber all the silver he had loose in his pocket, hoping that it would satisfy him; but he was mistaken, for no sooner had the ruffian stowed it away in a capacious rent in his tattered garment, than with another whirl of his bludgeon, and an awful oath, he exclaimed—

"And is it with the likes of this I'm after letting you off? a few paltry tin-pennies! It's the gould I'll have, or I'll spatter your brains. Arrah, don't stand shivering and shaking there, like a Quaker in the ague, but lug out your purse, you divil, immediately, or I'll bate you as blue as a whetstone."

His lordship most reluctantly yielded his well-filled purse, saying in tremulous accents: "My good fellow, there it is, don't ill use me—I've given you all, pray let me depart."

"Fair and softly, if you plase; as sure as I'm *not* a good fellow, I haven't done with you yet. I must sarch for your note case, for I'll engage you have a few bits of paper payable at the bank; so hand it over, or you'll sup sorrow to-night."

It was given up; a glance at the road showed that all hope of assistance from his servants was unavailing, the carriage had disappeared, but the bishop made an instinctive movement as though anxious to escape from further pillage.

"Wait a while, or may be I shall get angry with you; hand over your watch and sales, and then you may trudge."

Now it happened that the divine felt a particular regard for his watch—not so much from its being of considerable value, but because it had been presented to him by his first patron—and he ventured to expostulate.

"Surely you have taken enough; leave me my watch, and I'll for give all you have done."

"Who ax'd your forgiveness, you ould varmint? Would you trifle with my good-nature? Don't force me to do anything I'd be sorry for—but without any more bother, just give me the watch, or by all holy—"

And he jerked the bludgeon from his right hand to his left, spat in the horny palm of the former, and re-grasped the formidable weapon

as though seriously bent on bringing it into operation; this action was not unheeded by his victim—he drew forth the golden time-piece, and with a heavy sigh handed it to his spoiler, who, rolling the chain and seals round it, found some wider aperture in his apparel into which he crammed it; and giving himself a shake to ascertain that it had found, by its own gravity, a place of safety, he said—

“And now be off with you, and thank the blessed saints that you lave me without a scratch on your skin, or the value of your little finger hurt.”

It needed no persuasion to induce the bishop to turn his back upon the despoiler of his worldly goods, and having no weight to carry, he set



off at what equestrians term “a hand canter;” scarcely, however, had he reached the middle of the precipitous road, when he perceived his persecutor running after him. He endeavored to redouble his speed. Alas! what chance had he in a race with one whose muscles were as strong and elastic as highly-tempered steel?

"Stop, you nimble-footed thief of the world!" roared the robber — "stop, I tell you! I've a parting word with you yet."

The exhausted and defenceless clergyman, finding it impossible to continue his flight, suddenly came to a stand-still. The fellow approached, and his face, instead of its former ferocity, was lit up with a whimsical roguishness of expression, as he said—

"And is it likely I'd let you off with a better coat on your back than my own? and will I be after losing the chance of that elegant hat and wig? Off with them this moment, and then you'll be quit o' me."

The footpad quickly divested the bishop of his single-breasted coat—laid violent hands upon the clerical hat and full-bottomed wig—put them on his own person, and then insisted on seeing his late apparel used in their stead; and with a loud laugh ran off, as though his last feat had been the most meritorious in his life.

Thankful at having escaped with unbroken bones, his lordship was not long in overtaking his carriage; the servants could not repress their laughter at seeing their master in such a strange and motley attire; but there were in his face such evidences of terror and suffering, that they speedily checked their risible inclinations, particularly when they learnt by a few brief words the danger he had undergone. "My dear W——," exclaimed his affectionate wife, after listening to the account of the perils to which her husband had been exposed, "for heaven's sake throw off that filthy jacket, and throw it out of window. You can put my warm cloak over your shoulders till we reach the next stage, and then you will be able to purchase some habit better suited to your station and calling."

"That is more easily said than done, my love," he replied; "I have lost all the money I possessed; not a single guinea is left me to pay our expenses to-night. My watch, too, that I so dearly prized! Miserable man that I am!"

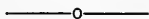
"Never mind your watch, or anything else, just now—only pull off that mass of filth, I implore you; who knows what horrid contagion we may all catch if you persist in wearing it?"

"Take it off, dear papa," observed the daughter, "but don't throw it away; it may lead to the detection of the wretch who robbed you."

The obnoxious garment was removed; the young lady was about to place it under the seat, when she heard a jingling noise that attracted her attention, and, on examination, found secreted, in various parts of the coat, not only the watch, pocket-book, purse, and silver, of which her father had been deprived, but a yellow canvas bag, such as is used by farmers, containing about thirty guineas.



The surprise and joy of all parties may be imagined; they reached the inn where they proposed stopping for the night, and as the port-manteaus had escaped the dangers of the road, the bishop was speedily able to attire himself canonically. Before the party retired for rest, intelligence arrived that the highwayman had been taken, after a desperate resistance—the notice of the police being attracted by the singular appearance of a man of his station sporting a new black coat, and covering his shaggy, caroty locks with the well-powdered and orthodox peruke of the right reverend the Bishop of Cashel.



## THE COUPLE WHO CODDLE THEMSELVES.

MRS. MERRYWINKLE's maiden name was Chopper. She was the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Chopper. Her father died when she was, as the play-books express it, "yet an infant;" and so old Mrs. Chopper, when her daughter married, made the house of her son-in-law her home from that time henceforth, and set up her staff of rest with Mr. and Mrs. Merrywinkle.

Mr. and Mrs. Merrywinkle are a couple who coddle themselves; and the venerable Mrs. Chopper is an aider and abettor in the same.

Mr. Merrywinkle is a rather lean and long-necked gentleman, middle-aged and middle-sized, and usually troubled with a cold in the head. Mrs. Merrywinkle is a delicate-looking lady, with very light hair, and is exceedingly subject to the same unpleasant disorder. The venerable Mrs. Chopper—who is strictly entitled to the appellation, her daughter not being very young, otherwise than by courtesy, at the time of her marriage, which was some years ago—is a mysterious old lady who lurks behind a pair of spectacles, and is afflicted with a chronic disease, respecting which she has taken a vast deal of medical advice, and referred to a vast number of medical books, without meeting any definition of symptoms that at all suits her, or enables her to say, "That's my complaint." Indeed, the absence of authentic information upon the subject of this complaint would seem to be Mrs. Chopper's greatest ill, as in all other respects she is an uncommonly hale and hearty gentlewoman.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Chopper wear an extraordinary quantity of flannel, and have a habit of putting their feet in hot water to an unnatural

extent. They likewise indulge in chamomile tea and such-like compounds, and rub themselves on the slightest provocation with camphorated spirits and other lotions applicable to mumps, sore-throat, rheumatism, or lumbago.

Mr. Merrywinkle's leaving home to go to business on a damp or wet morning is a very elaborate affair. He puts on wash-leather socks over his stockings, and India-rubber shoes above his boots, and wears under his waistcoat a cuirass of hare-skin. Besides these precautions, he winds a thick shawl round his throat, and blocks up his mouth with a large silk handkerchief. Thus accoutred, and furnished besides with a greatcoat and umbrella, he braves the dangers of the streets; travelling in severe weather at a gentle trot, the better to preserve the circulation, and bringing his mouth to the surface to take breath, but very seldom, and with the utmost caution. His office-door opened, he shoots past his clerk at the same pace, and diving into his own private room, closes the door, examines the window-fastenings, and gradually unrobes himself: hanging his pocket-handkerchief on the fender to air, and determining to write to the newspapers about the fog, which, he says, "has really got to that pitch that it is quite unbearable."

In this last opinion Mrs. Merrywinkle and her respected mother fully concur; for though not present, their thoughts and tongues are occupied with the same subject, which is their constant theme all day.



If anybody happens to call, Mrs. Merrywinkle opines that they must assuredly be mad, and her first salutation is, "Why, what in the name of goodness can bring you out in such weather? You know you *must*

catch your death." This assurance is corroborated by Mrs. Chopper, who adds, in further confirmation, a dismal legend concerning an individual of her acquaintance who, making a call under precisely parallel circumstances, and being then in the best health and spirits, expired in forty-eight hours afterwards, of a complication of inflammatory disorders. The visitor, rendered not altogether comfortable perhaps by this and other precedents, inquires very affectionately after Mr. Merrywinkle, but by so doing brings about no change of the subject; for Mr. Merrywinkle's name is inseparably connected with his complaints, and his complaints are inseparably connected with Mrs. Merrywinkle; and when these are done with, Mrs. Chopper, who has been biding her time, cuts in with the chronic disorder—a subject upon which the amiable old lady never leaves off speaking until she is left alone, and very often not then.

But Mr. Merrywinkle comes home to dinner. He is received by Mrs. Merrywinkle and Mrs. Chopper, who, on his remarking that he thinks his feet are damp, turn pale as ashes and drag him up stairs, imploring him to have them rubbed directly with a dry coarse towel. Rubbed they are, one by Mrs. Merrywinkle and one by Mrs. Chopper, until the friction causes Mr. Merrywinkle to make horrible faces, and look as if he had been smelling very powerful onions; when they desist, and the patient, provided for his better security with thick worsted stockings and list slippers, is borne down stairs to dinner. Now, the dinner is always a good one, the appetites of the diners being delicate, and requiring a little of what Mrs. Merrywinkle calls "tittivation;" the secret of which is understood to lie in good cookery and tasteful spices, and which process is so successfully performed in the present instance, that both Mr. and Mrs. Merrywinkle eat a remarkably good dinner, and even the afflicted Mrs. Chopper wields her knife and fork with much of the spirit and elasticity of youth. But Mr. Merrywinkle, in his desire to gratify his appetite, is not unmindful of his health, for he has a bottle of carbonate of soda with which to qualify his porter, and a little pair of scales in which to weigh it out. Neither in his anxiety to take care of his body is he unmindful of the welfare of his immortal part, as he always prays that for what he is going to receive he may be made truly thankful, and in order that he may be as thankful as possible, eats and drinks to the utmost.

Either from eating and drinking so much, or from being the victim of this constitutional infirmity among others, Mr. Merrywinkle, after two or three glasses of wine, falls fast asleep; and he has scarcely closed his eyes, when Mrs. Merrywinkle and Mrs. Chopper fall asleep

likewise. It is on awakening at tea-time that their most alarming symptoms prevail; for then Mr. Merrywinkle feels as if his temples were tightly bound round with the chain of the street-door, and Mrs. Merrywinkle as if she had made a hearty dinner of half-hundred-weights, and Mrs. Chopper as if cold water were running down her back, and oyster-knives with sharp points were plunging of their own accord into her ribs. Symptoms like these are enough to make people peevish, and no wonder that they remain so until supper-time, doing little more than doze and complain, unless Mr. Merrywinkle calls out very loud to a servant "to keep that draught out," or rushes into the passage to flourish his fist in the countenance of the twopenny-postman, for daring to give such a knock as he had just performed at the door of a private gentleman with nerves.



Supper, coming after dinner, should consist of some gentle provocative; and therefore the tittivating art is again in requisition, and again done honor to by Mr. and Mrs. Merrywinkle, still comforted and abetted by Mrs. Chopper. After supper, it is ten to one but the last-named old lady becomes worse, and is led off to bed with the chronic complaint in full vigor. Mr. and Mrs. Merrywinkle, having administered

to her a warm cordial, which is something of the strongest, then repair to their own room, where Mr. Merrywinkle, with his legs and feet in hot water, superintends the mulling of some wine which he is to drink at the very moment he plunges into bed; while Mrs. Merrywinkle, in garments whose nature is unknown to and unimagined by all but married men, takes four small pills with a spasmodic look between each, and finally comes to something hot and fragrant out of another little saucepan, which serves as her composing-draught for the night.

There is another kind of couple who coddle themselves, and who do so at a cheaper rate and on more spare diet, because they are niggardly and parsimonious; for which reason they are kind enough to coddle their visitors too. It is unnecessary to describe them, for our readers may rest assured of the accuracy of these general principles:—that all couples who coddle themselves are selfish and slothful,—that they charge upon every wind that blows, every rain that falls, and every vapor that hangs in the air, the evils which arise from their own imprudence or the gloom which is engendered in their own tempers—and that all men and women, in couples or otherwise, who fall into exclusive habits of self-indulgence, and forget their natural sympathy and close connexion with everybody and everything in the world around them, not only neglect the first duties of life, but, by a happy retributive justice, deprive themselves of its truest and best enjoyment.

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### JIM SMALL'S PAINTER HUNT.

JIM SMALL is a hatchet-faced, hawk-billed chap, but that doesn't prevent him from being a clever fellow. I met him last summer at the "Pint." Said I, "how do you do, Jim?"

"Howdy!" said he. He was tolerably shy, and looked uneasy; I knew what ailed, but let on as though I didn't.

"Why, what's the matter? You look depressed. I hope nothing unfortunate has happened; you are not hipped, are you?"

"No," says he, raising his head to suit the word. "Nothing unfortunate ain't happened—ain't hipped nuther, but I'm moughty bad plagued."

"Why, how now, come, come, untwist!"

"Now you know as well as I do! You're just letting on you don't."

I assured him to the contrary, and urged him to acquaint me with the cause which had produced so powerful an effect.

"Well," says he, "I have been fooled, that's the truth; everybody knows it, and if you don't, I had as well tell it to you myself, as any one else, for hear it you will, before you have rode three miles on this trail."

I kept my face and he went on. "One evening last harvest, I was in a field with my hands—in the prairie field; it was gitting late, and I was pushing to get all my wheat in before night. I had heard occasionally during the afternoon a very strange unfamiliar noise, but naan't paid much attention to it. The last wheat was on the wagon, and the team was about to move homewards, when the shrillest, keenest noise broke upon us that you ever—it was just like nothing ever I hearn afore! My boys, one and all, declared it was a painter, and a mad one at that. Now I had never seed a painter, nor never hearn one neither, and as I always hearn tell they made the d—dest noise of all varminths, I just concluded it mought be a stray one and no mistake. Well, we was thar settling what it was, and what we should do, the varmint let loose again several times, one straight after tother! This broke up our cogitation; we hurried to the house! There we found everything in an uproar—dogs barking, and the cattle gathered about bellowing for dear life. It was very alarming, tell you, and I began to feel pretty considerably skeered myself, and I ain't ashamed to own it. What to do I didn't know, but I mustered up my forge, and off I started, followed by four niggers, six Injuns, nine eur dogs, that was good as ever treed a varmint, but warnt much for painter, as I soon diskivired; for we beat through the whole of that d—n bottom, without making the least diskivery. The night was sorter darkish, and the briars sorter thickish in the bottom, and I reckon I found out what green briars war afore I got home, which was long about late roosting time, and if I didn't d—n that painter some, when I come to find my face and hands striped like Tus-te-nug-gee's legs about 'ball-playin' time,' it was just because I couldn't. I went to bed in a bad humor, and as usual, had bad dreams. I thought my grey mare was running a thousand yards agin Ike A——'s sorrel. The major, and he abeating her just as easy! I felt like I wanted to get away but couldn't budge a peg!

"Just then some one said, 'Mas Jim, the painter bin in the garden last night, and played old scratch with the fixings.' I didn't start and jump like some people do! I just rolled over and over, out o' bed, and didn't I raise a fuss in the family. When I came to my senses, which was purty soon under circumstances, I found it was broad day-

light, and a grinning nigger standing in the door declaring the painter had bin in the garden the night before, case he'd seen his signs. Well,



I reckon it warn't long afore I was out, with niggers, dogs and Injuns, and if we didn't beat up the River to the Verdigris was ransacked, and if a painter had been in thar, I'm keen to swear we'd found it certain. Long about nine o'clock we fetched up at the Ferry, and thar I seed a Georgy dress sitting on a log a "catting."

"Hellow," says I.

"Hellow yourself," says he.

"Have you seen or heard anything of the painter?"

"Well," says he, "that is nice! Hear anything of that painter! Why I reckon we did; and that's just the biggest painter that ever was whelped."

"How do you know—did you see it?"

"Oh, we didn't see it—but reckon as how we hearn it, and it made the all-screamenest kind of noise!"

"Was you much skeered over here?"

"Well, wa'nt we? Mammy nearly went into fits they say, when she first hearn it; and I thought I should a ——! I was at least a quarter from the house and two fences between! The stock was skeered some **too**—thar was no getting in the house for 'em, but I 'low thar ain't much danger now, for I guess you've run him off to taller timber."

"I rayther guess it's off, myself, so I'll go home. Here Bringer! Here Bringer! here Turk—here! here! here!! And I turned to ride up the bank, followed by my motley crew, when just then sch-r-r-r-r! I looked round wild!—the 'critter' was nizzling about the fastest, with his shirt-tail standing out the straightest? The cry was right out of the swamp, not three hundred yards off! In we bulged, but it warn't no use, we couldn't diskiver any painter high nor low. When we got back to the Ferry I hearn a steamboat coming, so I determined to wait and stand treat. We got down and hitched our critturs; the boat come puffing slowly up—stuck her nose in the bank, made fast, and then that durn'd painter again! Snap went the bridles!—away went our critturs!—wo!—wo!—wo!—wo!—no use! Human ears couldn't stand it, no more brutes. I started some, but I didn't stare as I swore, and I didn't nigh as much as I was wrothy! Yes! by the living thunder, the painter I had been hunting all night, all the morning, the painter I had got my face, hands, and legs barked and scratched for, was nothing more nor less, than some new fangled fixin' of the steamboat 'Guide,' which her durn'd ingineer had been 'musing himself with. to the terrification of the folks, stock, and varmints of the Pint.



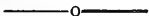
"I seed how I'd been fooled, and in course felt awfully riled, and when the durn'd noise stopped slack enough to let a feller hear himself



think, I just told that Captain that ef he didn't treat my crew, I would take his dugout and turn her wrong-side out. He did what was genteel, and we footed it home for want of nags.

"Now wasn't I monstrously bad fooled? But that warn't what plagued me most, for just as certain as I met any one arter that I was just as certain to be axed if I had treed that painter yet? And they got in a way of taking me out, just as if they had a secret to tell, and then whisper, 'have you treed that painter yet?' loud enough for all to hear. Durn 'em, I say! I stood it as long as I could, and then took the house, and this is the first time I've been abroad for three weeks."

In explanation it is only necessary to state that the "Guide" was the first steamer that ever navigated our waters with a fog-whistle attached to her engine.



## A NIGHT WITH THE INDUSTRIOUS FLEAS.

"FLEA.—A small red insect, remarkable for its agility, *and which sucks the blood of larger animals.*"—JOHNSON.



RAVELLING, like "misery, makes us acquainted with strange bedfellows." It was on a chance visit to the great metropolis, some few years since, that I "took mine ease" at a snug little tavern. A stranger, I was inquiring of some of the guests in the coffee-room what were the principal sights worth seeing, when I was referred to the landlord as not only the best quarter for intelligence, but as "a sight in himself." In a minute or two afterwards

mine host made his appearance,—an unwieldy monster of a man, but with a face shining with good humor, and looking singularly amiable and apoplectic. "You want to see something, do you, sir?—then I have the greatest curiosity in natur, I may say in the whole world, and when you have seen it you will sav it beats the Living Skeleton,

Madam Two-shoes exhibition, and the Infant Liar to smithierins Should you like to see it?" I of course signified an eager assent, and in a moment afterwards the worthy landlord produced—a pill box!

We must confess that we would at any time rather see the contents of Pandora's box, as the miniature receptacle for abominations, and probably turned away with some expressions of annoyance. "Wait a moment—don't be in too great a hurry,"—and off went the top of the box, and out hopped with great alacrity—"nothing more," there could be scarcely anything "*less*," than a FLEA!—we have certainly seen more disagreeable things come out of a pill-box!—and which seated himself with great composure on the back of the worthy Boniface's hand.

"Now I'll venture a stiffish bet," said mine host, "that you are wondering what there is more in that flea than any other flea." I must confess mine host had exactly hit the very idea that was then puzzling my brains. "What d'ye think, sir, of his wearing a collar of gold?—look at him through this"—giving me a magnifying glass, through which I peered at the little monster, and did behold, at that part where his neck should be—if, peradventure, fleas *have* necks—a shining collar of gold!

• " 'Twas strange, 'twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous true."

For the first time in my unfeeling existence a flea was to me an object of commiseration. What had *that* flea done, I should like to know, to be selected from the rest of his fellow fleas?—to be cribbed in, confined up, and incarcerated in a pasteboard dungeon; to view the light of heaven and breathe its air through the holes made by a pin's point on the roof of his prison, when his brother fleas were wandering at their own wild wills in all the blessedness of liberty? Why was he, like Malachi, to drag "his collar of gold," instead of enjoying his saltatory exercise of leaping seventy times his own height? Why was he to bear the splendid but galling signs of rank, when he was neither lord mayor nor alderman?—had never gormandized on turtle soup or mulligatawny? An injustice had been committed on that flea—and I felt for that flea as Sterne felt for the starling that cried, "I can't get out."

It was, however, quite clear, as the poor flea "dragged his slow ength along" the rough hand of his master (he was not the first living thing that had been encumbered by a similar burthen!), that he was more an object of triumph than sympathy to his proprietor. "I have

had him ever since he was a young un, and I lovè him as if he was my own babby; six times a day I takes him out of his crib, and gives him his vittells."

"Victuals?" we exclaimed interrogatively.

"Yes," said he, pointing to a red puncture in the fleshy part of his thumb, "there he breakfasts, lunches, dines, teas, and sups, and takes his little snacks between! Bless him, how he does enjoy it to be sure!"

"Oh love, what is it in this world of ours!"—

To what wilt thou not make the heart of man cling! The prisoner has watched the meanest flower that forced its head between the stones of his dungeon floor, and in its simple yet wondrous mechanism hath turned from the dark delusions of scepticism and doubt, and owned the conviction of belief.\* The solitary captive has made friends with the unclean toad, that visited him in his captivity, and his eyes for the first time felt the blessing of tears, when his gaoler crushed the repulsive—but to him welcome—intruder; and here was this mountain of a man actually cherishing and owning a sympathy for the veriest atom that is inspired with life—a flea; oh wondrous heart of man, that can swell at the grandeur and immensity of creation, and can throb with feeling at the sight of its meanest objects!

The man put his flea to bed, "as gently as if he loved it," and I—still thinking of that flea—put myself to bed, to think of men, and perhaps of fleas!

I laid myself down, first on the right side, and was dropping off into a doze, wondering whether the prisoner in the state pill-box slept in his golden chain, or if he hung it by his side till morning, and slumbered like a common flea, in republican simplicity; when lo! I felt as if he had "wandered from his home," and had mistaken the calf of my leg for his proprietor's thumb—a rub and a smart followed—and then I composed myself to sleep again. Hardly had I forgot the rude assault when it was renewed from another quarter—and as fast as I was stung, smarted and rubbed—and rubbed and smarted again—heartily wishing all the fleas ever created were confined in pill-boxes, or feeding on the thumbs of those who liked them!

Worn out with a day's travelling and three parts asleep—all on a sudden I was roused to consciousness by a painful digging sensation, as if a corkscrew were being driven into the cuticle of my highly irri-

\* Vide the beautiful tale of "Picciola"

table self. With a sudden clutch, I caught the aggressor *in flagrante delicto*, and seizing him with finger and thumb, I felt THE GOLD CHAIN: One surprise soon, however, gave way to another, for in an instant afterwards I heard "a small, still," but at the same time remarkably shrill and piercing voice exclaim—

"Halloa, you sir—what the deuce are you about?—that hurts—don't you see that the chain is round my neck, and if you press in that way, you'll throt—throttle me—you calf-head—you clodpole—you Johnny Raw?"

And I had really lived to be abused by a flea! Letting the vilifier at liberty, I somewhat tartly inquired "what business had he on my shoulder," and muttered something about the *lex talionis*.

"What business?—he! he! he! well, that's a good one—I like that!" and here I heard a very audible shrill chuckle—"Why, I was eating my supper! what did you think I was about?—he! he! he!"

"Go and sup off your master's thumb, and leave my carcase alone!" said I, with perhaps more asperity than a flea ought to have provoked under any circumstances.

"*Toujours perdrix, mon ami*," (the deuce, thought I—he speaks French!—he must be a flea of education!) "I smelt you out. I always snuff a man fresh from the country, if he is a mile off—it's a way with us, you know—he! he! he!—and you are so good." Here again I felt the diabolical little corkscrew at work!

"You abominable little reptile, get off, or I will squeeze your very life out—you blood-sucking vampire—you destroyer of good men's rest—you disturber of pleasant dreams!" I really felt indignant with that flea.

"Now compose yourself; I shall have done directly, for I am obliged to be moderate in my feeds,—a trifle dyspeptic, between ourselves; and how, I should like to know, would *you* like to be disturbed at your supper? What would you say, when you were swallowing a native, if he were to stick in the middle of your throat, and make you a serious remonstrance? 'Think of that, Master Brook!'"

"Shakespeare, as I live! Why, you diminutive blood-sucker, sup anywhere you please, but not off *my* calf!"

"Why, an't I a right to do as I like with my own? An't fleas the real lords of creation? All the world was made for man,—the birds of the air, the beasts of the field, the fish of the sea,—and man was made for fleas; man may live off any garbage, but human blood alone is the food for fleas, princely fleas!—majestic fleas!"

All at once my talkative companion seemed to 'ncrease in size, and

seating himself on his haunches, very complacently began to address me. There was a strange look of intelligence in his sharp features, and more than human animation in his bright, piercing, twinkling eyes!



“To a philosophic mind there is something ludicrous in the airs that miserable creature, man, gives himself; he lords it over the creation, and yet is a serf to a thing he despises. A flea looks upon man as man does upon the carcass of a sheep—as something to be eaten—as made merely for his use and enjoyment. But the inferiority of the two races is self-evident: if you claim to be superior, merely because you are the biggest of the two, my poor, short-sighted friend, you are inferior, on your own argument, to the unwieldy elephant, or the lubberly walrus! **Look at the melancholy contrast between our mechanism, and muscu-**

lar strength, and your own. I can, when I am disposed for a little exercise, take a leap seventy times my own height—you will run to the theatre, and applaud a man as if he were a god who leaps up one half as high as himself!—and then, too, our mental structure—pooh!” (There was something very contemptuous in the way the flea sneered at our intellectual capabilities; but I let him have his fling out.)

“And you really mean to set your race before man in mental capacity?”

“And why not? we both belong to the same family; both are of the blood-sucking order—only sometimes man prefers mutton; but blood—blood—blood—is our cry from the cradle to the grave. But don’t take my word for it—judge for yourself.”

I immediately became conscious of the presence of a vast concourse of fleas, that appeared to me of an immense growth, and of a great variety of expression: I could see too a difference in their order and station. The original flea—he of the golden chain—continued to address me.

“Allow me to introduce to you his most vindictive majesty, our emperor—ours is a mixed constitution, and we don’t acknowledge the sovereign to have more than a qualified power; the only real distinction that he possesses is that he is allowed to suck a little more blood than any one of his subjects. D’ye perceive any analogy between the royal prerogatives of men and fleas?—he! he! he!

“This gentleman is a flea of eminence—the lord high keeper of the great seal, his majesty’s conscience—and as such, chief of the lawyer tribe—second only to majesty itself in his power of imbibing.

“You see there,” pointing to some gay-looking fleas in scarlet jackets, “we don’t want for heroes; they are great blood-suckers in their way, and keep up the glory of this great nation, much in the same way as the glory of your own is kept up, by the quantity of blood that has been lost through them. (Had you there, old boy, and your military greatness, too, I calculate.)

“Let us go into the common ranks of flea society, and you will find some really respectable professors of blood-sucking.

“That hungry-looking, pale-faced flea is a bill-discounting attorney. From his looks you would imagine he couldn’t draw blood at all. Bless you! you really can’t imagine what a gorge the vampire has. Allow me to introduce you.” Immediately I felt the lawyer’s proboscis penetrate my skin, and every vein in my body appeared to be brought under contribution. “Hold, hold, enough—you can never have too much of a good thing—there, get off!”

“That rascal there might give even you Christians (although an

unbeliever, and eschewer of pork himself) a lesson on brethren living together in unity. His father and one of his brothers are sheriffs' officers, another brother a money-lender, another an auctioneer, and himself an attorney; so you see how beautifully the law of union must work, when they all pull together. The usurer lends some unfortunate wretch cash at forty or sixty per cent., (either's a legal rate among the blood-sucking tribe,) and so having had a tolerable swill out of the victim, hands him over to the attorney, who, by the way, in his double capacity of bill-discounter, occasionally takes the first suck himself—in either case there is very little left in his veins, when he gets free from the attorney's fangs; then the attorney hands him over to the auctioneer, from whom, if there is any thing to be squeezed, sucked, or pumped away, out he comes, very flabby indeed; until at last this band of brothers hand him over, like a well-squeezed orange, to their relative the bailiff, a mere husk, but which, with a little hard pressing, will yield a few drops to reward his exertions. There is one peculiarity about this breed of 'industrious fleas,' they are the only class that prey upon one another. Among us, the opprobrious reproach of 'dog eat dog,' is otherwise never heard; we leave that to the undisturbed enjoyment of those, who 'are but a little lower than the angels,'—men, wolves and sharks."

My lively friend continued to introduce me in the most graphic and characteristic style to several other members of flea society, and I had the honor of making acquaintance with the relieving officers of their poor-law unions, and heard, that when a flea pauper seeks relief from those admirable institutions, he is set to feed on the carcase of an English pauper, the blood of whom affords the poorest and thinnest nutriment that is capable of keeping a flea's life and soul together; and this principle of their poor-law I was complimented at hearing they had borrowed from our own statute books. I was also introduced to the directors of several of their loan societies, the keepers of their principal gaols, and the owners of their lock-up houses, who, with some eminent pawnbrokers, were, I was assured, amongst the leading members of the blood-sucking fraternity.

As I found that each of these estimable functionaries made it a point, in some way or the other, to squeeze a drop out of me, either under the pretence of great politeness, or as a specimen of their way of doing business, I found these introductions not only becoming very troublesome, but I was afraid absolute depletion would be the result, and I determined on making my departure, with many thanks for the insight they had afforded me into their admirable institutions.

My valedictory address was received with such a marked feeling of regret that the whole tribe insisted on taking a personal leave of me. Each, as he embraced me, inserted his corkscrew proboscis into my skin, and for each flea went a drop of blood. I could stand this no longer, but with arms and legs resisted most vigorously, until I found myself alone in bed, painfully smarting under the attacks of my vigorous assailants.

The grey dawn of morning made me at first disposed to treat the whole of the preceding events as the sport of imagination; but the appearance of my outward man, which rivalled the ruddy morn itself, convinced me that I had come to a *rash* conclusion; that it was no dream, and that I had actually enjoyed "A Night wi' the Industrious Fleas."



## THE HUSBAND'S FRIEND.

I wish, ladies and gentlemen, that you knew my Uncle Savory—he is such an excellent fellow—such an adept at composing (for it is nothing less) a salad, brewing a jorum of punch, or filling the chair at a club dinner. His eye is as bright as the Bude light, while his face looks like a map of good humor, every wrinkle being the boundary of some



merriment. He promises to be as fat as a butter firkin, though my grandmother has a picture of him when he was as slim as a three-score and ten spinster. He was in love at that time, and this very likeness was intended as a gift to his *dulcinea*. Luckily, uncle found her out before he had so far committed himself as to present her with his *effigie*. She jilted him most shamefully, and Uncle Savory took his disappointment so seriously to heart, that he became misanthropical, and retired from the world with no other companion than a bottle of Irish whiskey and a German tobacco-pipe. He remained in a state of seclusion for eight and forty hours, and was for years as broken-hearted a man as love ever subjugated. He resolved to avoid the chances of a second attachment; so gave up housekeeping, took furnished apartments, dined promiscuously, drank moderately, retired to rest whenever it suited his humor, and exercised the enviable privilege of letting himself in by a latch-key.

There is a little club called the "Ringdoves." It derives its name from the members being all married men, with one exception, and that one was my Uncle Savory. The Ringdoves hold their meetings in one of the out of the way corners of the metropolis, and are famous for nothing but their tendency to good-fellowship and decided aversion to early hours.

Uncle Savory was very popular with this set of roysterers; he was not given to jeer at matrimony, sang a very tolerable song, and never rose from the table until every one else had departed. In fact, he might be considered as the thong which bound together those convivial *fascies*; and whenever the gout bound him at home by the toe, the "Ringdoves seemed another set of beings," or, as one of them remarked, "They all seemed *at home*," which, according to their illustration of that popular phrase, signified that they were insufferably dull.

The consequence of this popularity of my Uncle Savory was a world of misrepresentation; and a few weeks since, the malignity to which he was exposed brought him into such a state of despondency that he was actually detected drinking a tumbler of unadulterated *filtered water*—mark the peculiarity of this disorder—the water was actually *filtered*!

As I shall not be able to frame an apology for my uncle thus degrading himself, I will merely detail the persecution which induced this pitiable physical and moral prostration.

Women (Goddesses that they are!) have a logic peculiarly their own. With them it is an axiom, "that their *own* husbands can do no wrong but at the instigation of others."

I have said that the "Ringdoves" were married men, and consequently received from their respective spouses the benefit of the aforementioned immunity—alloyed, however, by the infliction of those "pains and penalties" which wedded ladies know how to administer so admirably.

Reader, you must fancy the return home of Mr. Brown, of the Ringdoves, and a colloquy something like the following:—

"Oh, it is you—nice time to come home, Brown—past one—and the fire out."

"My dear, I'm ashamed—"

"Oh, nonsense."

"I am, indeed. Is that the boot-jack?—but I couldn't get away; and—ugh!—curse the boot!"

"Not get away? you talk like a child. There, don't drink cold water in that manner—you had better take a couple of *Cockles*! There's two striking."

"Two! Really, my dear, I'd no idea of the time. Is my night-cap on your side?"

"Here!"

"Well, you needn't throw it into the ewer. You're angry."

"Angry—isn't it past two?"

"It wasn't my fault. There was Jackson, and little What's-his-name that keeps a pony, and Savory."

"Savory!—that man ought to be ashamed of himself; he never goes home. I should like to tell him a little of my mind."

"He's my fri—end,—my dear, and puts—less—oil in his—punch—"

"He's a perfect nuisance, and oughtn't to associate with married men. Brown!—Brown! Why you're snoring!"

During the above, Mrs. Jackson may be also indulging in a soliloquy, and a fancy portrait of her husband's friend—Uncle Savory.

"These coals ar'n't worth a farthing—Brown ought to be prosecuted for selling such rubbish—Jackson's a fool to deal with him. Two o'clock! Jackson's with that Savory again. What a brute that fellow must be—how Jackson can degrade himself by making a friend of such a low—red haired—I hate red hair—red faced—tipsy—I wonder if he's ever sober—abandoned *roué*. Jackson never used to go on in this way till he knew Savory—quarter past two—that Savory's a villain. I wonder what he has been—a gambler—a smuggler—(that's Jackson's step! No, it isn't)—a pirate—a spy—(there's a cab. No, it has stopp'd next door)—a forger—a returned convict. Gracious me! can any thing have happened to Jackson? Has that Savory been playing

tricks with him? Has ———. Oh! there he is. I'll lock up the liquor bottle, let him in, and tell him what I think of his friend Savory."

These scenes are not altogether imaginary; the phraseology alone partakes of the ideal, but every lady of every member of the "Ringdoves," looked upon Uncle Savory as their husband's friend, and abused and misrepresented him accordingly. Poor uncle! little did he think that while he listened to the eulogy of first one and then the other of the "Ringdoves," and felt the blood in his heart bubbling with honest pride at their commendations of his salads and punch, his songs and admirable conduct in the chair, that their fairer and better moieties were loading him with "curses not loud but deep," as the primary cause of the consumption of rushlights and conjugal absenteeism.

The veil was at length removed from his eyes towards the heel of as pleasant an evening as ever gathered upon the orgies of the happy fraternity of the Ringdoves. Jackson twitted Brown with being a nightly auditor to a private lecture on the "conjugal duties;" Brown retaliated upon Briggs, whose laugh was the loudest at the marital penance of his fellow "Ringdove." Briggs revenged himself upon Dobbs, who had been betrayed into an expression of sympathy for his nocturnal snubbings; Dobbs filipped Smith; Smith grilled Jones; Jones roused White; and so on, until each member of the club had confessed to keeping "a grey mare," and laughed heartily at his own domestic thralldom. Uncle Savory was paralysed; for every man had ended his acknowledgment with the same harrowing assertion—

"My wife says it's all Savory's fault!"

He had fancied himself indifferent to the opinion of the world in general, and of the fairer portion in particular; but now that he heard himself a by-word by men's hearths—a social vampyre that was feeding upon the domestic felicity of a dozen hearts, he felt the punch become ice in his bowels, and the fragrant fumes of his beloved weed change to the unsavoriness of an expiring candle.



The last "Ringdove" had departed, and still my uncle sat with an empty jug before him; and it was not until the waiter, surprised at the phenomenon of his abstinence, informed him that it was three o'clock, that he laid down his long exhausted pipe, and retired to his lonely chamber.

How desolate appeared his condition! He would have given half that he was worth for one of those curtain lectures of which he had heard so much during the past evening; but there was nothing sitting up for him but a little night lamp that burned as steadily as though it were upon the altar of a Romish saint. If it had only sputtered, my Uncle Savory would have been gratified. No, he was alone! No angered voice, yet gentle in its anger, reproached him for the lateness of his return, or excused his regretted absence by the attractions of some husband's friend. He felt the whole weight of the convivial delinquencies of the club rested upon his devoted name, and he shuddered at the conviction. Uncle Savory doats upon children. In the humor he was in, the strangest fancy found ready admittance into his brain, and he imagined that all the infant Ringdoves, in their prayers for protection, were taught to lisp his name in conjunction with that of the wicked one. He thought he heard the angered mother threaten her perverse child to "send for Mr. Savory," and then he recalled the visions of his early love, and began to speculate upon the possibility of his heart sprouting again.

The latter idea acted as a sedative, and he became sufficiently calm to mix a small glass of brandy and water, and resort to his old friend, the meerschaum.

The twittering of the house sparrows at length warned him of the day-break, and he crept into bed with a very confused head, the result either of drinking or reflection—my own opinion leans to the former supposition.

For some evenings the Ringdoves saw nothing of my Uncle Savory, and the only information they could gain of him was from a small piece of paper which they found wafered on his door, inscribed with this laconic sentence—"Gone out;"—but where?—that was the mystery; and serious thoughts were entertained of advertising the missing gentleman, when, to the great relief of the little community, Uncle Savory made his appearance at the Thursday's meeting.

Many were the inquiries as to the cause of his absence, but upon this point he refused to satisfy them; and as his wonted humor diffused its influence amongst them, they soon ceased to care for the past in the enjoyment of the present. The fact is, my uncle had stolen quietly

down to Coney Island, in order to argue over in his own mind what he ought to do in his present state of feeling. At first, he inclined to matrimony; but recollecting what a violent change it would necessarily produce, he gave up the pleasing dream, and set to work to free himself from the odium attached to a husband's friend. The plan he decided upon was a simple one, and accident enabled him to execute it at much less trouble and inconvenience than he at first anticipated.

It so happened that Mrs. Brown had issued invitations for a tea-party, on the evening succeeding my uncle's return, and he learned with extreme delight that the visitors included all the wives of the "Ringdoves." A little *badinage*, cleverly introduced by "Uncle Savory, induced every husband to promise to attend at the club and abandon the tea-table—a resolution which was strengthened by the assurance of my uncle that he should consider their presence on the ensuing evening as a personal obligation to himself.

The morrow evening came, but not Uncle Savory, and numerous were the conjectures of the "Ringdoves" to account for his absence. As I have no wish to keep the reader in suspense, let me beg of him to conceive the drawing-room of Mrs. Brown, crowded with the wives of the "Ringdoves," and at that point of time when the marital misdemeanors were the universal subject of conversation.

"Of course you have heard of Savory?" inquired Mrs. Brown.

"What! *that* fellow!" exclaimed Mrs. Dobbs.

"A *little* imp!" said Mrs. Jackson.

"The *greatest* nuisance that *I* know," remarked Mrs. Briggs.

"That—what shall I call him," continued Mrs. Brown, pausing for a word sufficiently comprehensive to express the fulness of her disgust—"That—that—*friend* of my husband—"

"And mine!" said Mrs. Briggs.

"And mine!" said Mrs. Dodds.

"And mine!" said Mrs. Jackson—"that *friend* is the tempter—the Mephistophiles that leads my poor J. into late hours and incipient intoxication."

Briggs, Dobbs, Jackson, &c., were declared to be equally victims.

"I do believe if I were to see that wretch," said Mrs. Brown, "that I should—" here she paused to peruse the inscription on a card which the servant had just delivered to her—her lip whitened—the bird of Paradise in her turban shook as with an ague as she gasped out the name of

MR. ROGER SAVORY.

Had a bomb-shell been suddenly dropped into the tea-urn, the party

could not have been more panic-stricken—a feeling that was not allayed by the entrance of my uncle—the universal bugbear, the “Spring-heeled Jack”—to their domestic quiet!

My uncle paused at the door—he bowed—(he is celebrated for his bow). Mrs. Brown rose and hinted—mind, only *hinted*—a curtsy.

“I am afraid that I am an intruder,” said my uncle in the blandest of tones; “but”—and he paused.

“O dear, no!” replied Mrs. Brown, “pray”—(her conscience smote her as she uttered the request)—“pray be seated.”

“Thank you,” said my uncle, depositing his goodly person in a chair. “I expected to have found Mr. Brown here.”

“Here!” answered the lady, “surely, Mr. Savory, you could not have expected Mr. Brown had returned home—at—this—early—hour.”

Mrs. Jackson had been bursting to speak. “Perhaps, my dear, Mr. Savory knows his own attractions; and considered it probable, that as he was away, Mr. B. might have thought of his wife and friends.”

It did not coincide with my uncle’s purpose to understand the drift of Mrs. Jackson’s remarks—he therefore smiled.

“My object in calling,” he said at length, “was to leave my address in Philadelphia.

“In Philadelphia!” exclaimed the ladies simultaneously.

“In Philadelphia,” continued my uncle. “I leave town in three hours; and I fear it will be —years”—(here my uncle blew his nose grievously)—“ere I return to my native land.”

A beam of pleasure stole over every countenance in the room.

“Pray, take a cup of tea,” said Mrs. Brown, “as you are going to travel” it may, perhaps, be agreeable.”

“You are very kind,” answered my uncle—and drawing his chair to the table, he accepted the proffered beverage.

By degrees he contrived to lead the ladies into conversation; and by touching upon those topics only which he conceived to be most acceptable to them, contrived to prolong his visit until within half an hour of the time he had named for his departure. He rose, and gracefully took his leave, requesting that his best wishes might be conveyed to the absent husbands. The ladies declared that Mr. Savory was anything but a disagreeable man.

No sooner had the street door closed upon my uncle than he threw himself into a cab, and ordered the driver to convey him to the locality of the “Ringdoves.” He rushed into the room, as though breathless from exertion, and tendered a thousand apologies for his unavoidable

absence, ordered in a bowl of punch as a peace offering, and commenced a *fusillade* of jokes that soon set the "table in a roar." The clock chimed three as the merry roysterers turned into the street, each voting Uncle Savory "the best fellow in the world."

The result was exactly what my uncle anticipated. Not one wife would admit the old excuse—"It was that Savory!"

"Savory, the agreeable gentleman who was then snoring in the cars? Impossible!"



From that night all the ladies were convinced that my uncle was an injured innocent, and the Ringdoves, fearful of exciting more illiberal suspicions, never sought to palliate their delinquencies by the mention of the name of their "friend Savory."

## THE IRISH PRIEST'S FROLIC.



ELL, why, long ago in the barony of Imokilly, in the county of Cork. by the roadside at the foot of Wather-grass-hill, there lived an owld schamer ov a man, in a bit ov a farm, wid a turf bog a' one side, an' a garden ov pratees convenient. All the childther he had in the worl' was

one girl, a daughter—an' 'tis she was the fine, clevir colleen, tidy an' purty as you'd wish to be afther lookin' at, an' a good knitter, an' spinner, an' every thing that 'ed be wantin' to her to be, why she was. Well, one day as the owld cobbeen, her father, was standin' at the treshould ov the doore, what 'ed he see but a ha'f careless soort ov a fellow comin' up to him wid his grate-coat hangin' to his shoulthers, an' his brogues clippin' to his heels!

"God save ye!" says the strange boy; "God save ye kindly!" says the owld man, inside the doore. "I'm this way lookin' for a place," says the begaun beg;\* "would ye be afther hirein' a servant?" says he. "Och! no!" says the owld fello', shakin' his head, "I've no call for a servant;" and thin, as if the second thought cun. to him, "What wages are you askin'?" says he. "Faith! whatever 'ed be plazing to yourself," says the poor boy, no ways partick'lar, by reason he was so bad off. "What work are ye able for?" says the other. "Wisha! I can dig and reap an' 'tach," says the boy, "an' be handy for other things about the house, if it 'ed be wantin' for me." "See that now—'pon my word! I'll engage 'tis you'r the clevir boy enough," says the owld schamer, puttin' out a bandle† ov his tongue behind his back; "but I don't want a boy at all, at all," says he, "only

\* Simple boy.

† A measure so called



as I likes the look ov ye, I'll tell ye what I'll be afther doing wid ye,"—wid that the boy looks up at him like a young crow wid his mouth open—"I've a nice little piece ov a girl widin' here," says the big owld rogue, "only she's too young to marry yet, the crathur; but if you'll wait a mather ov three years, I'll give her to ye, an' faith I can tell ye she'll hav' no bad potion comin' to her."

Well, why the boy was a poor, soft, gomatah of a fello', an' he reddened up to the two ears, for what 'ed he see peeping out at him but the colleen herself, an' she ready to die wid the laugh she had—an' sure enough such another purty crathur ever he seen; an' "Gor! I will," says he. "Very well," says the owld father, puttin' a grin on himself, to think how fine an' aisy he got him (for sure he had no intention of the soort, only jist to make a fool ov him, as he seem'd sich a shrimallah mathaum \* altogether).

Well an' good, he was the best poor fello' evir cum into a house; everything thriv'd with him better than another; an' before the ind ov the three years he had as fine a farm for the owld schamp as you'd see from this to Droghedy (ov the likes ov it); an' 'tis he had the doing an' dotherin' of every thing, buying an' sellin'; I'll engage 'tis himself used to do it all; an' whin he'd be goin' to a fair, or a pathern, faith he'd hav' his saddle craikin' undther him, like a rale gintleman; an' a crown or more may be to spind by an' by, for all the worl' as if he war the owld man's son; an' faith if it is the girl an' himself got very fond entirely ov one another; an' between the business an' the coortin' he didn't hear the three years goin' from him. At long last he says this way to the owld father, "The three years are gone now," says he, 'an' 'tis time for me to think ov myself a mossa! You can't say any way but I did my juty by ye. So now, in God's name, giv' me the little girl as you promised me in the big'ning, an' let us settle the thing soon an' suddint." "Och, hone! is it to give my elligent daughter to the likes ov you, for a know nothing caubogue?" says the owld monsthrous decaiver, screechin' out, an' puttin' a crane's neck on himself. "Do you think it is mad I am, or what ails me? Don't mintion it," says he, "ye Kerry goat! ye camel! ye gipsy!" says he, "the ha'-starved gossoon that I tuck in afther skimble skambling about the counthry like a wild Ingin!" says he; an' wid that he fell a coughing, as if the life 'ed leave him wid the bare madness. "O! there's no harm done, at all evints," says the poor boy, for all he was scalded to the heart. "The worl's wide," says he; "so pay me my wages in the

\* Foolish fellow.

way; I 'ont be any longer a Kerry goat wid ye, an' let me go about my business." "As for wages," says the owld man, settin' a grin on himself, "I never promised ye the like; an' since you hav' been wid me," says he, "did I ever hindther you ov doing what 'ed be plazing to yourself? an' often gav' ye a tinpenny, an' a crown, an' lint ye my own horse an' saddle, not to mintion the cortheroys shute, an' the illegant blue coat for Sunday; it would be fittther for ye," says he, "to go to yer business, an' nat mind the likes. I can't say but what you're a quiet honest boy, anyhow; but my daughter's young enough to marry yet a while; wait another little spell an' she's for ye."

Well, the boy goes in with himself; but if it is he enternined in his own mind to match the owld rogue. So in a short time he says to him, says he, "Since first I cum to you I never sot eyes on my own people; so wid ye'r lave," says he, "I've a great notion ov going for a



*Kute.*

couple ov days to see a relation of my mother's (may the heavens be ner bed!) that's not a grate way off from us." "Do, avick! in God's

name," says the owld man, "an' take the horse wid ye an' my blessin'; but don't stay long." "There's no fear ov that," says the boy, with a shly look at Kate.

We'll away wid him, 'til he came to a priest's house, that was a soort ov a relation to himself, an' faith the priest was rejiced to see him for this reason, because he came so sildom, an' he axed him where he was, an' how the worl' used him; and wid that the boy up an' tould every thing that had happen'd to him, first an' last, an' how the owld schamer of a man had decaived him, wid his plaumaussa an' soft talk in regard ov his daughther—not forgetting the friendship that was betwixt them.

"Keep up your spirits," says the priest, "an' don't giv' yerself any uneasiness about it," says he; "lave the mather to me, and never fear but I'll find a way to punish the owld rogue: tell me is he a good warrant to give a beggar a night's lodging?" "O, thin, indeed, he is," says Shone, "Devil a bether, wid respect to you." "Well an' good," says the priest, "we'll manage the business betwixt us;" an' wid that, my dear, he tells the boy the plan he had; an' whin it was all fixed, away wid Shone, as fast as the horse's four legs ed take him home agin. So the first opporthunity he got, he tould Kate ov the schame betwixt himself an' the priest, an' long enough they thought it, till a couple ov nights afterwards, whin at the God's speed, jis as they war sittin' down to their supper, who'd cum up to the doore but a fine slashing fello' 'ov a begger? "God save all here," says he; "God save ye kindly," says the owld man, making answer. "Charity, for the honor ov God! an' the Lord spare the provither," says the strange begger, outside the doore. "Come in, in God's name," says the owld man, makin' room for him beside the hob. "Hav' ye a good warrant to tell a story?" says he. "Oh! thin, 'tis I that hav'," says the beggerman.

So win the pratees were boiled, he got his supper along wid the rest, an' a dthrop ov potheen after it. An' whin the neighbors heard ov the strange begger being there, they all gathered to 'em, and sot down about the fire, listening to the stories, an' if they hadn't quioile\* the dicens bein' in the dice. Wid that the owld man's heart was open; an' by an' by the beggerman whispers him, "That's the purty piece ov a colleen," pointing to the daughther. "Oh! thin, indeed, she is," says the father, pullin' up his cravat, "an' as good as she's purty. "An' is that fine grown gossoon ye'r son?" says the purty boy ov a begger. "Och, no," says the owld man, puttin' a twist in his nose,

"och, no. Is it that shrimallah mathaun to be my sun? Wait awhile, why, till I'll tell ye about him. That fello' hav' been wid me these three years, workin' for nothin', only his 'ating an' dthinking, an' a thrifle of cloathes, on account ov a soort ov ha'f promise I gave him ov my daughther." "Oh! the insensible boy, I'm astonished at him," says the begger. "Wisha! I can't blame ye," says the owld cobbeen. "Sich a fool entirely I never heard ov," says the other. "I'll engage you didn't," says the owld man; "but I can tell ye, that to this day he hav' every notion of it; nothing else is keepin' him here."

Wid that the two ov thim burst out laughing, an' the beggerman says to the owld fello', "Faith 'tis a pity not to make a fool ov him all-together, since he's so soft." "Iss, if we had any soort ov a plan," says the father. "Whist, wait awhile," says the good begger; "Dicens a castle in Kildare, if I don't find a schame that 'll be after makin' a rale show ov him. I do' know," says he, looking a little unsartin, "if it 'ed be of any use for me. I'm afeard after all he's not sich a gamallah as to b'lieve me." "Yea, what is it, agra?" says the other (impatient he was 'till he'd hear the schame). "I was thinkin', if I'de let on as I was a priest that had a vow," says the begger, winkin' his eye at the owld man. "Oh! that's illegant," says the owld granther, screeching out, laughing. "Come here, Shone avick!" says he, "'tis many a long day since I promised Kate to ye, a nenow! an' now she's for you—take her, in God's name, an' my blessin', an' the blessin' ov God may 'tind ye—ye! What are you doing lookin' about ye, this way an' that way, as if the sinses had left ye? This is no begger at all, at all," says he, whispering him, "but a priest that comes all the way from your own place, so call over the little girl till you'll get married. Devil a doubt but we'll hav' one merry night out ov ye, at all evnts." Wid that all the people began to laugh, an' Shone put a soft face on himself, in the way he 'd keep up the joke. "'Tis funnin' you are!" says he, "for how 'ed we be married widout a ring?" "Oh! that's thrue, sure enough," says the owld fellow. "Kate, aragal!" says he, winkin' at her, as if it were to carry on the fun, "Kate, aragal! there's your mother's ring (God rest her sowl!) in the big chest beyond there."\*

So, faith, it wasn't long till she brought it up, an' the pair ov thim went down upon their knees before the priest (as it were). "I know every bit of the podreen," says the begger, whispering over to the owld man, that was crackin' his sides wid the laugh he had; an' sure enough

\* The lower order of Irish are not superstitious as regards a "twice-used ring."

he said every word of it just as if it is the book he was reading, till he cum to put the ring on her finger, whin down he lets the ragged owld coat fall off ov him, an' there he was, a rale priest, sure enough. "Och! murther!" says the owld man, screeching out, "ye pack of outrageous schamers—ye vagabonds ov the world!" says he; "sure I



"didn't mean it at all, only for a bit ov divarshion." "Hould y'er nise. my good man," says the preist, "'tis jist as good for you, for this young couple is as lawfully married as any in the room, an' with y'er own consint too; God bless ye, young people," says he, "an' spare ye long together." An' wid that the people couldn't keep the laugh off ov them, for all the priest was to the fore, to think how fine the old sleveen was caught in his own thrap.

## NOVELTY AND ROMANCEMENT.

## A BROKEN SPELL.



I HAD

grave doubts at first

whether to call this passage of my life "A Wail," or "A Poëan," so much does it contain that is great and glorious, so much that is sombre and stern. Seeking for something which should be a sort of medium between the two, I decided at last, on the above heading—wrongly, of course; I am always

wrong: but let me be calm. It is a characteristic of the true orator never to yield to a burst of passion at the outset; the mildest of commonplaces are all he can indulge in at first, and thence he mounts gradually;—"vires acquirit eundo." (See cover.) Suffice it, then, to say, in the first place, that *I am Leopold Edgar Stubbs*. I state this fact distinctly in commencing, to prevent all chance of the reader's confounding me either with the eminent shoemaker of that name, of Pottle-street, Camberwell, or with my less reputable, but more widely known, namesake, Stubbs, the light comedian of the Provinces; both which connexions I repel with horror and disdain: no offence, however, being intended to either of the individuals named—men whom I have never seen, whom I hope I never shall.

So much for commonplaces.

Tell me now, oh! man, wise in interpretation of dreams and omens, how it chanced that, on a Friday afternoon, turning suddenly out of Great Wattles-street, I should come into sudden and disagreeable collision with an humble individual of unprepossessing exterior, but with an eye that glowed with all the fire of genius? I had dreamed at night that the great idea of my life was to be fulfilled. What was the great idea of my life? I will tell you. With shame and sorrow I will tell you.

My thirst and passion from boyhood (predominating over the love of taws and running neck and neck with my appetite for toffy) has been for poetry—for poetry in its widest and wildest sense—for poetry

untrammelled by the laws of sense, rhyme, or rhythm, soaring through the universe, and echoing the music of the spheres! From my youth, nay, from my very cradle, I have yearned for poetry, for beauty, for novelty, for romancement. When I say "yearned," I employ a word mildly expressive of what may be considered as an outline of my feelings in my calmer moments: it is about as capable of picturing the headlong impetuosity of my life-long enthusiasm as those unanatomical paintings which adorn the outside of the Adelphi, representing Flexmore in one of the many conceivable attitudes into which the human frame has never yet been reduced, are of conveying to the speculative pit-goer a true idea of the feats performed by that extraordinary compound of humanity and Indian-rubber.

I have wandered from the point: that is a peculiarity, if I may be permitted to say so, incidental to life; and, as I remarked on an occasion which time will not suffer me more fully to specify, "What, after all, *is* life?" nor did I find any one of the individuals present (we were a party of nine, including the waiter, and it was while the soup was being removed that the above-recorded observation was made) capable of furnishing me with a rational answer to the question.

The verses which I wrote at an early period of life were eminently distinguished by a perfect freedom from conventionalism, and were thus unsuited to the present exactions of literature: in a future age they will be read and admired, "when Milton," as my venerable uncle has frequently exclaimed, "when Milton and such like is forgot!" Had it not been for this sympathetic relative, I firmly believe that the poetry of my nature would never have come out; I can still recall the feelings which thrilled me when he offered me sixpence for a rhyme to "despotism." I never succeeded, it is true, in finding the rhyme, but it was on the very next Wednesday that I penned my well known "Sonnet on a Dead Kitten," and in the course of a fortnight had commenced three epics, the titles of which I have unfortunately now forgotten.

Seven volumes of poetry have I given to an ungrateful world during my life; they have all shared the fate of true genius—obscurity and contempt. Not that any fault could be found with their contents; whatever their deficiencies may have been, *no reviewer has yet dared to criticise them.* This is a great fact.

The only composition of mine which has yet made any noise in the world, was a sonnet I addressed to one of the Corporation of Muggleton-cum-Swillside, on the occasion of his being selected Mayor of that town. It was largely circulated through private hands, and much

talked of at the time; and though the subject of it, with characteristic vulgarity of mind, failed to appreciate the delicate compliments it involved, and indeed spoke of it rather disrespectfully than otherwise, I am inclined to think that it possesses all the elements of greatness. The concluding couplet was added at the suggestion of a friend, who assured me it was necessary to complete the sense, and in this point I deferred to his mature judgement:—

“When Desolation snatched her tearful prey  
 From the lorn empire of despairing day;  
 When all the light, by gemless fancy thrown,  
 Served but to animate the putrid stone;  
 When monarchs, lessening on the wildered sight,  
 Crumblingly vanished into utter night;  
 When murder stalked with thirstier strides abroad  
 And redly flashed the never-sated sword;  
 In such an hour thy greatness had been seen—  
 That is, if such an hour had ever been—  
 In such an hour thy praises shall be sung,  
 If not by mine, by many a worthier tongue;  
 And thou be gazed upon by wondering men,  
 When such an hour arrives, but not till then!”

Alfred Tennyson is Poet Laureate, and it is not for me to dispute his claim to that eminent position; still I cannot help thinking, that if the Government had only come forward candidly at the time, and thrown the thing open to general competition, proposing some subject to test the powers of the candidate (say “Frampton’s Pill of Health, an Acrostic”), a very different result might have been arrived at.

But let us return to our muttons (as our noble allies do most unromantically express themselves), and to the mechanic of Great Wattles-street. He was coming out of a small shop—rudely built it was, dilapidated exceedingly, and in its general appearance seedy—what did I see in all this to inspire a belief that a great epoch in my existence had arrived? Reader, I saw the signboard!

Yes. Upon that rusty signboard, creaking awkwardly on its one hinge against the mouldering wall, was an inscription which thrilled me from head to foot with unwonted excitement. “Simon Lubkin. Dealer in Romancement.” Those were the very words.

It was Friday the fourth of June, half-past four, p.m.

Three times I read that inscription through, and then took out my



pocketbook, and copied it on the spot; the mechanic regarding me during the whole proceeding with a stare of serious and (as I thought at the time) respectful astonishment.

I stopped that mechanic, and entered into conversation with him: years of agony since then have gradually branded that scene upon my writhing heart, and I can repeat all that passed, word for word.

Did the mechanic (this was my first question) possess a kindred soul, or did he not?

Mechanic didn't know as he did.

Was he aware (this with thrilling emphasis) of the meaning of that glorious inscription upon his signboard?

Bless you, mechanic knew all about that 'ere.

Would mechanic (overlooking the suddenness of the invitation) object to adjourn to the neighboring public-house, and there discuss the point more at leisure?

Mechanic would *not* object to a drain. On the contrary.

(Adjournment accordingly: brandy-and-water for two: conversation resumed.)



Did the article sell well, especially with the "*mobile vulgus*?"

Mechanic cast a look of good-natured pity on the questioner: the article sold well, he said, and the vulgars bought it most.

Why not add "Novelty" to the inscription? (This was a critical moment: I trembled as I asked the question.)

Not so bad an idea, mechanic thought: time was, it might have answered; but time flies, you see.

Was mechanic alone in his glory, or was there any one else who dealt as largely in the article?

Mechanic would pound it there was none.

What was the article employed for? (I brought this question out with a gasp, excitement almost choking my utterance.)

It would piece a'most anything together, mechanic believed, and make it solidier nor stone.

This was a sentence difficult of interpretation. I thought it over a little, and then said, doubtfully, "you mean, I presume, that it serves to connect the broken threads of human destiny? to invest with a—— with a sort of vital reality the chimerical products of a fertile imagination?"

Mechanic's answer was short, and anything but encouraging: "mought be ——. It's no scollard, bless you."

At this point conversation certainly began to flag; I was seriously debating in my own mind whether this could really be the fulfilment of my life-cherished dream; so ill did the scene harmonize with my ideas of romance, and so painfully did I feel my companion's lack of sympathy in the enthusiasm of my nature—an enthusiasm which has found vent, ere now, in actions which the thoughtless crowd have too often attributed to mere eccentricity.

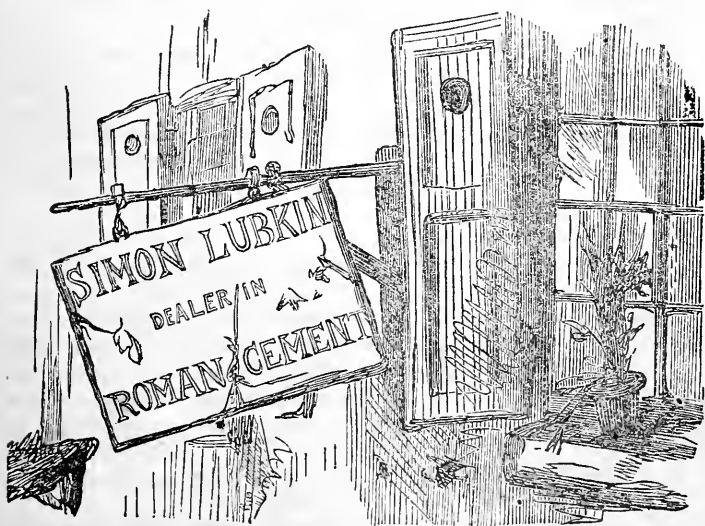
I have risen with the lark—"day's sweet harbinger"—(once, certainly, if not oftener), with the aid of a patent alarum, and have gone forth at that unseemly hour, much to the astonishment of the housemaid cleaning the door steps, to "brush with hasty steps the dewy lawn," and have witnessed the golden dawn with eyes yet half-closed in sleep (I have always stated to my friends, in any allusion to the subject, that my raptures at that moment were such that I have never since ventured to expose myself to the influence of excitement so dangerous. In confidence, however, I admit that the reality did not come up to the idea I had formed of it over night, and by no means repaid the struggle of getting out of bed so early.)

I have wandered in the solemn woods at night, and bent me o'er the moss-grown fountain, to lave in its crystal stream my tangled locks and fevered brow. (What though I was laid up with a severe cold in consequence, and that my hair was out of curl for a week? Do paltry considerations such as these, I ask, affect the poetry of the incident?)

I have thrown open my small, but neatly furnished, cottage tenement, in the neighborhood of St. John's Wood, and invited an aged beggar in to "sit by my fire, and talk the night away." (It was immediately after reading Goldsmith's "Deserted Village." True it is that he told me nothing interesting, and that he took the hall-clock with him when he departed in the morning; still my uncle has always said that he wishes he had been there, and that it displayed in me a freshness and greenness of fancy (or "disposition," I forget which) such as he had never expected to see.)

I feel that it is incumbent on me to enter more fully into this latter topic—the personal history of my uncle: the world will one day learn to revere the talents of that wonderful man, though a want of funds prevents, at present, the publication of the great system of philosophy.

Such a man was my uncle; and with such a man did I resolve to confront the suspected mechanic. I appointed the following morning for an interview, when I would personally inspect "the article" (I



could not bring myself to utter the beloved word itself). I passed a restless and feverish night, crushed by a sense of the approaching crisis.

The hour came at last—the hour of misery and despair; it always does so, it cannot be put off for ever; even on a visit to a dentist, as my childhood can attest with bitter experience, we are not for ever getting there; the fatal door too surely dawns upon us, and our heart, which for the last half hour has been gradually sinking lower and lower, until we almost doubt its existence, vanishes suddenly downwards into depths hitherto undreamed of. And so, I repeat it, the hour came at last.

Standing before that base mechanic's door, with a throbbing and expectant heart, my eye chanced to fall once more upon that signboard, once more I perused its strange inscription. Oh! fatal change! Oh! horror! What do I see? Have I been deluded by a heated imagination? A hideous gap yawns between the N and the C, making it not one word but two!

And the dream was over.

At the corner of the street I turned to take a sad fond look at the spectre of a phantom hope, I once had held so dear. "Adieu!" I whispered; this was all the last farewell I took, and I leant upon my walking-stick and wiped away a tear. On the following day I entered into commercial relations with the firm of Dumpy and Spagg, wholesale dealers in the wine and spirit department.

The signboard yet creaks upon the mouldering wall, but its sound shall make music in these ears never more—ah! never more.



### THE POETICAL YOUNG GENTLEMAN.



**T**IME was, not very long ago either, when a singular epidemic raged among the young gentlemen, vast numbers of whom, under the influence of the malady, tore off their neckerchiefs, turned down their shirt collars, and exhibited themselves in the open streets with bare throats and dejected countenances, before the eyes of an astonished public. These were poetical young gentlemen. The custom was gradually found to be inconvenient, as involving the necessity of too much clean linen, and too large washing bills and these outward symptoms have

consequently passed away; but we are disposed to think, notwithstanding, that the number of poetical young gentlemen is considerably on the increase.

We know a poetical young gentleman—a very poetical young gentleman. We do not mean to say that he is troubled with the gift of poesy in any remarkable degree, but his countenance is of a plaintive and melancholy cast, his manner is abstracted and bespeaks affliction of soul: he seldom has his hair cut, and often talks about being an out-cast and wanting a kindred spirit; from which, as well as from many general observations in which he is wont to indulge, concerning mysterious impulses, and yearnings of the heart, and the supremacy of intellect gilding all earthly things with the glowing magic of immortal verse, it is clear to all his friends that he has been stricken poetical.



The favorite attitude of the poetical young gentleman is lounging on a sofa with his eyes fixed upon the ceiling, or sitting bolt upright in a high-backed chair, staring with very round eyes at the opposite wall. When he is in one of these positions, his mother, who is a worthy affectionate old soul, will give you a nudge to bespeak your attention

without disturbing the abstracted one, and whisper with a shake of the head, that John's imagination is at some extraordinary work or other, you may take her word for it. Hereupon John looks more fiercely intent upon vacancy than before, and suddenly snatching a pencil from his pocket, puts down three words, and a cross on the back of a card, sighs deeply, paces once or twice across the room, inflicts a most unmerciful slap upon his head, and walks moodily up to his dormitory.

The poetical young gentleman is apt to acquire peculiar notions of things, too, which plain ordinary people, unblessed with a poetical obliquity of vision, would suppose to be rather distorted. For instance, when the sickening murder and mangling of a wretched woman was affording delicious food wherewithal to gorge the insatiable curiosity of the public, our friend the poetical young gentleman was in ecstasies—not of disgust, but admiration. “Heavens!” cried the poetical young gentleman, “how grand; how great!” We ventured deferentially to inquire upon whom these epithets were bestowed: our humble thoughts oscillating between the police officer who found the criminal, and the lock-keeper who found the head. “Upon whom!” exclaimed the poetical young gentleman in a frenzy of poetry, “Upon whom should they be bestowed but upon the murderer!”—and thereupon it came out, in a fine torrent of eloquence, that the murderer was a great spirit, a bold creature full of daring and nerve, a man of dauntless heart and determined courage, and withal a great casuist and able reasoner, as was fully demonstrated in his philosophical colloquies with the great and noble of the land. We held our peace, and meekly signified our indisposition to controvert these opinions—firstly, because we were no match at quotation for the poetical young gentleman; and secondly, because we felt it would be of little use our entering into any disputation, if we were: being perfectly convinced that the respectable and immortal hero in question is not the first and will not be the last hanged gentleman upon whom false sympathy or diseased curiosity will be plentifully expended.

This was a stern mystic flight of the poetical young gentleman. In his milder and softer moments he occasionally lays down his neckcloth, and pens stanzas, which sometimes find their way into a Lady's Magazine, or the “Poets' Corner” of some country newspaper; or which, in default of either vent for his genius, adorn the rainbow leaves of a lady's album. These are generally written upon some such occasions as contemplating the Bank of England by midnight, or beholding Saint Paul's in a snow storm; and when these gloomy objects fail to afford

him inspiration, he pours forth his soul in a touching address to a violet, or a plaintive lament that he is no longer a child, but has gradually grown up.

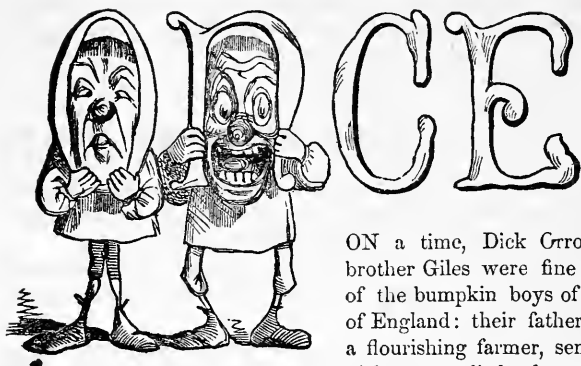
The poetical young gentleman is fond of quoting passages from his favorite authors, who are all of the gloomy and desponding school. He has a great deal to say too about the world, and is much given to opining, especially if he has taken anything strong to drink, that there is nothing worth living for. He gives you to understand, however, that for the sake of society, he means to bear his part in the tiresome play, manfully resisting the gratification of his own strong desire to make a premature exit; and consoles himself with the reflection, that immortality has some chosen nook for himself and the other great spirits whom earth has chafed and wearied.

When the poetical young gentleman makes use of adjectives, they are all superlatives. Everything is of the grandest, greatest, noblest, mightiest, loftiest; or the lowest, meanest, obscurest, vilest, and most pitiful. He knows no medium; for enthusiasm is the soul of poetry; and who so enthusiastic as a poetical young gentleman? "Mr. Milk-wash," says a young lady as she unlocks her album to receive the young gentleman's original impromptu contribution, "how very silent you are! I think you must be in love." "Love!" cries the poetical young gentleman, starting from his seat by the fire and terrifying the cat, who scampers off at full speed, "Love! that burning consuming passion; that ardor of the soul, that fierce glowing of the heart. Love! That withering blighting influence of hope misplaced and affection slighted. Love did you say! Ha! ha! ha!"

With this, the poetical young gentleman laughs a laugh belonging only to poets, and Mr. O. Smith of the Adelphi Theatre, and sits down, pen in hand, to throw off a page or two of verse in the biting, semi-atheistical demoniac style, which, like the poetical young gentleman himself, is full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.



## CONJUGATING A VERB.



ON a time, Dick Orrod and his brother Giles were fine specimens of the bumpkin boys of the West of England: their father, who was a flourishing farmer, sent them to pick up a little learning at an

expensive academy in a large town about twenty miles from the village where he lived. The master had but recently purchased the school from his predecessor; and, stranger as he was to the dialect of that part of the country, he could scarcely understand above one-half of what Dick and Giles Orrod, and a few more of his pupils meant when they spoke. "*I knowed, I rinned, and I hut,*" were barbarisms to which his ear had never been accustomed; and it was only by degrees he discovered that they were translations into the rural tongue, of "*I knew, I ran, I hit.*" But there were few so rude of speech as Dick and Giles Orrod.

Fraternal affection was a virtue that did not flourish in the bosoms of either of these young gentlemen. Dick's greatest enemy on earth was Giles; and if honest Giles hated any human being except the master, it was Dick. They were excellent spies upon each other's conduct; Giles never missed an opportunity of procuring Dick a castigation; and Dick was equally active in making the master acquainted with every punishable peccadillo that his brother committed.

One day an accusation was preferred against Master Richard, by one of the monitors, of having cut down a small tree in the shrubbery; but there was not sufficient evidence to bring the offence home to the supposed culprit.

"Does no young gentleman happen to know anything more of this matter?" inquired the master.



Giles immediately walked from his seat, and taking a place by the side of his brother, looked as though he had something relevant to communicate.

"Well, sir," said the master, "what do you know about the tree?"

"If you plaze, sir," growled Giles, "if you plaze, sir, I sawed un."

"Oh! you 'sawed un,' did you?"

"Iss I did: Dick seed I sawed un."

"Is this true, Master Richard?"

"Iss," said Dick: and Giles, much to his astonishment, was immediately flogged.

At the termination of the ceremony, it occurred to the master to ask Giles, how he obtained the saw. "About your saw, young gentleman:" said he, "where do you get a saw when you want one?"

Giles had some faint notions of grammar floating in his brain, and thinking that the master meant the verb, and not the substantive, blubbered out—"From *see*."

"*Sea!*—so you go on board the vessels in the dock, do you, out of school hours, and expend your pocket money in purchasing implements to cut down my shrubbery?"

"Noa, sir," said Giles, "I doant goa aboard no ships, nor cut down noa shrubberies."

"What, sirrah! did you not confess it?"

"Noa, sir; I said I sawed brother Dick cut down the tree, and he seed I sawed un, and a' couldn't deny it."

"I didn't deny it."

"Then possibly you are the real delinquent, after all, Master Richard," exclaimed the master.

Dick confessed that he was, but he hoped the master would not beat him, after having flogged his brother for the same offence; in his way, he humbly submitted that one punishment, no matter who received it, —but especially as it had been bestowed on one of the same family as the delinquent,—was, to all intents and purposes, enough for one crime.

The master, however, did not coincide with Dick on this grave point, and the young gentleman was duly horsed.

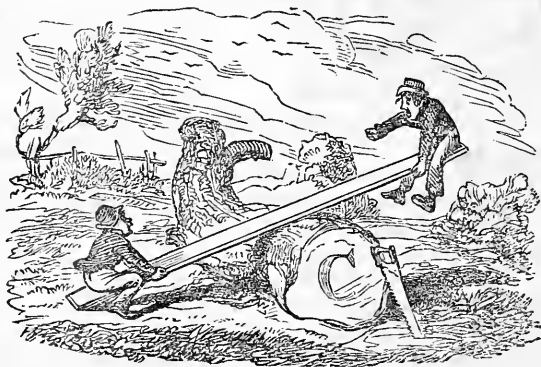
"As for Master Giles," said the master, as he laid down the birch, "he well merited a flogging for his astonishing—his wilful stupidity. If boys positively will not profit by my instructions, I am bound, in duty to their parents, to try the effect of castigation. No man grieves more sincerely than I do, at the necessity which exists for using the birch and cane as instruments of liberal education; and

yet, unfortunately, no man, I verily believe, is compelled to use them more frequently than myself. I was occupied for full half an hour, in drumming this identical verb into Giles Orrod, only yesterday morning: and you, sir," added he, turning to Dick, "you, I suppose, are quite as great a blockhead as your brother. Now attend to me, both of you :—what's the past of *see*?"

Neither of the young gentlemen replied.

"I thought as much!" quoth the master. "The perfect of *see* is the present of *saw*,—*SEE, SAW.*"

"*SEE, SAW,*" shouted the boys; but that unfortunate verb was the stumbling-block to their advancement. They never could comprehend how the perfect of *see* could be the present of *saw*; and days, weeks, months,—nay, years after,—they were still at their endless, and, to them, incomprehensible game of *SEE-SAW.*



## ADDRESS TO THE AMERICAN FLAG.

Studdid up whilst settin onto the Piazzzy fence, watchin of the American Flag  
wavin from the Liberty Poal, and tetchin off of fire-crackers now and then,  
on the forth of July.



O Thee, O! mity rag! O beoteous  
peesee of cloth!  
Made of red and white and blue  
stripes,

And stars painted on both sides—

All hale! Again, I'm sittin in thy umbrajus

Shadder, and admirin thy granjer

And suckin into my chist the gentle zeffers

That are holdin you out well ni onto

Strate. Great flag! when I shet

Mi ize and look at yer, and think

How as when you was leetle, and not much

Bigger than a peese of cloth, and

Almost as tender as a sheet of paper, you

Was karried all thru the revolution-

Ary war, and hev sum fev times sense

Held up yer hed with difficulty, and

How tremenjus yu are now, I feel

Jest as if I shud bust and fli all round, and want

Tu git down off the fense, and git shot,

Or stabbed, or hit on the hed with a stick

Uv wood, or hung for my kuntry.

Prodigious banner! Wouldn't I smile to see

A Chinaman, or a small unnateheralized

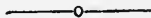
Furriner undertaik to pull yu down!

If a Chinaman, I would fix him, and kut  
 Of his kew, and bear it off in triumf:  
 Before I'd see a split torn in ye, or the sakrilejus  
 Hands of a fo kuttin yu into bullit  
 Patchin, I'd brace my back agin a waul (or a  
 House, or a fence, or a board, as it mite be,)  
 And fite, and strike, and skcratch, and  
 Kick, and bite, and tare my klose, and  
 Loose mi hat, and git hit in the I, and  
 On mi leg, and akrost the smaul of  
 Mi bak, and faul down and get up  
 Agin, and kontinu the struggle for heff or  
 Three-quarters of an hour, or until I got  
 Severely wounded.

Terrific emblem! How prow'd you look,  
 And how almighty sassy you waiv round,  
 Snappin and cracken, and skeerin of horses;  
 I spose yure almost tarrin to git into a  
 Fite with sumbody, and satisfy yer kar-  
 Niverous disposition by eatin up a whole nashun!

Great flag! I don't no which maiks me feel the  
 Most patriotic—yu or the forth of July:  
 Yu aint made of the same kind of stuff, altho  
 Yu are about the same age, and are both  
 Sublimed, and terrible to kontemplate.

But I must klose and waiv my last adew,  
 However tryin to my feelins it may be,  
 And get down off the fense, for already the  
 Sharp pints of the pickets begin to stick  
 Me, and maik me skringe and hitche about, and  
 Threaten to tare my klose and maik me holler.



CONFESSIONS OF A REJECTED SUITOR.



HAND trembles and my cheeks are conscious of a blush, as I seize my gray goose-quill to tell of my own shame. Why then do I not keep it secret? Why publish what I might keep hidden in the recesses of my own heart? Because, good friend, I feel myself an injured man, and if *that* will not make a man speak out he must be dumb indeed. Did you ever know a man with a grievance who kept it to himself? Did you ever know one who was not for ever dragging 'it into conversation, *à propos* of free trade, the Crystal Palace, the Siege

of Sebastopol, or the Spanish Dancers? Meet such a man and begin to talk to him (if you dare) on any conceivable subject, and I'll wager my hat—which is a new one—to a penny roll, that within two minutes he will be deep in the matter of his own grievance, as though it sprang out of, or formed an essential part of, the topic you started. There are accomplished little boys much beloved by burglars, who, if they can only get their heads through an orifice of any kind, can always drag their bodies through after them. The man with a grievance only wants to get a *word* in, and his "grievance" will safely follow.

And why then am *I* to be silent?

When every other injured man proclaims his wrongs to the world, why should not *I* tell of the cruel injustice I suffered from that cold-blooded, heartless, jilting——? but hold—I must not jump too quickly "in medias res," in spite of Horace's injunction.

Miss Lavinia Primrose (I describe her according to my former impressions) was a sweet pretty girl. She had the mildest of blue eyes, the lightest of flaxen hair—which she wore in ringlets all round her

head—the whitest of skins, with the pinkest of colors on her cheeks, the plumpest of little figures, and the softest of voices that ever whispered sonnets of moonlight in December. She was an ethereal creature altogether: she had the appetite of a little bird (though that brute, Tom Bagshaw swears she ate like a cormorant at the nursery dinner): she knew Byron and Moore by heart—except “Little’s Poems,” which she always vowed she had never even seen (ahem!): she wrote verses herself, too, though somehow or other the lines were never quite of the same length—*she* said it was the luxuriance of her imagination, and I have no doubt it was: she sang with intense feeling, but a *leetle* out of tune; she painted flowers beautifully (though Tom Bagshaw, the wretch, declared that no one could tell her roses from hollyhocks); in short, she was a most accomplished and romantic little angel. Tom Bagshaw, in his coarse way, once asked her if she could make pease-pudding—I could have strangled the scoundrel on the spot. She gave him such a mild look of reproach that he must have shuddered in his boots at his own enormity, if he had not been as thick-skinned as the toughest of “Pachydermata,” and only replied—

“Mr. Bagshaw!”

Old Primrose (Lavinia’s papa) was a retired soap-boiler, very rich, very fat, very vulgar, very obstinate, and very ill-tempered. Mrs. Primrose had been for some time gathered to her forefathers (though Tom declares she never had any). There were two juvenile Primroses—young ladies in short frocks and filled encasements-of-the-lower-limbs—about twelve and thirteen years of age, and under the care of a middle-aged maiden, their governess. The family lived in a square red-brick house, with bright green “trimming” in the shape of Venetian blinds, balconies, and railings to the front garden, the extent of which was extremely limited. I forgot to mention that the house was situate in the centre of the highly-respectable town of Bodalming.

I, good reader, am a clerk in the bank in that town, and I receive a very handsome salary (95*l.* a year) for my attendance from ten till three every day behind the wire-blind, with “Bank” in gold letters on it, where I do a little office-writing and compose verses for the poets’ corner of the “County Herald.” I send copies to all my friends, and to all the magazine offices. The former praise them very much; but those magazine fellows are so rude as never to notice them at all.

My mama, being one of the most respectable ladies in Bodalming, was almost the first person to call on the Primroses when they came to settle in our town. Not that she much likes “those city people,”

she says: from which, I suppose that she prefers West-End folks, but as she never sees any to my knowledge, I cannot exactly state the grounds of her preference. However, she paid her visit and I accompanied her. I cannot say that I liked old Primrose, who called mama "mum," and me "young gentleman"—but his daughter! Ye gods, could I ever have conceived such fascinations! I blushed up to my ears every time she spoke to me, and trod on my own hat (smashing it like a Gibus) in my haste to prevent her helping me to a glass of wine. I tried to talk, but I couldn't, though as soon as I had left the house, I recollected everything that I wanted to say, and wondered why I could have been such a fool as not to say it at the proper time. Next week the "County Herald" contained the following lines "To L——a" from our own talented contributor, W. T."—meaning Walsingham Tripps, myself:—

"Lady with the flaxen locks,  
Clust'ring on thy snowy brow—  
Lady with the pearly teeth,  
Who so beautiful as thou?

Lady, when thine upward look  
Those sweet azure orbs displays,  
Who shall keep his heart unsated  
'Neath the lightning of their gaze?

Art thou mortal? art thou not  
From some brighter, pure sphere,  
Sent to raise our thoughts from earth—  
Sent to grovelling mortals here?

Lady, dare I think of thee  
With sublunary emotion,  
Feebly would my pen declare  
All my fond, my deep devotion.

But, alas! could thy perfection  
Cast one thought on such as I?  
Ah, no—away—the thought is madness—  
Hopeless, tearless, let me die!"

I sent Lavinia a copy, and I wondered whether she would know whose initials "W. T." were. I felt sure that she would pity me if she did, for it was evident enough that I was very miserable. However, I had no one to confide in; for the only conversable young man

in the town was that horrid Tom Bagshaw, who positively mutilated my copy of the above verses by scratching out "tearless," and sticking in "brainless." But he's a brute.

Meanwhile the Primroses returned our call, and then they invited us to take tea with them, which we did; and then we invited them to take tea with us, which they did. At about the second or third interview my diffidence began to wear off, and I ventured to talk my best to the lovely Lavinia. But I found myself woefully behind her in some departments of literature. She had read all the new novels, and all the new poetry, and talked about poets whose names were quite unknown to me.

"You are fond of poetry, then?" I said, inquiringly.

"I adore it," she replied. "I could never live without it. I am sure, if ever I lose my heart," she added, with the prettiest little blush in the world, "it will be to a ——"

"Trump!" shouted Papa Primrose, at the whist-table, dashing down a card, and drowning with his hoarse voice the rest of his daughter's sentence.

"Have you ever read the 'County Herald?'" I asked, after a pause.

"Ah, no," she exclaimed, "I abhor newspapers—they're detestable."

"Yes—exactly so,—but you see," I replied, "there is a poets' corner in the 'County Herald' where—"

"Where Mr. Tripps poetizes perhaps," interrupted Lavinia with a sly look, while I blushed like a peony—"ah, that alters the case. I shall certainly read the 'County Herald' now. And that reminds me, some one sent me one—I must look at it."

My heart thumped as if it were determined to come right through my waistcoat.

A week afterwards I was sitting in the office, when Tom Bagshaw came in to chat with me.

"By-the-by, Walsy," he said, "have you seen the 'Herald' this week?"

I had not; for the truth is, I knew there was nothing of mine in it, and that was all I ever looked for. As for murders and burglaries, free trade, and the state of the crops, which filled the rest of the paper, I cared not one button for any of them. However, Tom said it was worth looking at; and there was such a peculiar expression in his face as he said so, that I sent for the paper the moment he had gone. I looked to "poets' corner," and read the following:—



"TO W. T.

Youth of talents rich and rare,  
 Poet of exalted mind,  
 Thinkest thou the 'azure orbs'  
 Are to thy perfections blind?  
  
 Poet, dost thou wish to end  
 What so well thou hast begun?  
 Remember, 'tis not hers to *won*,  
 But, ah! believe she may be *won*!

L. P."

I read the lines again, and I was so frantic with delight that I shouted "Huzzah!" Whereupon one of the partners in the bank, a very quiet old gentleman, rushed into the room, exclaiming,

"Good heavens! Mr. Tripps, what's the matter?"

I am sure I cannot recollect what I said in reply. My explanation was, I fear, very unsatisfactory, for the old gentleman left the room muttering something about "a strait waistcoat." But I cared nothing for all the old gentlemen in the world at that moment. The signature was "L. P." too. She had seen my verses—she had replied—she *could* love me, then—she should be mine!

That evening I sat by Lavinia as she poured out tea for us in her papa's drawing-room. By the way, I must confess that she made very bad tea; it was undeniably "sloppy." But she had a soul above tea; and in my opinion it was a desecration of that lovely form to stick it down to a tea-table at all.

"Is there anything new in the 'County Herald' this week, Mr. Tripps?" asked Lavinia, in the calmest and coolest of tones. I was really staggered, and almost shocked at her imperturbability. However, I replied—

"Indeed there is," with an accent and a glance which I expected to make her fair cheek mantle with blushes. I was mistaken, though, for she never colored at all—while she asked—

"What is it? What is the subject?"

No!—hang it! I thought, *this won't do*. I may have been rather too diffident at first, and of course it was very kind of her to help me on a little. But to ask me to tell her that there are her own verses addressed to me—upon my soul I don't think it's quite delicate. Suddenly the idea struck me that she did not expect *her* verses to appear *this week*. However, she had gone to another part of the room and returned with a little volume, bound in pale blue satin, elaborately gilt, and entitled "The Loves of the Flowers."

"Have you seen this?" she inquired.

I had not; and I may remark, that I have never been able to find any one that had, excepting Lavinia herself; which only proves, of course, that it was a very *rare* work.



Lavinia declared that it was exquisite; full of the truest pathos; the work evidently of one who had loved and suffered, she said, with a sigh that seemed to insinuate that she herself had loved and suffered.

My heart began thumping again: I gave her *such* a look! I think she felt its meaning; for she cast down her eyes. I grew bolder.

"Miss Primrose," I said, "a heart like yours could be thoroughly and deservedly appreciated by but few. Yet methinks there is one who would prize such a jewel beyond—" here I stammered a little and said, "anything." Confound it! the poetry never *will* come at the right moment. Lavinia began to blush now in earnest. My courage increased.

"Believe me, dear Miss Primrose (may I say Lavinia?) believe me, I am not a ——"

"Trump!" shouted that infernal Papa Primrose again, thumping down a card and scattering all my poetry and all my "pluck" to the winds together.

What I said afterwards I never have been able to recollect; I only know that I stuttered awfully, while Lavinia blushed and stared and murmured something about my being "mistaken." Whereupon I began to feel almost indignant; and alluded, in rather plain terms, to her own verses.

I never shall forget her admirably acted (for of course it *was* acted) look of amazement, as she asked me what I meant. Nor shall I ever forget my own embarrassment when I had actually to recite her own verses to her. At the conclusion she positively burst out into a fit of laughter, which drew upon us the notice of the whist table; and old Primrose asked—

"What's the joke, eh?" (joke, indeed!)

Lavinia replied—"Oh, Mr. Tripps is saying such droll things," and never shall I forget her malicious look at me as she spoke.

Next day I applied for a month's holiday, and started up to town to get away from the scene of my discomfiture and my ruined hopes. I was thoroughly wretched, and wrote pages of blank verse cursing fate and Cupid, and woman-kind, and everything but my own folly.

One morning, the general post brought me a letter with the Bodal post-mark. It was from Tom Bagshaw, and as follows:—

"DEAR WALSY,—Congratulate me! I am a happy man. I am going to marry the Primrose. The old gentleman consents, like a trump as he is, and comes down with a decent 'subsidy' on the occasion. But then you know my own prospects are devilish good. However, I am not going to trouble you with a list of our arrangements. My principal object is to beg you to come down and to be my groomsman. We are to be spliced on **the** fourth of next month. I am sure you won't refuse, old fellow, will you? By-the-by, were you not a little bit spoony in the same quarter yourself once? I think so: but you needn't be afraid or ashamed to own it—for Livvy is a girl any man might be proud of—though I *have* quizzed her pretty well, as you know. But that's all over now; and like a good little girl, she has given up 'The Loves of the Flowers,' and is studying 'Soyer's Modern Housewife' instead.

"Ever yours, dear Walsy,

"THOS. BAGSHAW.

"P.S. By the way, I hope you have forgiven me for the hoax

about the verses 'To W. T.' I give you my word of honor they are the only specimens of rhyme I ever attempted in my life."

I hope the reader does not suppose that *I* believed in this miserable subterfuge, or that *I* doubt to this day that Lavinia Primrose wrote these verses. But, no matter.



### A TICKLISH POSITION.



Of two possible fates I always had a supreme dread; one was that I should be buried alive; the other, that I should be executed, on circumstantial evidence, for a murder of which I was innocent. Against the former I have provided by inserting a clause in my will, whereby I give and bequeath my body for dissection to a hospital; I will not mention what one in particular, lest the temptation be too strong for aspiring anatomists, and so I perish prematurely. With regard to my second source of alarm, I have long since felt the impossibility of taking precautions;

and the purport of this present history is to show how inconveniently near I was, on one occasion, to the realization of my preconceived fears on the subject.

Even had I not experienced presentiments on the matter, you will, I am sure, when you have heard me out, agree that my adventure was what I have entitled it above, "a ticklish position;" but with this previous idea in my mind to add new horror to the reality, it was indeed frightful, and my sensations were such as I pray it may never be my lot or yours, good reader, to experience either again, or, in your case, for the first time.

I had been spending an evening in the style of the Red Cross Knight.

that is, "right merrilie," with some very old friends. It was not a formal, stuck-up, three-weeks-previous-invitation affair, which involves a ridiculous expenditure in useless white kids, and renders that *acme* of abominations, a swallow-tailed dress-coat, compulsory; neither had I been dishonestly decoyed, by a solicitation "to meet a few friends in a quiet way," into presenting myself in my every-day attire amongst a circle of extensively-got-up people, of which I, as far as regarded rude remarks and vulgar observation, should form the uncomfortable centre. No, my good friend Mrs. Merryface was not the woman to perpetrate this villanous outrage on any of her fellow-creatures; and though none knew better than herself how to do the thing well when a regular kick-up was in question, yet the little gathering I allude to was not of this kind at all. It had all the elements of a "party," *minus* the starch, and that is the kind of thing I adore; and so I had been proportionately happy on the occasion in question. I can't however afford space to analyse the evening; I wish I could. Let it only be said there were old Merryface and his *jolly* wife. They had got two other "fogeys" (I adopt their own term) to join them in a rubber, so as not to draw upon the youngsters; these fogeys had brought an unquestionable importation of daughters who, I have reason to know, made terrific havoc in the hearts of one or two of my chums then and there present; there was young Tom Merryface, who amused us by discoursing anything but eloquent music from his cornet-à-piston, his performances being at length stopped, to our great gratification—by an imploring message from a united happy family (friends of the Merryfaces, but still only human in their powers of endurance), who lived next door, sundered by a single brick wall; and there was Nelly Merryface, about whom I reserve to myself the right of being mysteriously silent, for private reasons of my own (connected with a *sotto voce* conversation Nelly and I had on the stairs that evening; for we had put back the tables after supper, and had a dance, and the room got remarkably hot, so much so indeed that Nelly and I found it absolutely necessary to adjourn). As I said before, I cannot dwell on all this, but you must suppose it all to have taken place, and me—the last of the remaining guests—to be taking my departure, somewhere about two in the morning.

The last lingering good-night was said (never mind to *whom*—that's my business), and Tom and I were in the passage.

"Got a pipe, old fellow?" said Tom; for at the period of which I write we each inclined to the noxious weed (but Nelly *hates* smoking, and so I have given it up some time since).

I produced a calumet, of the species technically termed "cutty,"

legitimately foul, and which excited Tom's intense admiration as "coloring beautifully;" that is, it was somewhere about the color of a Crimean shako.

"Light up, then," he continued, "I'll set you a bit on your way. I don't feel in the least beddish. What nonsense of 'em to go so early?"

And so we wandered along, puffing like two locomotives. We walked together as far as the Central Park, and there stood for a few minutes, re-loading pipes and arranging for our next merry meeting.

Tom was a short thickish fellow, and, with eccentric taste, had lately been paying a distinguished pugilist to batter him about with the view of learning experimentally the noble art of bruising.

We had practised a bit during the evening, and a final spar on the common appearing mutually advisable, we indulged in an amicable scuffle, which ended in Tom's rushing off homewards like a maniac, after kindly knocking my pipe out of my mouth.

"Confound the fellow!" I ejaculated: "now ten to one, he has pitched my pipe into the ditch;" for just where we separated, the wall of a large house skirts the green, and there is a muddy but not very deep ditch running alongside the wall. "Oh! here we are," I added, as, after a good deal of groping, I found my little companion. On attempting to refill it, however, I found it was wet, not with water, but with some sticky, slimy substance, which, when rubbed on my hand, looked like the superfluous oil of a foul pipe; so I put it in my pocket, determined to give it a good cleaning on the morrow, and wandered on pipeless.

Bereft of the companionship of my kindred clay—in every sense of the word—I thought I might as well get over the ground as quickly as possible, and accordingly set off to run, bidding a hasty "good-night" in response to a passing policeman (at whose civility I much wondered, considering his prospect of a night's promenade in that rather cut-throat locality—which I felt might not unreasonably have rendered him misanthropical).

I had not run above a hundred yards when I heard a rattle sprung behind me, which I imagined must proceed from my friend in the Blues, above-mentioned. For a moment the love of adventure prompted me to turn back and aid the cause of justice; but the idea that it was probably nothing more than a refractory drunkard, and the likelihood of having to appear in the morning to hear him fined five shillings—joined with just a tinge of dread lest I should experience assault and battery myself—and coming in conjunction with a very decided prefer-

ence for my turn-up bedstead, caused me first to waver, then to turn again decisively eastward, and finally to resume my run with fresh vigor.

But the further I ran, the more the noise increased behind me; fresh rattles reverberated in the quiet morning, lights began to gleam, and finally, the cry of "stop him" became distinctly audible. I was still running, but just about to pause once more, when a second member of the executive emerged from a dark corner, and stopped me. He civilly desired me to excuse him if he were wrong, to which I replied by assuring him I had no objection to wait for his comrades who were now close at hand. So we stood under a lamp-post.

"Have you got him?" said my former friend, scrutinising me with his bull's eye lantern; "all right, that's him."

"What is it?" said my captor; "the gentleman stopped of his own accord."

"When you'd got hold of 'im, I s'pose," returned the last arrival in blue, facetiously.

There was now a slight crowd.

"But what is it?" repeated my detainer.

"Why am I detained?" I asked indignantly.

"There, you'd better say *nuffin*, young man," he replied to me, dimly and unconsolingly. "Z 41, you hold him fast. There's only been **A MURDER** in the Park!"

"A murder!" the crowd exclaimed.

"A murder!" I fairly shrieked. "In heaven's name *who* is murdered?" for a thought of Tom crossed my mind, and I was in an agony.

"P'raps you can tell us that," said my first acquaintance among the police, who was bound and lettered Z 38.

"Bring him on to the station. We shall pass the place; p'raps you'll remember who 'tis then. You'd better say *nuffin*," he repeated, as, in my bewilderment, I was going to make *some* observation—I have not the least idea *what*. I had no resource but to be silent and go.

"I say, Bobby," said a cabman, who had eyes more penetrating than the rest of the group, though it numbered several of the Z division, "I say, Bobby, look at his trowsers!"

The police looked, and I looked. I was horrified to find the bottoms of my trowsers and my boots *red*, and apparently saturated with blood!

The executive nodded mysteriously and led me on.

At last we reached the horrid spot, and there, stark and stiff, and

hideous in the uncertain light, lay the pale, ghastly form of the murdered man. There was one consolation: it was *not* my old friend Tom; though from the similarity of build, and the difficulty of identifying the mud-stained features, I was for a moment uncertain on that point.

A bemuddled witness here volunteered the information that "He was a-comin' out o'the public on the green, an' see'd the two men come up the road, and heard 'em a-scufflin' but thought 'twas only in joke, so went on 'till he heard the whistles and so come back. An' that's all I knows," said he.

"Come with us to the station," said Z 38, majestically. And on we strode again.

To think that all at home were hushed in slumber, dreaming not of the demon of ill that hovered over their house! To know that within a few hundred yards, my dear friends—and she the dearest, though the newest, in the recent tie that this night had made her almost mine—were quietly sleeping! To know they were so near and yet so unconscious—so impotent had they been there, that I was even happy for their absence! (Happy! gracious Heaven!) Whilst I, so late their favored guest and—never mind the warmer title—was being dragged past their door a suspected *murderer*! My brain was overtaxed: I fainted; and on recovery found myself at the Police Station, undergoing the flattering process of being searched. My watch, purse, handkerchief, were severally removed and systematically examined. The last mentioned article was scrutinised most carefully, and handed round, as I fancied, in triumph, though I knew there could be nothing there to criminate me; but I heard Z 38 distinctly enunciate the word "blood." Then came the pipe: I needn't fear that. What did I see? It was literally *soaked* with blood! That was the slimy substance I had felt. The pipe was passed round as a trophy, and I was incarcerated.

To describe the moments I spent there—moments which dragged along like hours—would need an abler pen than mine. I saw that I was indeed in evil case; for the whole story seemed perfect in its details, as if it had been contrived expressly for my destruction.

The fellow at the public house had seen *two* men come up the road together: observed that one was tall, the other short and square-built (could not swear that the latter was the murdered man, but felt morally certain); then he heard the scuffle (he did *not* see my friend rush away; he had probably left the public house before Tom did so): then Policeman Z 38 had seen me rushing madly *from* the spot: he noticed (so he said) my agitated reply to his salutation: a moment



afterwards, examining the ditch with his lantern, he discovered the body: I was pursued and captured: my trousers were found to be blood-stained: I could give no account of the cause (I had been silenced with "Better say *nuffin*," when I tried): then came the search at the station-house; my handkerchief had several spots of blood on it, from being in contact with the pipe: but the most damning piece of evidence of all was the pipe itself, which seemed to have been dropped into a pool of blood by accident, and then (as they naturally supposed) thrust hastily into my pocket previous to my flight, lest it should lead to my identification!



When I reviewed the chain of evidence, in the silence of my terrible retirement, I felt sure the long dreaded issue had at length arrived, and I was doomed to pay the penalty of another's crime. It was 'oo much for me. I became insensible again, and remained so I know not how long; for I had ceased to measure time by the sensations of ordinary mortals. When I did at length recover my faculties, it was with a thrill of joy that I heard my friend Tom's voice pronounce my name, and in a few minutes saw him by the straggling light of the grey dawn enter my prison.

He was attended by the inspector who had received the charge, and

most of the officers concerned in the case, with the bemuddled witness who had sought to swear away both my life and Tom's. "Don't be too sudden," said the inspector, who thought I was asleep, "or you may do harm. A reprieve is sometimes as fatal as an execution."

A reprieve! Then it was all right! "My dear Tom," I exclaimed, springing from my rude couch, and my strange position rendering me Hibernian in my observations, "my dear Tom! Pray explain all this. Tell 'em *you're not dead, and I haven't murdered you!*"

He soon relieved me. The body was—not that of a murdered man, but a drunken painter, who had been employed that day in painting a house, and had taken the liberty of carrying off a little surplus RED PAINT with him. Missing the path, he had rolled into the ditch, spilling the paint *en route*; and here it was our fight had taken place, and I had dropped my pipe.

"And now, old fellow," said Tom, "come and have a shake-down at our place; I'll make all right for you at home and in the City. You deserve a quiet day, I'm sure."

And so I slept beneath the same roof as, and spent all next day in company with, Nelly. And (without going into other results, irrelevant to my present story) thus happily ended my very "ticklish position."



## SHIRT BUTTONS!

OR,

## THE AWFUL MISTAKE.

MISTAKES are common all through life,  
A man Miss-takes, and she becomes his wife,



In this, perhaps, they're both mistaken,  
So never claim the flitch of bacon.  
But such mistakes I'll let alone,  
And now begin in serious tone.

An officer in quarters lay,  
In Dublin—that, you'll say,  
Is nothing very strange or sad.  
True—true, but he was taken very bad  
And tho' there's nothing new in that,  
Yet the prescription that he took to cure  
His malady, I'm sure.  
Was new, was wonderful, was strange:  
And you may range  
The Pharmacopœia o'er and o'er,  
You'll not find anything more pat,  
Tho' you should all your lifetime pore.

His case was fever, raging, burning;  
He took to bed,  
With fiery eyes, aching head,  
And toss'd as if on glowing embers turning.  
The doctor came—('twas very needful),  
And he display'd his skill most heedful;  
He wrote for pills and draughts, to drive  
The devil out, dead or alive;  
And, as the gentleman might still be worse,  
He order'd, too,  
(Quite right, you know),  
A steady, careful, good old nurse;  
And quickly to the patient came,  
As recommended,—the old dame.  
She curtsied,—looked him in the face,  
Shook her grey locks, and much deplored his case  
"Och, honey! you are very ill;  
But never mind,  
We soon shall find  
All your complaints,  
By the good old Saint  
Patrick, and the doctor's skill."

After this wise remark, I need not say,  
You must not wonder,  
Should she commit a blunder  
In the Irish way.  
I pr'ythee, gents, make no objection,  
I do not mean the least reflection.  
You'll recollect this is a case quite serious,  
The patient lay in bed almost delirious,  
The fever raging in his veins;  
When soon arrived a draught to do him good,  
And pill to quell the boiling of his blood,  
And so to ease him of his pains.

Nurse pour'd the draught into a cup,  
And soon the sick man drank it up.  
The box of pills with care she placed,  
Where various things the mantel graced;  
Because two hours must pass away,  
To let the potion have fair play

That time elapsed, nurse made all speed  
 The patient with the pills to feed.  
 She ope'd the box, and gave him two,  
 He gulp'd them down without ado.  
 Two more—and then two more must follow,  
 These rather stuck within his swallow.  
 "Good nurse, some drink;"—he drank, and then,  
 Boldly attack'd the pills again.

Two more went down, and then two more,  
 Which made the number half a score.  
 "More drink!—so many is provoking,  
 My throat is full, I'm almost choking!"  
 "Arrah, my jewel, let me tell  
 You, these will shortly make you well,  
 Whether ye will or not—be easy,  
 And make a dozen up,—an't please ye."  
 Two more he took,—“I pr'vthee, say,



Good nurse, how many there remains?"  
 "Two, four, five, seven, nine, ten, twelve,—ay,  
 By Shelah, good St. Patrick's cousin,

The box contains

Exactly another dozen!"

"A dozen more!" the sick man cries,  
(Trembling with fever and surprise,)

"I thought apothecaries vended  
By retail, till the patient mended,  
But this, by Esculapius good,  
By all that ever medicine understood,  
This sells the poison wholesale!"

This boisterous gale  
Of angry passion o'er,  
She coaxed him to get down two more,  
And thus, at length, he swallowed twenty-four!

Worn with fatigue, some time he lay,  
To pain and angry thought a prey;  
But soon his agony increased,  
For, lo! the pills lay undigested,  
Hard at his stomach they rested,  
And fill'd with dreadful pain his breast.

The doctor must be call'd—he came,  
Inquired each symptom, shrugg'd his shoulders:

He apprehended for his brain—

And for patients one or two beholders—

"Did you administer the draught?"—"Oh, yes."

"The pills?"—" 'Tis they have caused all this,"

Exclaimed the officer. "Did you suppose  
I was a horse, that you sent such a dose?  
Damme, I've four-and-twenty bullets lying."

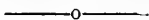
"Bullets," repeats the doctor with surprise;

"Sir, I'm a man of peace, and either pill  
I sent, was meant to cure, not to kill;  
Besides, I sent but two," he straight replies,

"By heaven! I've swallow'd twenty-four," the sick  
man cries.

A squinting servant of the house stood by,  
And towards the shelf she cast an eye;  
She open'd the doctor's box, and there,  
The pills both snug and safe appear,  
Another box upon the shelf remain'd  
Empty. "Why, nurse!" she squalls,

And at the doctor like a fury bawls,—  
 "This box, now empty, once contained  
   What the poor gentleman has taken;  
 Were he an ostrich, or the prince of gluttons,  
   You'd scarcely save his bacon;  
   For, by heaven!  
   You have given  
 Him *two dozen round shirt buttons!*"



## HUMPHREY PLOUGHSHARE IN LOVE.



HE COUNTRY BOOR is considered by some persons as a very great *bore* altogether; but, for our part, we always have looked upon a "*greenhorn*" as a very amusing *wight*,—and a simple rustic *clown* as one of the most mirth-creating of all merry-Andrews. Consequently, we have been interested observers of the eccentricities of the country bumpkin, two or three of which we will illustrate by the following brief narrative.—

There are few men in his station of life who were more respected than honest old Farmer Ploughshare, who had resided not a hundred miles from Ripon, in Yorkshire, from childhood, and was admitted to the society of most of the country gentlemen in the neighborhood.

Farmer Ploughshare had an only son, who had arrived at the mature age of forty, without having entered into the state of matrimony, and who was as rich a specimen of a country "*joskin*," as ever graced a dung-fork, or embellished a ploughtail.

Humphrey Ploughshare was a simple, good-tempered, harmless fellow. His face was an illustrated title-page to a volume of comicalities, bound in *calf* or *sheepskin*. It was a stereotyped edition of *Broadgrins and Facetiæ*, and was well calculated to excite the risibility of all who beheld it, even if they were the gravest individuals in existence.

Humphrey Ploughshare once went a-courting. It was his first and last attempt in that line, and a sad mess he made of it.

The object of his tender passion was a buxom, red-faced, plump, chubby lass, who lived "down at Squire's hard by," luxuriating in the somewhat unpoetic name of Sally Grundy, and who was reported to have saved a goodly sum of money.

Humphrey was brimful of love, but as bashful as a maid, and was sadly at a loss how to *prefer* his suit, so as to obtain the *preference* over his numerous rivals; and here we cannot do better than to repeat the account of Humphrey Ploughshare's courtship, as given to us by his father, in the following simple style:—

"You mun know that my son did use to work wi' I in't field: that is, he drived plough, sowed, mowed, reaped, tended th' sheep, and th' cows, and th' pigs, and all other sorts o' *cult'ral* work loike; and a steady, hard-working lad he wur, too, till on a sudden, he becomed lazy loike, and wouldn't work at all.

"So, I couldn't tell what t' mak' on't;—if I snubb'd 'un, 'twur all th' same, and so at last, thinks I to mysen, I'll speak to 'un aboot 't, calmly loike,—and so I did, and axed 'un what wur at matter wi' un; and so says he, 'I doesn't know disactly, he, he, he! but ever sin' I seed Sally Grundy, at village church, feyther, I ha' felt all over in sic' a *conflagration* loike;—he, he, he!'

"'Why, thee ben't in love, be'st thee?'

"'Why, I can't say for sartain, feyther,—haply I mought, haply I moughtn't, he, he, he! but, dang my buttons, feyther, if I don't think as how Sally Grundy be'st in love wi' I.'

"'Be she?' says I, 'odds dickens, then, you mun mind your P's and Q's, lad, for she ha' money. But did she speak to thee?'

"'Ees,' replied Humphrey, 'to be sure she did, and zaid I wur a likely lad, loike, he, he, he!'

"'And what answer did'st ye mak', lad?'

"'Why, I—I la't; he, he, he!'

"'But you should ha' made loove to her.

"'But I doan't know how, feyther; what be I to zay?'

"'Why,' I replied, 'I'll tell 'ee; but you must be partic'lar, and remember what I say. When you see Sally again, you mun put on your best clo'es, an' your best looks,—fall on your knees, and putting your hand upon your *left* breast—for that be where th' heart be, you know—thus address her:—

"'Oh, thou most in-com-parybel o' thy sex, thy eyes, like diamonds bright, have pierced my heart's core—thy cheeks are carnation red —



thy lips like rubies—thy skin is alabaster: these, and thy graceful mien, have scorched and burnt up all the particles of my heart! To thee, I come, dear Sally, to pay my devoirs; deign, then, to dispense thy passion on me alone, thy faithful swain, who is this moment ready to espouse thee, thou most irresistible and adorable woman.”

“Ah!” I observed, “an admirable speech—an eloquent speech, sufficient to make an impression upon the heart of a Hottentot Venus. And how did Humphrey acquit himself?”

“Whoy, I’ll tell ‘ee, zur,” replied the worthy farmer. “Yer zee, zur, Humphrey be a ‘cute lad, *like mysen*, and he do know how many beans mak’ five; but then he be no scholard, d’ye zee, and so he had a job to study th’ hard words, so as to giv’ the speech wi’ effect, d’ye see? So I used to mak’ un say it arter I, half-a-dozen times a-day, on his knees;—and then he did use to rehearse it at neet, gwain to bed, ‘stead o’ sayin’ his prayers, God forgi’e ‘un. And so, at last, zur, when he thought he’d a gotten it all by heart loike, away he went to Squire’s house to see Sally, and try his fortin’;—but, dang it, zur, would ‘ee believe it?—if he didn’t mak’ a blunder on it, arter all.”

“Indeed, how was that?”

“Why, I’ll tell ‘ee, zur;—when he seed Sally Grundy, he dropped on both his knees,—la’ft, grinn’d, scratch’d his head, placed his hand on his *right* breast, an’ thus began:—



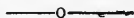
“‘O Sally Grundy! feyther ha’ sent I here to *dress* ye; oh, thou most *unbearable* of thy sex!—thy eyes, like *damsons*, have pierced my heart *sore*, thy cheeks are *dangnation* red, thy lips like a *booby’s*, thy skin *all a plaister*,—these, so *disgraceful* and *mean*, have scorched and

burnt up all the *articles* of my heart. To thee I come, dear Sally, to pay my *devours*; *feign*, then, to *incense* thy passion on me alone, thy *hateful swine*, who is this moment ready to *expose* thee, thou most *detestable* and *deplorable woman*!"

"And I suppose this rather powerful speech made some impression on the gentle fair one?" said I, with a smile.

"You may well say that, zur," replied the farmer; "I b'lieve it did mak' a *depression* on the lass, for no sooner had poor Humphrey delivered it, than, instead o' fallin' into his *arms*, she made 'un tuk' to his *heels*, like mad, for she seiz'd a warming-pan which wur handy, and banged him wi' it out o' the house?"

This was Humphrey Ploughshare's first and last courtship!



## "WHERE THE LION ROARETH AND THE WANG-DOODLE MOURNETH."

MY BELOVED BREATHERING: I am a unlarnt Hard-shell Baptist preacher, of whom you've no doubt hearn afore, and I now appear here to expound the scriptures and pint out the narrow way which leads from a vain world to the streets of Jaroosalem; and my tex which I shall choose for the occasion is in the leds of the Bible, somewhar between the Second Chronik-ills and the last chapter of Timothytitus; and when you find it, you'll find it in these words: "And they shall gnaw a file, and flee unto the mountains of Hepsidam, where the lion roareth and the wang-doodle mourneth for his first born."

Now, my brethering, as I have before told you, I am an oneddieated man, and know nothing about grammar talk and collidge highfalutin, but I am a plane unlarnt preacher of the Gospil, what's been foreordaned and called to prepare a pervarse generashun for the day of wrath—ah! "For they shall gnaw a file, and flee unto the mountains of Hepsidam, whar the lion roareth and the wang-doodle mourneth for his first born"—ah!

My beloved brethering, the tex says they shall gnaw a file. It does not say they *may*, but shall. Now, there is more than one kind of file. There's the hand-saw file, the rat-tail file, the single file, the double file, and profile; but the kind spoken of here isn't one of them kind nayther, bekaws it's a figger of speech, and means going it alone and getting ukered. "for they shall gnaw a file, and flee unto the mountains of Hep-

sidam, whar the lion roareth and the wang-doodle mourneth for its first-born—ah!”

And now there be some here with fine close on thar backs, brass rings on thar fingers, and lard on thar har, what goes it while they're yung; and thar be others here what, as long as thar constitooshins and forty-cent whiskey last, goes it blind. Thar be sisters here what, when they gets sixteen years old, cut thar tiller-ropes and goes it with a rush. But I say, my dear brethering, take care you don't find, when Gabriel blows his last trump, your hands played out, and you've got ukered—ah! “For they shall gnaw a file, and flee unto the mountains of Hepsidam, whar the lion roareth and the wang-doodle mourneth for his first-born.”

Now, my brethering, “they shall flee unto the mountains of Hepsidam;” but thar's more dams than Hepsidam. Thar's Rotter-dam, Had-dam, Amster-dam, and “Don't-care-a-dam”—the last of which, my brethering, is the worst of all, and reminds me of a sirkumstans I onst knowed in the state of Illenoy. There was a man what built him a mill on the north fork of Ager Crick, and it was a good mill and ground a



sight of grain; but the man what built it was a miserable sinner, and never give anything to the church; and, my dear brethering, one night there came a dreadful storm of wind and rain, and the mountains of the great deep was broke up, and the waters rushed down and swept

that man's mill-dam to kingdom cum, and when he woke up ne found that he wasn't worth a dam—ah! "For they shall gnaw a file, and flee unto the mountains of Hepsidam, whar the lion roareth and the wang-doodle mourneth for his first-born—ah!"

I hope I don't hear anybody larin; do I?

Now, "whar the lion roareth and the wang-doodle mourneth for his first-born"—ah! This part of my tex, my beseaching brethering, is not to be taken as it says. It don't mean the howling wilderness, whar John the Hard-shell Baptist fed on locusts and wild asses, but it means, my brethering, the city of New Y'Orleans, the mother of harlots and hard lots, whar corn is wuth six bits a bushel one day and nary a red the nex; whar niggers are as thick as black bugs in spiled bacon ham, and gamblers, thieves, and pickpockets goes skiting about the streets like weasels in a barn-yard; whar honest men are scarcer than hen's teeth; and whar a strange woman once took in your beluv'd teacher, and bamboozled him out of two hundred and twenty-seven dollars in the twinkling of a sheep's-tail; but she *can't* do it again! Hallelujah—ah! "For they shall gnaw a file, and flee unto the mountains of Hepsidam, whar the lion roareth and the wang-doodle mourneth for his first-born—ah!"

My brethering, I am the captain of that flat-boat you see tied up thar, and have got aboard of her flour, bacon, taters, and as good Monongahela whiskey as ever was drunk, and am mighty apt to get a big price for them all; but what, my dear brethering, would it all be wuth if I hadn't got religion? Thar's nothing like religion, my brethering: it's better nor silver or gold gimcracks; and you can no more get to heaven without it, than a jay-bird can fly without a tail—ah! Thank the Lord! I'm an onedicated man, my brethering; but I've sarched the Scripters from Dan to Beersheba, and found Zion right side up, and hard-shell religion the best kind of religion—ah! 'Tis not like the Methodists, what specks to get to heaven by hollerin' hell-fire; nor like the Univalsalists, that get on the broad gage and goes the hull hog—ah; nor like the Yewnited Brethering, that takes each other by the slack of thar breeches and hists themselves in; nor like the Katherliks, that buys threw tickets from their priests; but it may be likened unto a man what has to cross the river—ah!—and the ferry-boat was gone; so he tucked up his breeches and waded acrost—ah! "For they shall gnaw a file, and flee unto the mountains of Hepsidam, whar the lion roareth and the wang-doodle mourneth for his first-born!"

Pass the hat, Brother Flint, and let every Hard-shell Baptist shell out.

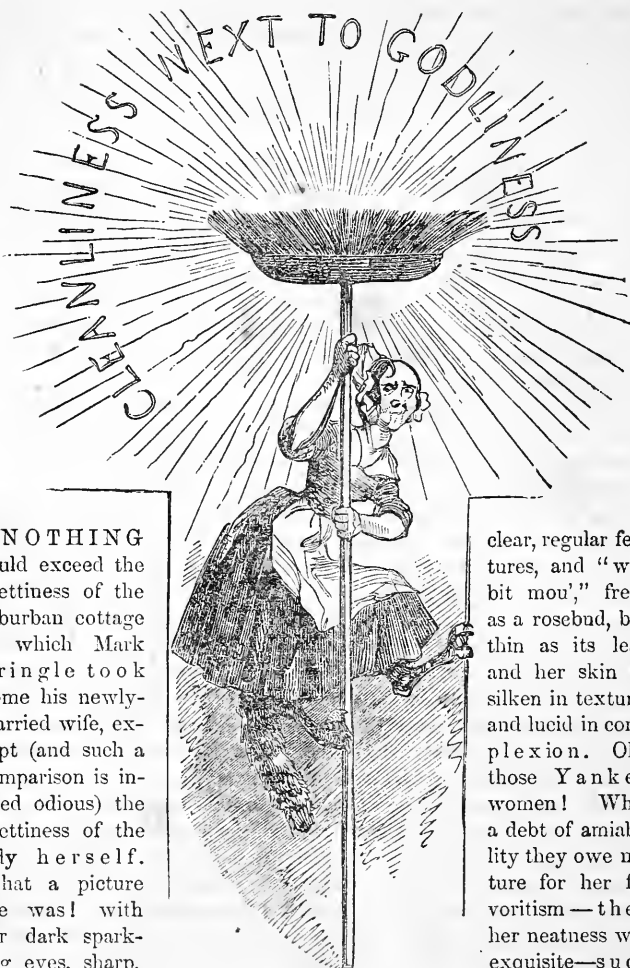
## NAUTICAL NOVEL.



ULF of Mexico—small ship—young man—very interesting—very romantic—black glossy curls—aquiline features—florid complexion—commanding figure—eyes of fire—born on sea—no parents—black clouds—pipe all hands to quarters—storm coming on—very dangerous—all hands to the pumps—there goes

jib—masts cut away—storm clearing—all hands pumped—monster ship in the distance—very suspicious—black flag—skull and cross-bones—pirate—sailors fearful—young man determined—bound to die or perish in the attempt—armed to the teeth—addresses the sailors—great enthusiasm—flag of the free—die for our country—pirate approaches—hundred guns—pirate captain, big whiskers—crew all fiends—call for a surrender—young man scorns—broadside—female shrieks on board pirate ship—beauty in distress—young man vows vengeance—young man's ship sinking—flag shot off, nails it to the mast—crew leave in boats—board the pirate—terrific combat—seven pirates attack boatswain—boatswain kills two with chew of tobacco—throws others overboard—sharks around vessel—young man kills pirate captain—pirates give in—shouts—tremendous victory—young man rushes into cabin—finds young lady nearly dead—brings her to—falls in love—papers discovered—young man son of nobleman—young lady rich heiress—tells her story—was stolen away by gipsies—sold to pirate captain—heaven sent young man—preserved—falls on her knees—young man embraces her—sailors get drunk—marriage at sea—life on the ocean wave—ship in port—young man promoted—land of liberty—Yankee Doodle!

FINIS.



NOTHING could exceed the prettiness of the suburban cottage to which Mark Pringle took home his newly-married wife, except (and such a comparison is indeed odious) the prettiness of the lady herself. What a picture she was! with her dark sparkling eyes, sharp, hair-breadth nicety—such unruffled placitude in cuffs and collars—always looking, as the vulgar say (the term is a very apt one), as if she was in print. How she managed I know not, for she was by no means one of those persons who sit in a room, like waxed ladies in a glass-

clear, regular features, and “wee bit mou’,” fresh as a rosebud, but thin as its leaf, and her skin so silken in texture, and lucid in complexion. Oh! those Yankee women! What a debt of amiability they owe nature for her favoritism—then her neatness was exquisite—such

case, merely to be looked at; on the contrary, she was a very active, bustling little person (even in her father's house); but, exert herself as she would, no soil was ever contracted—no crease incurred—she was still perfect—still in *print*; every fold falling just as it should do, every plait precise, as if laid so, with the fixture that kept unmoved the glossy bands of her hair.

Everybody has seen Mark Pringle's place, or its ditto, so great a likeness exists in all suburban cottages—the stuccoed front, Swiss roof, Elizabethan chimneys, and Gothic windows; the always-green, trimly-kept grass-plot, with its pretty flower-beds, whereof the mould looks rich colored and smooth as the dust in our grandmother's agate snuff-box, the park-wire-fence, the polished door, the shining knocker, the glittering windows, with their exterior *jalousies*, and muslin relief curtains; the scrupulously pipe-clayed path, with the locked gate at the end of it.

And now fancy Mrs. Pringle “at home,” the newness of wife-hood a little worn off, and a natural disposition for setting to rights beginning to develop itself. Poor Mark! how happy he was watching her move hither and thither, like a very incarnation of order, putting in form the chaos of a month's bachelor's housekeeping; how good-naturedly he stood by to see odd gloves, song-books, bits of string, segars, old letters—the rogue had taken good care not a single line in a feminine hand should be amongst them—thrown out from the well-filled drawers, to make room for the snowy linen and delicately-scented sachets of Mrs. Pringle's régime; and what a world of importance was in the arched eyebrows and compressed lips of the new wife—the queen despotie in her little empire of housewifery. Order certainly looks very pretty in a week old bridal cap and white peignoir, and so Mark Pringle fancied; by-and-by, however, he began to think a little rest would be as well—she was *always setting to rights*!

There are some women (and Mrs. Pringle was one of them) who start in life with the idea that the golden rule of domestic comfort is comprised in two words, cleanliness and economy. Instead of considering them as mere appliances, they put them in the place of the principal, and believe themselves exceedingly ill-used when their practice is found unproductive of the expected effect. If one be neat and thrifty, they say, what excuse can a man have for leaving his home and neglecting his wife? Alas! will these cold characteristics, wanting the sweet and simple influences of a loving and intelligent nature, satisfy the heart, or make a man's home happy? I am certain not; but let Mrs. Pringle's story tell for itself.

It was a love match on Mark's side, one of interest on the lady's; her pretty face and nette person, joined to her character for notableness, had arrayed her in his eyes with all the attributes one wishes in the being he loves; and, blinded by her preference (for Rose Cottage and the adjuncts) into a belief of her affection for him, he conceived himself on the day of his marriage fairly started on the high road to domestic happiness, "fireside enjoyments," &c. &c. On the other hand, Mrs. Pringle labored under no such poetical hallucinations. She entered upon her *duties* as if they were such *only*; determined, however, to be faultless in the fulfilment of them—to be the most correct, most economical, most cleanly—in fact, the model-wife of the neighborhood! To the working out of these principles she brought a most extensive knowledge of abstergents—no end of receipts for furniture-polish, and the concoction of family dishes upon a system of frugality that might make Mrs. Child's young housewife blush for her extravagance. Thus, with cleanliness on one side, and economy on the other, she took the seat of honor at her husband's hearth. And from such supporters much might be expected; but she overworked them to opposite ends from those they were intended to produce.

The wedding visits received and paid, Mrs. Pringle felt herself at liberty to commence her alterations and emendations *ad libitum*. The drawing-room (as of most importance) was attacked first; and, with the physical aid of her one servant, a rapid revolution was effected. Talk of rule and compass regularity, here it was developed to its utmost practicableness. Mirrors were moved, pictures transposed from an artistical light to the very worst, because they wanted an azimuth of her nice perception of uniformity, the cozy fire-side couches decorously drawn back to the walls, the scattered chairs called to order, and made to fall in side by side, with regimental precision, while the ottoman force was disposed of altogether as being too irregular; and, lastly, having lavished no end of drugget on the carpet, and brown holland on the chairs and sofas, the curtains were bagged, the blinds drawn down, and Mrs. Pringle, taking one bland view of the subdued twilight interior, turned the key in the door, and withdrew it to be placed in one of those undiscoverable repositories that somehow mistresses of families contrive, unknown to every one else.

Then, her out-door touches were upon the same equable principles. Plants were tied up, and branches pruned, into patterns of floral propriety, and not even a straggling *pensée* (things that are so hard to be restrained) could be found peeping its iris eye over the boundary of the harebell bordering. Morning after morning, with a little basket on her



arm, and scissors in her carefully-gloved hand, might Mrs. Pringle be seen threading the little knots of flowers, decollating the drooping blossoms before they had time to die, and cutting off decayed leaves as if there was no bleeding sap to follow. I have strange fancies with regard to vegetable life. They have sexes and sympathies; are childless when separated; instincts, too, approaching almost to intelligence; they sleep. Who shall say they are not sentient? By my word, in these days of discovery, 'tis worthy the attention of scientific societies! Let gardeners look to it—there may be more in cutting off the head of a cabbage than has hitherto come between "Heaven and their philosophy."

"Sally," said Mr. Pringle (he had just returned by omnibus from his office in the City), to the maid who ran down to unlock his own gate to him, "Sally, isn't your mistress well?"

"Law! yes, Sir," answered the girl, perfectly astonished at the question.

"I thought," said Mr. Pringle, "from seeing the drawing-room blinds drawn, she might have had a headache and laid down."

"Oh! no, sir, only Missus was afraid of the sun's taking the damask curtains."

"Oh!" said Mark, walking on, pondering, in all likelihood, the capabilities of the sun for petty larceny, and not altogether sceptical on the point himself—though he added, in an undertone, "It has a cold, uncomfortable look from the road, but a wife cannot be too careful!"

It happened that Mark Pringle had left his home on this morning at an earlier hour than he had ever done since their marriage. Business required his presence some distance from town, and the hours of absence had appeared really long to him; and, as he crossed the threshold of his home, his heart seemed bounding in to meet his wife; but Mrs. Pringle had not yet finished the adjustment of a supernumerary cover for the sitting-room sofa, and, instead of going forward to meet and welcome him as she had hitherto done, she continued to pin and unpin the difficult affair, in a vain endeavor to make it sit like upholsterer's work; but Pringle was neither an exacting, nor a very sensitive man; and, seeing her so busy, he was going to take the kiss she was too engaged to give him, when she suddenly exclaimed, wholly unheeding his affectionate intention, and with a look and tone of absolute distress—

"Oh! Pringle, do look at your feet-marks; you are so careless in walking, and have actually come in without wiping your boots!"

Mark very quietly slipped into the hall, and relieved his soles of the power of making unpleasant impressions ; but he made no further effort to carry off the intended caress—though this circumstance proved no bar to his lady's intensity of application in finishing before dinner her task of covering the sofa squabs.

That day, for the first time, Mark Pringle analysed the dishes ; and, highly creditable as the investigation must have turned out for the invention and economy of the contriver, it said but little for the state of the larder, and less for the skill of the cook ; and Pringle, who was rather curious in his *cuisine* in the days of his bachelorship, ventured to hint that the sum allowed for housekeeping ought to afford better dinners. Mrs. Pringle laid down her knife and fork, took them up again, looked earnestly at her husband, and burst into tears.

"She was sure she did the best she could with the money—she had laid none out that he did not know of—nothing for herself—it was all in the house, and intended for his comfort."

And the lady pushed away her plate, sat back in her chair, her bosom heaving, her brow gathered up with every evidence of marital affliction, and her little foot beating the floor, with a rapidity an Edgeware turner might have envied.

Mr. Pringle, in his turn, was greatly moved ; he rose from his seat, assured her that for a moment he never doubted *that*, but that such a continuation of stews did not do for him ; he thought a soup and joint, with a variation of fish and poultry, could be afforded ; and he seconded the amendment by wiping away these first tears from the smooth cheek of his young wife with his own cambric, and pressing her very reassuringly to his breast. "It was but a word—he meant not to find fault with her management—it was really wonderful in one so new to *an* that sort of thing, but his ride had made him peckish, and there was little or nothing to eat."

*N'importe*, Mrs. Pringle felt that she had conquered—she played with her pocket-handkerchief—looked down at her little fingers, and up in her husband's face, and finally finished her dinner, and took wine with him as usual. And though, for a day or two, the bill of fare was altered it soon returned to its primal two joints a week, with certain dishes of the genus "hotch-potch," but of what particular species Mark Pringle never satisfactorily ascertained.

Time wore on, and the mistress of Rose Cottage fully established her reputation as the most notable person in the neighborhood. "As particular as Mrs. Pringle," became a sort of domestic by-word ; and "Look how beautifully Mrs. Pringle's windows are kept," or, "Just

see the way in which the Pringles' path is cleaned," the daily charge of mistresses to their maids.

But, in the meantime, poor Pringle began to grow sceptical as to the reality of "Cleanliness being next to Godliness," an axiom on which Mrs. Pringle worked in the most literal way imaginable. It filled the place of every other virtue, and purified, in her self-loving eyes, many an actual vice. Old friends (who serve by association to keep awake old affections and human sympathies) were soon banished from their hearth. Who would visit where the drawing of a chair from its accustomed place, or the putting down your hat or parasol on one forbidden, so discomposed the hostess that she scarcely restrained herself from removing them in your presence, and looked unhappy till your departure gave her an opportunity of putting things straight again? Of course, hospitality was out of the question; and, as for *twice blessed* charity, in keeping the entrance-gate locked she boasted of having shut out the annoyance of beggars, and had, at the same time, closed her ears to the appealings of want, and her heart from the sweet exercise of benevolence.

Her husband's comfort was as nothing to the ridiculous exactions of her whitewashed and polished Penates; every appliance of enjoyment was turned into a source of discontent, and that quality that can make rags decent, and the meanest cot respectable, became (by being carried to the extreme) the bane of a home replete with every means for domestic happiness. Upon the principle of a "place for everything, and everything in its place," china and plate, &c., were locked up for show, and common articles substituted for their own use. Willow-pattern delf did duty for a double service of china, and the worst specimens of pottery-ware for the elegant equipage of Mark's bachelor tea-table; the house was sheeted from the attics to the hall, for fear of soiling or wearing the carpets; the mahogany polished to such a specimen of perfection, that it became too fine for use, and poor Mark dined on water-soupy, served on a deal table; if he threw himself on a sofa, a look, like a *pang* of uneasiness, spread over Mrs. Pringle's face, lest he should put the cushions out of shape or disarrange the false cover; he scarcely dared approach farther than the scraper in his boots, and had only the privilege of one peg in his own hall where he might unobstructedly hang up his hat. As for books, it was a treason to disturb them. There they stood, like the artificial volumes in the hiatus of a library; to all appearance books; but no one ever saw a gap in their closely-marshalled array. It disturbed Mrs. Pringle for the day to see a chasm between them, and whenever Mark did

"*inwardly read*," no sooner was the book out of his hand than the regulating fingers of Mrs. Pringle were upon it, and, in an instant, it was restored to its *place*.



"A wife cannot be *too* careful," Mark would whisper to himself, as the only solace under this "iron rule," but even this comforting belief by degrees wore itself out, and he felt that the extreme of carefulness for a man's property frequently involves carelessness for himself.

Poor Mrs. Pringle! if ever the elements of housewifery were embodied in human form, it was in thine! Nothing else seemed to have any interest for her—she went to bed tired of the doings of to-day, to dream of the doings of to-morrow; and yet, you would fancy, that, like the Belides, her task was a hopeless and a never-ending one; for I need not tell my readers, that a disposition for setting to rights is not contented with one great radical change, and an after-continuance of

its principles. No, no! every morrow brought its alterations and improvements; there was a genius of ambition even in the housemaid's pail; and, having set the example, Mrs. Pringle knew it required continual exertion to keep in advance; but, as unremitting attention (whatever be its object) is always rewarded with success, Mrs. Pringle soon distanced all competitors, and was left without a single rival; but something more than notableness is necessary in woman to give her that place in an intelligent man's estimation that shall make her, in every sense of the term, a help meet for him. And Mark, no longer under the thralldom of passion, began to wonder at his own want of discernment in the choice he had made. Your martinets in ultra-cleanliness have seldom much of the dove in their disposition, and have much the same idea in scolding their maids that sea-captains entertain in swearing at their seamen, viz., "duty is not to be done without it;" and, therefore, Mark had frequently to listen to the rehearsal of the day's grievances—Sally's pert answers and provoking ways, how she was found rubbing the table the wrong way of the grain, and had used the plate-leather for the fire-irons. Poor man! What could he do in such business? His common-places were soon worn threadbare by frequent using, and his wife pronounced him the most apathetic and indifferent person, because, in the midst of these diurnal details, he frequently fell asleep.

They had children, specimens of needlework and neatness, looking for ever like the wax models in a baby-linen warehouse, the wonder and admiration of all the mothers in the vicinity. Poor Mark! he fancied that in them he should have something on which to lavish the fondness of his nature, unchecked by the fear of disarranging the *cheveux*, or coming in collision with clear-starched collars, "but 'he was such a bear!' he hugged the little things so close that their lace borders were crumpled, and their long robes, or short frocks (as the case might be), rendered altogether unfit to be seen; besides, he made them so wild and noisy, she really wished he would not give her more trouble than was necessary with them."

So Mark grew later in coming home of an evening; his quiet good temper became irascible and peevish; and frequent altercations widened (as a matter of course) the breach in their domestic comfort; the lady upbraiding her husband with change, and he retaliating that she had but herself to blame, having, by her extravagant notions of cleanliness, made his comfortable home a purgatory to him, and everything in it a source of fault-finding. And when she, upon this, grew pathetic and hysterical, assuring him of her never-ending exertions to make his house

the "observed of all observers," the envy of husbands with untidy wives, and compared her self-imposed continuousness of action to the unrest of a galley-slave, a horse in a wheel, a toad under a harrow, and several other touching assimilations of enduring exertion, Mark Pringle put on his hat, consigning cleanliness to dark places, and her ideas of comfort to the—(we may not write it), and then sought, in the parlor of an inn, the enjoyments denied him in his own.

Years passed away. Mrs. Pringle's eyes were bright as ever, but her cheeks were thinned, and the lines upon her brow repeated till they had become indelible. She had tasted real vexations, had grown intimate with many bitter cares; and these things always exercise one of two effects—they either humanize or harden the heart. She thought of Mark's abounding love for her (a tithe of which she had not deserved) in the early days of their marriage, of his long endurance of her wilfulness, and even violence; she looked around (to do justice to her system) at the well preserved comforts, aye, even luxuries, with which her rooms were filled; she thought of her husband's respectability, of his naturally kind disposition, his irreproachable character, slowly falling away into negligence, moroseness, and, alas! it was to be feared, dissipation, and she felt how utterly worthless of such a sacrifice had been the imbecile vanity that had induced it.

Self-reproach, in reviewing the blessings we have lost, wears magnifying-glasses; and poor Mrs. Pringle at once saw that she had trifled away happiness for a profitless pre-eminence, a comfortless distinction, affecting rather her qualifications for an upper housemaid than her duties as a wife and mother; and here a pang (if possible more sharp than those occasioned by her husband's frequent absences) pierced her heart as she recalled to herself how, in the midst of their pleasant play, the sound of her coming footsteps fell like the fore-shadowing of some dreaded thing, stilling the laughing voices of her children into timid whispers, and throwing an invisible chain over their free steps and graceful motions! Alas! could it be otherwise. When a thread dropped on the carpet, the print of a warm little finger on the shining tables, a soiled frock, an accidental foot-tread on the flower-beds, or a bud broken in their play, was visited with such outpourings of wrath as only real vice should have elicited!

Poor children! in their *mother's* presence they moved in fear and trembling, and escaped from it with rejoicing, to seek, in the indulgence of servants, and the privilege of their apartments, that freedom that the young of all created things delight in. Something must be wrong! Mark was scarcely an evening at home. She had no friends to comfort

her, not even her children's affection to fall back upon, and the neatness of their dress, the order of her flower-garden, the unapproachable precision of her household arrangements (those three feathers "par excellence" wherewith she had hitherto plumed her cap of self-approval) began to have a weight and weariness in them, and the vacuum in her woman's heart to yearn for something more than the fame of notableness,—in fact, to want the approbation of her own family, and affection where now she awakened fear; and hard as was the task, where the subduing was all on her own side, Mrs. Pringle at length achieved it. The desolation of a heart, in its own *home*, is a fearful thing, and has but one real resource—a resource that involuntarily it turns to—the secret tears of affliction have in them the aspirations of a wounded spirit, and when were these unheard? She began to see clearly her path of duty—to feel that with her it rested to make home the nucleus of her family's happiness or discomfort; and silently her work of reform began; her system of cleanliness was unaltered, but it began to sit like the frill of cheerfulness, instead of the stiff collar of particularity; she insensibly drew close to her the hearts of her children, and unobtrusively recalled her husband's affection; her pretty face, worn by petty annoyances, and latterly (as we have seen) by some real cares, once more regained its loveliness, with the improvement of amiable expression; and there is not now a happier couple than Mark Pringle and his wife—her only regret, the lost years of pattern housekeeping.

Some may probably fancy Mrs. Pringle a pen-and-ink caricature, but the character is a real one, and not even drawn at full length. I knew her in both phases of it, as the "particular Mrs. Pringle;" and —after the abjuration of her false creed, "Cleanliness next to Godliness"—as one of the most agreeable, kind-hearted persons imaginable; and from herself did I have these confessions.



## THE QUIET STREET.

THERE is enjoyment in the pathless woods,  
 The silent valleys yield a tranquil treat.  
 Thus thought I, as I moved with all my goods,  
 To an apartment in a quiet street.

No thoroughfare allured the busy throng,  
 One end was finish'd off with railings neat,  
 No public vehicles would pass along,  
 It form'd a *cul-de-sac*—this quiet street.

I took possession of the second floor,  
 A two-pair front, not elegant but neat:  
 What could a peaceful poet wish for more  
 Than humble lodgings in a quiet street?

I woo'd the muse one sunny afternoon,  
 I'd pen and ink and everything complete,  
 Prepared to write a sonnet to the Moon—  
 Fancy grows vigorous in a quiet street.

"Hail, Luna!"—But what is that? a distant sound  
 Appears my auditory sense to greet;  
 It cannot be. "Hail, Luna!"—I'll be bound  
 An organ 's got into this quiet street.

No matter,—'twill be over very soon;  
 There's a policeman somewhere on the beat.  
 Hark!—there's a trumpet, sadly out of tune,  
 Waking the echoes of this quiet street.

"Partant pour la Syrie," the organ plays;  
 And now a voice more powerful than sweet,  
 Hoarsely invokes the "Light of other Days"—  
 A ballad-singer 's got into the street.

The band begins a Polka—sounds increase—  
 "Sekund edishun,"—"Rooshians in retreat."  
 "Hail, Luna"—no, not that—hi-there, police,  
 Is this permitted in a quiet street?



Silence your brazen throats, you green-baize band;  
 Avaunt, you trafficker in feline meat;  
 You organ-grinder, hold your impious hand,  
 Nor dare to desecrate this quiet street.

"Hail, Luna!"—"Muffins!"—"Goddess of the night!"  
 "Cat's meat!"—"Thou silver orb!"—Let me retreat,  
 Another line I'll not attempt to write:  
 This very day I'll leave this quiet street.



[EDWIN is a young bard, who has taken a lodging in a Quiet Street, that he may write his prize poem. The interlocutors are demons of both sexes.

EDWIN (*composing*). Where the bright fountain sparkling never ceases

Its gush of limpid music,

FEMALE DEMON.

"Wa-ter-creee-ses!"

EDWIN. Where splashing on the marble floor it tinkles  
 Its silver cadence,

MALE DEMON.

"Buy my periwinkles!"

EDWIN. Where the sad Oread oft retires to weep  
Her long lost love, her unforgiving

BLACK DEMON.

"Sweep!"

EDWIN. And tears that comfort not must ever flow  
At thought of every joy departed,

DEMON FROM PALESTINE.

"Clo."

EDWIN. There let me linger, stretched beneath the trees,  
Tracing in air fantastic

ITALIAN DEMON.

"Imagees."

EDWIN. And weave long grasses into lovers' knots.  
And wish the spell had power to silence

DEMON IN APRON.

"Pots!"

EDWIN. What varied dreams the vagrant fancy hatches,  
A playful Leda with her Jove-born

RAGGED OLD DEMON.

"Matches!"

EDWIN. She opes her treasure-cells, like Portia's caskets,  
And bids me choose her

DEMON WITH CART.

"Baskets, any baskets!"

EDWIN. Spangles the air with thousand colored silks,  
That float like clouds in dying sunset

OLD DEMON.

"Whilks!"

EDWIN. Garments which the fairies might make habits,  
When Oberon holds his court and

LAME DEMON.

"Ostend rabbits!"

EDWIN. Visions like those the Interpreter, of Bunyan's,  
Displayed to Mercy, and young Matthew.

DEMON WITH A STICK.

"Onions!"

EDWIN. And prompted glowing utterances, to their's kin,  
Who sang, when Earth was younger

DIRTY DEMON.

"Hareskin! hareskin!"

EDWIN. In thoughts so bright the aching sense they blind,  
In their own lustrous languor.

DEMON WITH WHEEL.

"Knives to grind!"

EDWIN. Though gone, the Deities that long ago  
Haunted Arcadia's perfumed meads

GRIM DEMON.

"Dust, Ho!"

EDWIN. Though from her radiant brow no Iris settles,  
Like some bright butterfly to

SWARTHY DEMON.

"Mend your kettles!"

EDWIN. Though sad and silent is the ancient seat,

Where Olympians raised their proud

DEMON WITH SKEWERS.

"Cat's me-e-et!"

EDWIN. There is a spell that none can chase away,  
From scenes once visited by

DEMON WITH ORGAN.

"Poor Dog Tray!"

EDWIN. There is a charm whose power must ever blend  
The past and present in its

DEMON WITH RUSHES.

"Chairs to mend!"

EDWIN. And still unbanished falters on the ear

DEMON WITH CAN.

"Any beer!"

EDWIN. Still Pan and Syrinx wander through the groves.  
Still Zephyr moves

SHE DEMON.

"Shavings for your Stoves!"

EDWIN. The spot God visited is sacred ground,  
And echo answers

SECOND DEMON WITH ORGAN.

"Bobbing all around."

EDWIN. Ay, and for ever, while this planet rolls  
To its sphere-music

DEMON WITH FISH.

"Mackerel or Soles!"

EDWIN. While crushed Enceladus in torment groans  
Beneath his Etna shrieking

LITTLE DEMON.

"Stones, hearthstones!"

EDWIN. While laves the tideless sea the glittering strand  
Of Grecia

THIRD DEMON WITH ORGAN.

"'Tis hard to give the hand!"

EDWIN. While as the cygnet nobly walks the water,  
So moves on earth the fair

FOURTH DEMON WITH ORGAN.

"Ratcatcher's Daughter!"

EDWIN. And the Acropolis reveals to man  
Thy stately loveliness

FIFTH DEMON WITH ORGAN.

"My Mary Ann!"

EDWIN. So long the Presence, yes, the *Mens Divina*  
That once inspired both

SIXTH DEMON WITH ORGAN.

"Villikins and his Dinah!"

EDWIN. Shall breathe o'er every land wheresoc'er the eye shoots  
Or ocean plays

SIX DIRTY GERMAN }  
DEMONS WITH BRASS. }

"The Overture to Freischutz."

[EDWIN goes mad

## THE FAIRY OAK.

AN IRISH LEGEND.



LOTH removed, dessert duly arranged, and——

\* \* \* \* \*

"By no means," replied our self-constituted host, "Mr. Sullivan has already assured us of your powers of narration; therefore, perhaps you will be good enough to open the entertainment."

"With all my heart. But what shall it be about?"

"Oh! something about Ireland. I love to hear stories of that delightful country," cried a young Parisian lady; "I have a cousin who resided there

for several years, and he assures me it is filled with fairies, and ghosts, and giants, and——"

"Well, I must admit," said Mr. Sullivan, "that we have strange people and things in that country; and as to the existence of fairies, there can be no denying the fact."

The midshipman began tittering.

"Aye, you may laugh, young sir. But if you lived in Ireland you would not be quite so sceptical. The fairies, or good people—providence preserve me from interfering with them—are indeed powerful, as Terence, alas, can tell you."

"The deuce a truer word you ever said," cried the Squire.

"Why, what can they have to do with you?" asked the old Indian.

"Sure, haven't you observed I was lame? and so indeed are both my brothers; one has a hump upon his back, and the other's all crooked sided."

"But what can this have to do with fairies?"

"Tell them, Terence dear, tell them how you became lame, and let it stand in place of a better story."

"I will that same, so here goes:

"You must know, my dear friends, that my brothers and myself were born with straight forms and athletic limbs, and were, I have every reason to believe, the pride of our parents and the admiration of the peasantry, who, in the south of Ireland, take as much interest in the 'children of the master' as in their own. And, as my father, commonly styled Sullivan, of Ballyleague Castle, in the county of Clare, was universally beloved—not only was our infant beauty widely,

but our subsequent misfortune generally known throughout all Munster. You must know, too, that my father, in his younger days, served in the cavalry, and consequently, was little in Ireland; indeed, like many more of our countrymen, he affected to despise its rusticity, and joined in the favorite observation of many, who, on beholding anything very awkward or ridiculous, are apt to exclaim, 'How very Irish!' Well, gentlemen, you may naturally suppose, that with these ideas he was delighted to marry an English woman—the daughter of a Devonshire baronet—who professed a perfect horror of the Green Isle, and naïvely believed that the lower orders were caught in a wild state, and required considerable tuition before they could be broken into civilized life. These fancies greatly delighted my father, and he felt justly proud of his dear English wife's prejudices. Except as a matter of jest, the name of Ireland was never mentioned—nor its green acres ever thought of, save as a colonial possession, whence the revenues of the happy pair were to be drawn; thus for the first six months of their marriage, the idea of visiting their Irish estates was unthought of by either of my parents. At the end of that period, it was one morning announced to my father, that his bride was in that happy state in which those joy to be 'who love their lords.' From this moment his views seemed changed. Ireland rose up in his mind's eye—not only as the cherished scene of his youth, but as the necessary cradle of his future heir; and after much consultation—after considerable remonstrance on the part of his lady wife—she was at length forced to yield the point. It was determined that the blood of our ancestors required the future heir of the old house to be first introduced into the world on his own lands, and amidst his own vassals.

"My father was an energetic and determined man; so, in one month more, blazing tar-barrels proclaimed through our estate, that the welcome master had returned.

"But if the arrival of their long absent lord filled the breasts of his tenantry with joy, how shall I describe their enthusiasm when they beheld him accompanied by one of the fairest creatures in creation, and learnt from his own mouth that she was about to give birth to an heir—a ra'al Sullivan—one of the old stock—to be born and bred in the old castle—in the old chamber—where their hereditary lords had been ushered into the world for the last three hundred years. Faith, gentlemen, an Irish landlord can alone conceive the sympathetic joy of an Irish peasant on such an occasion.

"The warm '*Cead mille failthea*' of her people failed, however, in melting the strongly prejudiced heart of my excellent mother, who still

refused to believe that our countrymen were a single degree more civilized than the Red Indians of America, or the wild inhabitants of Timbuctoo. She consequently became melancholy and reserved, and loved to show her superior mind by checking what she conceived to be the absurd superstitions 'of a savage nation.'

"If you have resided any time in Ireland, it will scarcely be necessary to tell you that there is always one favored female retainer (generally the foster mother of her husband) who attaches herself to the lady of the estate, and that this personage looks upon herself as privileged—more particularly in the matter of gossip. Now, in our family, old Norah O'Donnell filled this envied post, and failed not to recount with pride all the strange legends which she thought would please her mistress, as well as all the little gossipings and goings on, which might serve to cheer her somewhat sinking spirits.



"Her tales of banshees, spirits, and fairies, my revered parent treated with the utmost scorn, and often and often would old

Nora stop her ears, as my mother boldly defied their power. But when she desired an old riven oak to be cut down—an oak in which

the good people (fairies) loved to assemble—because it impeded some favorite view, the poor old woman almost went mad, and she vainly implored her mistress, as she valued her peace, to spare a tree whose destruction would enrage every Luprechan in the country. Besides, there was an old saying, a sort of prophecy about it. What its meaning was, Norah could not pretend to say, but it ran thus:—

‘All three  
Shall pay for the tree:’

and if this haunt of the good people was destroyed, there was no saying what might be the consequences.

“These seemingly foolish remonstrances only made my mother more obstinate—more determined to show her contempt for the ridiculous belief in spirits so prevalent in Ireland, so, as my father was away, in spite of every entreaty, the fairy Oak was cut down.

“The next morning, news was brought that my father had broken his arm in Dublin. This was looked upon as a just punishment on the obstinate Englishwoman. In the evening there was a grave consultation amongst the servants, respecting the meaning of the old legend—

‘All three  
Shall pay for the tree.’

Alas! their forebodings told them something dreadful was sure to happen.

“About this time several of the cattle died, and the oldest woman in the parish declared that the good people had in many instances shown their grief and anger at the loss of their favorite resort, but in all else things went on as smoothly as ever; and when the lady of the castle was safely delivered of a fine, well-proportioned, bouncing boy (you may stare, but I was so), the superstitious retainers were fain to confess, that their fears were happily unfounded, and that the fairies, for once, had withheld their revenge.

“My mother was now most anxious to return to England, but pecuniary means, I believe, induced my father to oppose her desire, and they agreed, though sorely against the will of the former, to remain three years longer in Ireland, at the expiration of which time she was to return again to her native isle, with a solemn assurance that she should be no more asked to visit this land of poverty and superstition.

“I will not detain you by telling you how my parent passed these dull years of her existence. Suffice it to say she became the mother of

two more boys, and in the pride of maternity (for we were indeed a beautiful group to look upon) she became more reconciled to poor Ireland. Norah, however, always shook her head and looked solemn, to the great amusement of her mistress, who laughed at her fears and defied the resentment of the 'good people.'

"My brothers and myself all slept together in a very large old crimson curtained bed, the same bed in which the heirs to our house had been born for several centuries back—the same bed which I'll show you whenever you'll do me the honor of visiting Ballyleague Castle.

"Well, my friends, this bed is not only ample in its size as a bed of rest, but is remarkably high, so high that the four pillars which support the draperies reach within a single inch of the ceiling; the consequence is, that a man can with difficulty insert his hand between the top of the bed and the ceiling of the room.

"One night, it appears, we were all put to rest in high spirits and health, and nursed to sleep by the Irish snatches which Norah loved to sing. Her charges thus disposed of, the worthy nurse went down, as was her usual wont, to have a gossip in the servants' hall, entirely forgetting (as she has since assured me) that this was the third anniversary of the destruction of the Fairy Oak.

"In about an hour or perhaps a little more, old Norah again returned up-stairs to renew her vigil beside our couch—but who shall paint her terror, her dismay, on finding that couch deserted. For a moment she looked about, but seeing no traces of the children she had left, she made up her mind that the 'English lady,' as my mother was always called, had stolen away the children in order to punish her truancy and prove her carelessness to my father on his return.

"Full of this idea she rushed to my mother's room, but her worst fears were only met with equal alarm, and, accompanied by my distracted parent, she re-entered the nursery, to commence a vain search which lasted for several hours, but without the slightest result—the whole house was ransacked, the park was searched, rewards were offered, threats held out, but still the children could not be found.

"Unable to stray, from our extreme youth, it was evident we had been abducted. My poor mother, half mad with anxiety, tore her hair, and vowed it was done by some expectant heir or some savage retainer; Norah rocked herself to and fro in the corner, waving her hands up and down; she continued to utter prayers for our safety, and curses on our abductor. At length, however, as if struck by some sudden thought, her whole manner changed in an instant, and crying out loudly 'it is the good people,' rushed out to the spot where their oak once stood.



"Here those that followed her perceived that the grass had lately been much disturbed, and several wild flowers lay about as if recently plucked from their parent stem; little patches here and there showed the print of the most tiny footsteps, and Norah to this hour swears she heard the fairies laughing and singing in some of the bushes which grew around, as if in mockery of her anguish. No traces, however, of the missing children could be found, and the miserable group returned to the Castle.

"It was fully one o'clock in the morning when my mother threw herself distractedly on the bed so lately occupied by her loved treasures, and her self-reproached nurse cast herself beside it to weep in expiation of her culpable neglect.

"An hour had thus passed, when the avenue bell announced the return of my father. What agony did this sound not bring to the bosom of his wife—how could she meet him with such a tale? How should she reveal to a fond and doating parent, that all his hopes were blighted—his children all swept away at one fell swoop? Death indeed at that moment would have been a welcome guest both to the mistress and the maid.

"At this instant of agony, when my poor mother, trembling, listened for my father's approaching footstep, a low sound broke upon her ear, and with a scream of mingled anguish and delight, she recognised the plaintive cry of one of her children. Norah, as frantic as herself, heard the loved tones, and with maddened eagerness they both now resumed their search.

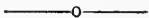
"The wailing became louder, and they at once perceived that the sounds proceeded from the top of the bed; they felt with their hands the linen tester or top—and, O joy unutterable!—joy too great to bear—they distinctly traced the forms of myself and brothers, and with a cry of gladness flew towards the door as my father entered.

"A few moments explained to him the whole case.

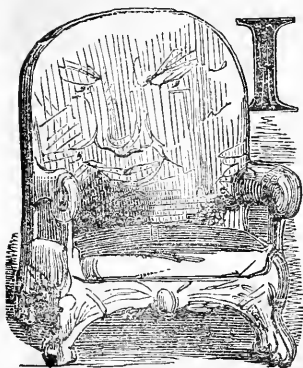
"But now came the mystery—the problem which must for ever remain unsolved—how could the babies have got there? That they had been placed there, was evident; yet the bed-frame had been undisturbed, and, as I said before, the solid cornice reached within one inch of the no less solid ceiling; yet such was the fact, which thousands can avouch.

"The question was now how to extricate us from our strange position—to take down the bed, or cut through the superior floor, would have been a work of time. Norah suggested the best means; she rushed to a work-box, and, snatching a pair of scissors, divided the linen roof of the bed in the centre; we fell one by one, apparently uninjured, into the fond arms of our doating, our delighted parents.

"But, ladies and gentlemen," added Sullivan, in a grave tone, "their joy was of short duration; we were at that instant, as you now see us, cripples of various forms. From that moment to the present hour the three sons of the House of Sullivan have been objects of deformity. Our parents quitted this country, never to return; and only five years ago poor old Norah expired, affirming with her last breath her conviction that we were thus punished by the good people for the offence our mother was guilty of in cutting down 'The Fairy Oak.'"



### TAKING THE CHAIR.



I THOUGHT it an important and honorable thing when, as a Committee-man of the Saint Nicodemus Literary, Scientific, Botanical, Geological and Carpenters' Institution, I was, for the first time, appointed to take the chair during a lecture. I arrayed myself for the occasion with unusual elegance, and exhibited once more to public admiration my best white satin waistcoat, my favorite studs of blue turquoise (on a semi-globular base, as a mathematical friend happily designated them), and a pair of unexceptionable dress boots. Possibly some of my readers may remember the costume. It was that in which I made so decided an impression in the part of Cassius (*vide* "Quarrel scene," Julius Cæsar—Shakespeare) on the occasion of our last Elocutionary Entertainment, for a detailed account of which see the *Saint Nicodemus Trumpeter*, No. 1—but I need scarcely state the number, as No. 2 did not come out, in consequence of a difficulty.

My general appearance, as I surveyed myself in the glass before starting, gave me intense satisfaction. Moreover, on that auspicious evening, the pretty and accomplished Emmy Wright had yielded to my importunities to allow me to escort her to the lecture; and I anticipated great and permanent advantages from the exalted position in which she would there behold me.

When the hour arrived, it was not without some feeling of justifiable pride that I handed, with many bows and smiles, my fair charge to a conspicuous seat on the platform. Then after vanishing for one moment from the public gaze, I reappeared, introducing Crapely Deadman, Esq. (a dismal-looking man in a snuffy coat and green spectacles) to deliver a lecture on "WOMAN; her Influence and Duties, with a Glance at her Position during the Middle Ages." On taking my seat I endeavored to assume a graceful position in the chair, which I found a few sizes too large for a person of my limited stature. When I reclined against the back cushions, my boots hung dangling several inches (a punster would say two feet) from the ground. If I placed them nicely on the floor, I could but just reach the back with my occiput, which, as the scientific reader may properly be aware, is situate at the hinder portion of my head. In divers experiments of this nature, the first half-hour passed pleasantly enough.



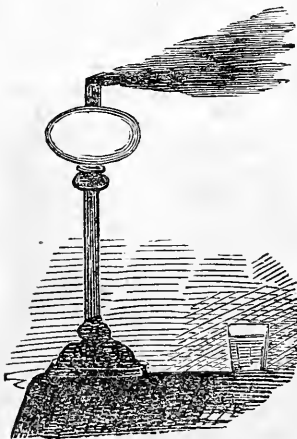
After that I condescended to listen for a brief space to the lecturer, whom I soon discovered to be a very tedious, not to say a very stupid man. I assented, however, to his platitudes by a patronising nod whenever he finished a sentence—which was not often, as he had a way of talking in parentheses, one inside the other, like the celebrated

Chinese puzzles of hollow balls.



I soon saw the audience one by one effecting their retreat under cover of feeble bursts of applause, got up for the purpose. I saw Biddles leave, making hideous grimaces at me, deriding my inability to follow him. I saw fat Mrs. Fubbs arrange herself for a comfortable nap, and Potter and Pipes pairing off (arm-in-arm) on the Malt Question. But oh! worst of all! I saw my detested rival, Jack Stanley, enter in a shooting coat, and occupy the vacant seat next to Emmy Wright, to whom he evidently soon made himself agreeable by sarcastic reflections on the lecturer and on myself. Meanwhile, in my lonely chair I felt as isolated as Robinson Crusoe, and as conscious, yet powerless, as a disembodied spirit. But none of this was remarked by the lecturer, who, like many other equally profound philosophers, was perfectly ignorant of all that passed immediately under his nose. He continued his monotonous discourse in a strain of dulness which appeared interminable.

Ten o'clock came. But, as an abler writer than myself (I allude to Shakspeare) would have expressed it: "What's ten o'clock to him—or he to ten o'clock?"



One of the camphene lamps on the table went out, and emitted noisome effluvia. Next, out went the other. Deadman, Esq., cared no more for their extinction than he did for that of the tribe of Megalosauri, respecting which exciting historical incident Doddle Winksby, Esq., delivered such an admirable lecture last Thursday fortnight.

A boy in the gallery dropped his cap into the pit. Some one from below walked out with it to restore it; and a committee man, apparently in a furious passion, rushed out as if to castigate the boy for

the interruption; the boy went down the stairs to recover his cap—and not one of the three ever returned.

Mrs. Fubbs was at this time a conspicuous object from the platform, having fallen asleep with her forehead across the back of the seat in front of her. She was performing a bass accompaniment to the lecture by a series of awful nasal sounds which it would have been base flattery to call mere snoring.

A few minutes more, and I saw the fascinating Emmy rise to depart, followed by Stanley, who tendered his arm, which was accepted. Ye Gods! Yet there I sat, as the poet has beautifully expressed it, "like patience on," &c. (Shakspeare.)

The lecture terminated shortly after eleven. I rushed from the building ("Adieu, thou dreary pile!") in a frame of mind in which I might have furnished a picture of despair; and next discovered that it was raining in torrents, that I had no umbrella, and that my fair false friend and her companion had taken advantage of the cab I had ordered at ten precisely. I hurried under a neighboring archway, and there occupied myself some minutes with bitter reflections upon the lecturer's dullness, and my own stupidity in taking the chair. Here I discovered that my waistcoat was spoiled by the rain, and my boots soaked through.

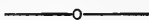
As I stood there, damp, shivering, and miserable, a horrid form approached—'Twas he! All my sufferings passed at once with redoubled intensity across my fevered brain, and one desperate idea thrilled my soul. I confess my crime. It was base, wicked, and cruel, I know, to carry out that fearful thought. But it would not be banished. A thousand demons seemed to prompt me to revenge, and to hiss, in "still small voices," "You must do it—now is your time—you must bonnet Crapely Deadman, Esq.!"

I rushed forward madly. The palm of my open hand descended on the crown of the hat of that innocent yet dreary man, like the lightning upon the forest oak. The

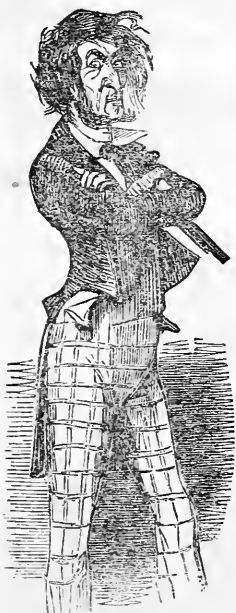


brim of his hat descended instantly to his shoulders; while his great green spectacles, falling jingling from his nose, dashed into atoms on the sloppy pavement. He struggled wildly for a second; and then, clasping his hands, fell on his knees before a post, and in frantic accents beseeched it to take his money and spare his life. I was cut to the heart.

I heard him afterwards faintly shouting "Police," until his voice was lost in the distance as I hurried home. But as I never heard more of my midnight adventure, I presume he did not recognise, in the drenched buttoned-up figure who attacked him, the once elegant Chairman for the Evening.



### MY LUCK.



I know that I am celebrated! I do not blush to confess it. It's not my fault—I cannot help it! I am perfectly aware that I am chronicled in story, invoked in song, and immortalized in comedy. I know you have heard of me ten thousand times;—but I am not to blame—"It's *my* luck!"

There never lived a man who naturally and instinctively shrunk from fame with so much sensitiveness as myself—yet thus I have had it thrust upon me. I can only repeat—"It's my infernal luck!"

I cannot endure this state of things any longer. I must "burst out" in regard to my sufferings—there must be something done, or I shall certainly go mad.

I'll call a public meeting—I'll appeal to the Legislature—I'll change my name—I'll get a divorce from this cursed fate that follows me.

I know I'm excited; I feel it. But, confound it! what else can you expect? Indeed I need your indulgence—I want your sympathy. *Sympathy*? Why, I never

met with such a thing in my life, except from one individual, and he died the next day.

But it is not sufficient that I am miserable. I am not allowed to luxuriate quietly in my own wretchedness, and wrap my miseries around me, as they were widow's weeds. My woes are dragged before the public: my own private sorrows are made the theme of general mirth. My agonies are considered to be most laughable comic-alities. I have myself seen a thousand people grinning, hyena-like, over the wretchedness of Guy Goodluck, as portrayed by some inhuman wretch of a comedian. That diabolical farce, that identical petite comedy, is the veritable transcript of a few brief pages, extracted at random from the record of *my* life. I was the victim of the machinations of that "d—d, infernal, diabolical John Jones!" I am "that rash and most unfortunate man," therein styled, with facetious bitterness, Guy *Goodluck*.

Sir, I have expressed a wish to draw upon your sympathy; and I wish to convince you that I need and deserve it. If the narrative which I hereto append does not serve as a letter of credit authorizing an unlimited draft;—if your ear, open to others, should be deaf to me, I can only repeat, that—"It's my luck."

A few years since, I commenced a tour through the States, and it is to the incidents of that tour that I would ask your attention; firmly convinced, that when you have perused the painful history, you will unhesitatingly accord to me that distinctive appellation.—"*The unfortunate man.*"

I left New York for Charleston, South Carolina, in a vessel recommended as a fast-sailer, on a Friday, in preference to waiting until the following Monday for the steam-packet. This ship's voyages, for three years previous, had averaged something less than *five days*; but I was on board, *my* interests were involved, and the vessel was driven off the coast by a tremendous gale: thus five weeks elapsed before we reached Charleston, minus the mizen-mast and foretop-mast, and in a state of incipient starvation:—

"Just my luck!"

Leaving Charleston in a week, I took the morning railroad train for Augusta, Georgia. Should have been in Augusta between four and five o'clock P.M. Locomotive broke down, obliging us to walk five miles in a drenching rain; and we did not arrive until two the next morning. Hotels all closed; no beds, except "the soft side of a plank" at the dépôt.

Next day made my way to a hotel. The weather being fine and

warm, they gave me a room without any fire-place, and looking due north through three large windows. That afternoon an influx of travellers filled the house, so that they had not a square inch of room to spare—and *then* the weather changed! The next three were the only really cold days that had visited Augusta in five years.

Of course I took a cold that stuck by me for the next six months:—

“Just my luck!”

Left Augusta in the stage-coach for Florida, at seven o'clock, on as fine an evening as ever was seen. Before ten, there came down such a rain as had not been seen since the days of the patriarch Noah; in the midst of which the coach capsized in the woods, and we spent nearly the whole remainder of the night *al fresco*, in getting again under way. Rode in wet garments till breakfast time, and then, it being late, no time was allowed to change them, but we were obliged to ride on undried; in a predicament, and undergoing a process of evaporation, only to be appreciated by a victim of Priesnitz. Pushed on all that day and another night, without any respite; came to a river, (the Ogeechee,) where, for twenty years, there had been a bridge strong enough to withstand all freshets; but as *I* wanted to cross it, it had been washed away during the previous night. After some delay, we put ourselves into a crazy concern of a flat-boat, and crossed, coach and all. In the course of this operation my hat was knocked overboard and lost, and I was compelled to perform the remainder of my journey in a night-cap. At length we reached the Chatahoochie river, on the confines of Florida; a steamboat had passed half an hour before our arrival, and no other expected for a week. Before the week expired, the river had fallen so low as not to be navigable.

“Just my luck!”

Took land conveyance for Pensacola in Florida; went about forty miles, and was obliged to turn back by a sudden outbreak of the Indians. Circumstances, growing out of this cause, increased the term of additional detention to about three weeks. Reached Mobile *eventually*, though every ten miles of the way had required from me about three hours more for their accomplishment than they would from any one else. Two steam-boats left Mobile for New Orleans at the same hour: I embarked on board the *fastest*; sure to arrive two hours sooner than the other. Our engine got out of order, and the *slow* boat beat us by half-a-day. I had a wager pending with a fellow-passenger, that we should beat *her* by an hour!



Went to a hotel in New Orleans. Crowded—but could give *me* a fine room; the only objection being, that the key was lost:—that, however, should be replaced in the morning. Spent the evening very pleasantly; retired, for once in my life, in high spirits. Awoke the next morning, minus a pair of inexpressibles and all my cash—

“Just my luck!”

Having, by some unusual conjunction of fortunate circumstances, letters of credit, and not having happened to lose *them*, I succeeded in reclothing my nether limbs and relining my pockets;—and, in a state bordering on frenzy, I rushed on board a steam-boat bound up the Mississippi.

That boat was the ill-fated *Oronoco*!

After enduring all the horrors of the scene of death consequent upon the fearful explosion on board that “ill-starred, perfidious bark,” I escaped from her at Vicksburgh, landed, and went to the principal hotel. That very night, “the great fire” broke out, consuming the whole square on which the hotel stood. I escaped, with the loss of all my baggage. Owing to exposure, fright, and fatigue, I was attacked the next day with a bilious fever, which kept me a prisoner for six weeks!—

“Just my luck!”

The fever finally “evacuated;” and salivated, scorched, and worn to a skeleton—more dead than alive—I started for the Red River, in the vain hope that on the extreme verge of civilization my infernal “luck” might desert me. ’Twas a vain attempt! After that “jumping-off-place of all creation,” *Shreveport*, was left behind us, (being more than six hundred miles up that wild stream, the Red River,) and just as I began to indulge the fondest anticipations, the boat struck a snag in “the great raft,” and sunk in twenty minutes.

There being no other steam-boat at that time up the river, we were obliged to take small boats and go down, drifting with the current by day, and sleeping on shore (with the snakes, alligators, and mosquitoes) by night. Arrived, after a week of this tedious voyaging, at Natchitoches, and there got on board a small steam-boat, and continued our downward course. The river being at flood, the boat ran into the woods and knocked down both her chimneys. They fell overboard and sunk! We lay by for a day, and built *wooden chimneys* out of some planks which were found piled on the shore. Thought them rather combustib<sup>l</sup>: but the captain had used similar ones frequently with per-

fect success. So we started; ran merrily for about ten miles. Why not twenty or fifty? *I* was on board. The confounded chimneys took fire and were consumed, the boat herself having a narrow escape!

"Just my luck!"

By some means or other, I hardly know what, I reached Cincinnati, Ohio. Met there an old friend; one of my few real friends. "After all my troubles and torments," thought I, "this is one happiness beyond the reach of fate:"—but he was going to New Orleans the same day!—This, however, I made the best of. He had taken passage in a beautiful, new boat. This was to be her first trip; and, willing to give the citizens a treat, her captain invited the friends of the passengers to remain on board, and he would run two or three miles up the river, and land them as he again passed the pier on his way down. We remained on board. *I* remained. The boat ran two or three miles up the stream, turned, and when nearly at the wharf again a fearful explosion was heard:—the shattered fragments of the *MOSELLE* were scattered upon the stream and shores of the Ohio.

My woes were not to end thus. Happening to *wish* to be killed, such an event was an impossibility. I was rescued from the water perfectly uninjured.

"Just my luck!"

Some time elapsed. I went to Canada. I joined the "patriots." Now, thought I, linked with men as desperate as myself, I may at least bring my sorrows to a speedy termination. Everything worked in unison with my hopes. I was taken prisoner, in arms! I was tried at London, Upper Canada, and sentenced to be hanged! The day arrived; I stood upon the scaffold; the fatal noose was placed around my neck; already I seemed to have advanced one step into the other world. Just as I was expecting the irrevocable signal for the executioner to launch me forth, a reprieve arrived from Sir George Arthur! This was followed by a free pardon! My happiness in prospect of the close of my career was considered proof positive of insanity. Some persons curious in monomania had obtained my release!

I was sent out of the province, of course. I took the stage for Detroit, Michigan. The stage proprietors were in the habit of shortening their route some seventy miles, by traversing the ice on Saint Clair. We took the same course in the present instance. A strong north-west gale came on, and the ice began to break up. We were obliged to make for the shore with all our speed, and eventually to

abandon the horses and coach, and clamber over the broken ice to the land. Two fellow passengers were drowned. My perfect indifference preserved me, and I landed in safety.

I arrived at Detroit. Some prospect existing of disturbance on the frontier, I enlisted in the United States' army. I wanted to be *shot*,—instead of which I froze my toes and received a flogging for sleeping while on sentry duty. I never *can* sleep. Not even a stage-coach or railway car. Never could—always, under all circumstances, restless and wakeful. It was essential for me to keep awake, and, of course, I went to sleep like a *hog*! I got flogged—I, for *sleeping*!

A fellow-soldier committed a contemptible piece of petty larceny. I was convicted of the deed, flogged again, and drummed out of my regiment!—

“Just my luck!”

I came again to New York. Eventually I determined to commit suicide. I bought a pistol. I loaded it. I went to my room and put it to my head,—*as I thought!* I did nothing of the sort! I missed my mark by six inches, and utterly demolished a very expensive mantel-clock, an heir-loom in my landlady's family.

“Just my luck!”

It is cold,—you know it is cold,—infernally cold! Many instances have occurred of people being killed by a mere plunge into the river in such weather. I rushed to the wharf—I plunged into the water. “Now,” exclaimed I triumphantly, “save me who can!”

A venerable watchman, who ought to have been fast asleep, (and had been so at the same hour from time immemorial,) saw me,—had me picked up!

I was floating on a cake of ice,—had been in the water for half-an-hour. I ought to have been dead some minutes before I was taken out. Any other man would have died twice in the same time. Never better in the whole course of my life than I was the next morning.

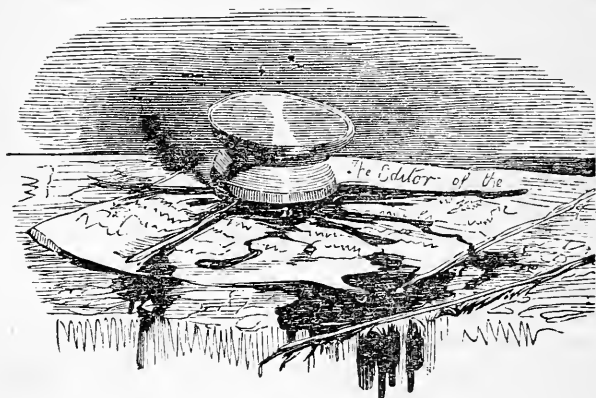
“Just my luck!”

I have been writing these painful details from an inkstand as big as a half-bushel, with a base as broad as that of Mount Atlas;—never was known to capsize; a twenty foot lever could not upset it, though the fate of nations depended upon the accomplishment of such a result. I barely caught the tip of my pen in it, and it was hurled bottom upwards upon my manuscript, burying it beneath an ocean, a cataclysm of ink.

My hands are covered with it! My lap is deluged! My paper, my desk, my handkerchief, my carpet, are all of a hue as dark as my destiny!

"It's just my luck!"

Kix.



### OUR LITTLE TODDLEKENS.



I AM tired of books and of reading; type has no charms in my eyes; many volumes are a weariness to the flesh: read, read, read,—ah, me! Old Michel de Montaigne was right, when, among vows of abstinence, he also placed abstinence from *knowledge*. "I have sometimes," says that wise man, "taken a pleasure in seeing those who, from devotion, have made a vow to be *ignorant* as well as chaste, poor, and penitent; for by that vow we chastise a disordered appetite, and by restraining a greediness which pricks us on to continual book-reading, depriving the soul of a voluptuous conceit, which flatters us

under the guise of knowledge, by doing thus we richly fulfil the vow of poverty, since we join to it that of humility of mind.

Ah! true indeed, old thinker! We studious book-men rail at the man who heaps up riches, and yet ourselves we strive to pile up a quantity of vain knowledge; there is a greediness of learning as well as a greediness of gold. Yes, *we* revel in intemperance, we do not give ourselves time to think; in learning also, after a certain time in life, a total abstinence vow should be taken, a Maine Law, a teetotal despotism might be passed and organized.

So, good-bye books for to-night. Here is my wife looking daggers at me because I will not talk to her; here is Dick wanting to show me a wonderful machine made of three pieces of firewood, an old pill box, and a wheel from the bottom of a wooden horse, a cotton reel, and some twine. Dick is always making those machines, of a most useless and absurd character, but yet he is pleased and busy; he proposes to fill the pillbox with water for some impossible project, which will end in soaking his pinafore. Happy Dick, there are some machinists in the big world not yet opened to you whose projections are quite as absurd.

I turn away from Dick, however, to little Toddlekens. Little Toddlekens is just five years old. In another week, to use the phrase of my friend the groom, she will be "rising six." She is bright-eyed, with a fair face, and such a white and red skin as no lady in the land—not even Phillis at eighteen can boast. It is a pleasure to kiss her. Being a married man, I cannot say that it would be so to kiss Phillis, although some young bucks would be ready to jump out of their skin to do so. I had rather kiss Toddlekens. She is so pretty. Like Fielding's "Amelia," she has the prettiest nose in the world, but unlike that heroine, she has not yet broken it. She has a little mouth and lips, that would beat those of Phillis by an inch; clear open eyes, so deep and innocent, that I sometimes look abashed before them, and a complexion, which would send Rowland into hysterics. Such is Toddlekens!

She is receiving company. The latter consists of a very wooden Dutch doll, a waxen-faced ditto; Mr. Noah (of the Ark), an elephant who has left his trunk behind him; a papier-maché donkey, who in his youth used to wag what he has lost—his head, and a miserable kitten, which has not spirit to run away. The "company" sit round Toddlekens and her tea tray, and she now pours out a curious mixture of weak tea, milk, and dirt. Her tea service is of wood, and the tea-pot, I must confess, hath not a practicable spout, but what of that? The Dutch doll, an ugly brute, with a face as flat as that of a clock, without a nose, and with no hair on its head, is the favorite. Why it is so, I do not know;

*I* hate it myself. It nearly threw me down stairs once. It is not half so handsome as the wax doll, nor on the whole, so lively as Noah; nor so curious as the elephant; and yet she loves it. She bows down to it, and worships it, and sets it in the place of honor, gives it the best things,—it has the coffee pot with a wooden spout to drink tea from—and favors it in a thousand odd ways, a stupid wooden thing! Why does she do so? But, ah me! why do I and you, reader, bow down to our Dutch dolls? We have some very wooden ones in the great world, and give them more valuable things than toy coffee pots to play with?

There is one thing about this young lady's method of treating her company which is certainly curious. She drinks her own tea and then absorbs that of her guests; none of them object to this proceeding, the kitten looks sulky certainly, and Mr. Noah, who lies in a helpless state of inanity, not intoxication, looks up I fancy indignantly. There, now: she has emptied the coffee pot. Hallo! now the tea pot is no longer full; bless the child, she will hurt herself.

Tea! so it is. Was ever such eagerness displayed for a meal, unless, indeed, by the passengers of the wreck *Medusa*, or by City Aldermen for turtle. Toddlekens, throned in a high chair, awaits with much anxiety for her portion of the cheering draught, and the philosopher Dick, all thoughts of mechanics thrown aside, occupies himself with thick bread and butter. Averse as the larger persons naturally are to anybody (but themselves) talking during the meal, and at the risk of choking herself, the heroine of this sketch yet manages to edge in a word or two. She informs Dick, that being out to-day she saw a little girl who—but bless us, how can we follow the interminable rigmarole of Toddlekens' story; it has, Heaven forgive her! the germs of scandal in it already. It relates to a certain Fanny Fisher, who had her mamma's veil on, and who was not so nicely dressed as you know who. The natural philosopher listens with scorn in his eye, and bread and butter in his mouth. He is eager to tell a wondrous tale himself. He knows something about school, and has a cut and dried story of certain schoolfellows, whose Christian and surnames he serves up in a hash. There are Ebenezer Golding, and John, and Tom, and Ferguson, Alexander, Jones, and Adam, and a certain boy who can't write well, and one who is absolutely more than six, and yet cannot get through the alphabet. At this flood of learning Toddlekens is as much abashed, as a plain school man is before a flourishing university gent., with B. A. after his name: and she holds her tongue. Taking advantage of this armistice, the larger powers interfere, and tea is performed in peace.

What does little Toddlekens do after?

What! Why even Toddlekens is tired now, and she runs to her big



playfellow, and prefers a request that I would tell her a story. One cannot deny the small solieitrix, and she climbs upon my knees anxious for the fiction. But first she shall name the story. I am myself, I say it modestly, a master of children's stories. I think I can beat Jack the Giant Killer, or Hickathrift, or indeed many of those time-honored fictions. At any rate, I have a kindly audience, who prefer my inventions to those of the illustrious authors of the tales mentioned.

Toddlekens, aided by the memory of the philosopher Dick, chooses her story deliberately. She will not have "Pell Bones," because it consists of the history of a little boy, who, having blacked his face, is stolen by a negro melodist, and cruelly used. "Pell Bones" contains pathos, and makes her sad; nay, nor "Meddling Margery;" but after due care in so weighty a suit, she selects the adventures of "Tom Drum."

Now Tom Drum's is a long story. Having been presented with a military and musical (?) instrument bearing his own name, he behaves selfishly in insisting upon letting no one but himself play it, and goes through a variety of adventures which bring about his punishment. Thus it is I preserve a poetic justice, and whilst pointing Tom Drum's moral, take care also to adorn his tale. Although little Toddlekens and the philosopher have heard this tale so often, that they can, and do, prompt me in every part, and are as anxious as a Punch and Judy audience, that none of the usual *dramatis personæ* should be omitted, yet they wish it to be told "all over again." Oh, blessed freshness of young mental digestions! Oh, that I too had a Tom Drum story which I could read and re-read. I confess that many masterpieces, once eagerly perused, have now a soporific effect upon me. I tried indeed but the other day to re-read the virtuous Pamela, but I slept instead; so it is with Bore's novels and Jawaway's divinity. There are one or two books ever new: and one, reader, which, if we strive to be as little children, we shall never lose our taste for.

But Toddlekens' mother intimates that it is time for bed, and after as tender a leave-taking as such an awful separation requires, the young lady and gentleman are removed; Mary Anne is the inexorable fate which bears them off; they are as unwilling to lay down toy and story and go to bed, as we are to leave property and ambition and go to sleep. The mother, to soothe this separation and to see her treasures where they should be, departs with them, and in a short time I can hear, through the half opened door, that prayer which becomes the child's lips, as well as graces the tongue of the philosopher, and then "God bless papa and mamma, and make us a good girl and boy." Amen to that, indeed, amen. A moment more, and Toddlekens is asleep.

After time not uselessly spent let me return again, and now unwearyedly, to books. I may see with a brightened mind some new idea in Plato, or I may perceive a latent meaning which I missed before, taught by some hint gathered from a little child. Who knows? The mind, indeed, is fresher from its rest, and I again go on spinning the cocoon which must exhaust the grub at last, whilst Toddlekens and the philosopher—fast asleep—hasten as quickly as their rapid pulse beats can bear them to that time when they shall look down upon things as small as they are now, and, perhaps, meditate as I do.



## THE LOST HUSBAND; AN IRISH STORY.



MARY Muldoon was an Irish  
girl,  
And as fine a one  
As you'd look upon  
In the cot of a peasant or  
hall of an earl.  
Her teeth were white, but  
not of pearl;  
And dark was her hair, but  
it did not curl;  
Yet few who gazed on her  
teeth and her hair,  
But owned that a "power"  
of beauty was there,  
Which would make a man,  
whether he would or  
not, stare,

Till a longing would come, and a longing so "quare,"  
To touch either or both—if he only dare.

Now many and many a rattling gossoon,  
When this longing had tickled his heart into tune,  
Had thrown his right wing around Mary Muldoon,  
But for *that* in her eye,  
Which made most of them shy,  
And look so ashamed, though they couldn't tell why.

It wasn't a frown, nor was it a leer,  
Nor the stony stare  
That some great folk wear,

When they wish by their looks their own pomp to declare—  
Though her glance had such power,  
'Twas not "hatchet" or sour,

Nor the terrible glare of a spinster austere.

'Twas a piercing look, though mild the orb  
From which the rays that made it flowed,  
You'd swear it was such as would quite absorb

Whatever of thought in your own abode.

Her eyes were large, and dark, and clear,  
And *heart* and *mind* seemed in them blended;

If *intellect* sent you one look severe,  
*Love* instantly leaped in the next to mend it.  
 Her's was the eye to check the rude,  
 And her's the eye to stir emotion,  
 To move the sense, yet make you good,  
 And calm desire into devotion.

As the boys after supper would sit by her side,  
 And gaze on her neck,  
 Without freckle or speck,  
 Whose white not the dust of a cabin could fleck;  
 And her glossy black hair—  
 Sure the like of it wasn't from Cork to Kildare—  
 That flowed to her own purty shoulders in pride.  
 Each felt—such a what! sure he couldn't quite say,  
 But each felt he was just in a terrible way  
 Of stealing a kiss if the rest were away.  
 But many were there,  
 And great was their fun;  
 So nobody dare  
 Steal a kiss—not one.

Stories, humor, jest, and glee,  
 Circled round right merrily;  
 And the joyous Irish heart  
 Turned up its brightest part,  
 And the merry Irish eye  
 Looked more wit than gold could buy;  
 And each roguish rival strove  
 By his wit to win his love,  
 While the baffled strove to screen  
 Bile, by smoking his "dudeen."  
 Now, though each had a jest or a story to tell  
 For the company's sake and the good of them all,  
 I'm sure each had a glance to bestow, too, as well;  
 And that glance wasn't spent on the boys or the wall.  
 'Twas given on the sly  
 To as bright a black eye  
 As e'er vollied its lustre to humble or high  
 And was met by that eye  
 With a beam which not I,  
 If sworn against love, would be willing to try:  
 And it *was* such a look.

So full and so sweet,  
 That one's heart-strings would beat  
 Till one's brain in a heat  
 Wouldn't deem't indiscreet  
 To fall down at her feet,  
 On the dirtiest day in the dirtiest street,  
 One's very frame shook  
 When *her* eye did open and *his* did see't.

What marvel if beauty like this would arouse  
 The electric in hearts that are always on fire?  
 The broad breast of earth in the summer avows  
 To bright Heaven the sweets that its shining inspire.

Now more than one  
 Felt his heart thump on,  
 Till himself grew as weak as a "barley scon,"  
 Whilst one or two more  
 Tried their toes on the floor,  
 Till themselves and the company fell in a roar;  
 And each felt his spirit as light and as bright,  
 And as full of delight  
 As a fairy or sprite  
 Upon Auld Hallow's night;  
 Or to quote Paddy just in his own native phrase, he  
 Felt his whole soul quite as gay as a daisy.  
 But if any would prove in his gladness unwary,  
 And made rather free with the sweet colleen **Mary**,  
 One full look of her eye  
 Made the rough one "fight shy,"  
 And all-bashfully try  
 Just to slink to a corner, and keep himself "aisy."  
 There was Jemmy O'Hare,  
 Who was always there,  
 And as fine a lad as you'd see in a fair.  
 His face was round and his build was square,  
 And he sported as rare  
 And as tight a pair  
 Of legs, to be sure, as are found anywhere.  
 And Jemmy would wear  
 His "caubeen" and hair

With such a peculiar and rollicking air,  
 And so coaxingly leer, that I'd venture to swear,  
     Not a girl in Kildare—  
 Or Victoria, perhaps, if she chanced to be there—  
 Could resist the wild way they call "Devil may care."

Not a boy in the parish could beat him for fun;  
 Nor wrestle, nor leap, nor hurl, nor run  
 With Jemmy. No gossoon could equal him—none,  
 At wake or at wedding, at feast or at fight,  
 At throwing the stone, or at flying the kite,  
 He was the envy of men and the women's delight.  
 Och! you couldn't discover, from Howth to Kinsale, a  
 Handier fist at his native shilelah.

Now Mary Muldoon *did* like Jemmy O'Hare  
 And in troth Jemmy loved in his heart Miss Muldoon;  
 And I b'lieve, in my conscience, a "purtier pair"  
 Never danced in a tent at a "patron" in June.

    There they dance in a tent  
     To a bagpipe or fiddle  
     On a rough cabin-door  
     That is placed in the middle.

No "Polka," no waltz, no *pas seul* or quadrille,  
 No "Prince," or "Mechi," or "Dupois," or "Jonquille."  
 Is there to teach toes how to caper with skill.

    Yet talk as we will,  
 There's a grace in the limbs of the peasantry there  
 With which many at "Almack's" would dread to compare.  
 And Mary and Jemmy were counted the two  
 That could keep up the longest and go the best through  
 All the jigs and the reels  
 That have occupied heels  
 Since the reigns of the "Murtaghs" or wars of "Burhu."  
 Thus old ones would whisper to Mary's old mother—  
 "Orra, Mistress Muldoon,  
 Sure I'm thinking aroon,  
 That weddins are first settled up in the moon;  
 For, begor, that gossoon  
 And your Mol, Missus Doon,  
 Will be *one* very soon.

And well they loved—  
And many a day  
Sat on a green knoll side by side;  
But neither just then had much to say;  
Their hearts were so full that they only tried  
To do anything foolish, just to hide  
What *both* of them felt, but what Mary denied.  
They pluck'd the innocent daisies that grew  
Close by their elbows, then tore them too;  
And the bright little leaves that they tore from the stalk  
They threw at each other for want of talk;  
While the heart-lit look, and the arch, arch smile  
Of each was to each most delicious the while;  
And every time Mary sighed or smiled,  
Jem felt himself grow as soft as a child;  
And he fancied the sky never looked so bright  
Or the grass so green, or the daisies so white:  
Everything looked so improved in his sight,  
That he thought he'd be glad just to watch them till night;  
And Mary herself believed each little bird,  
Whose warble the notes in her own soul stirred,  
Of course only sang by herself to be heard.  
Thus the heart-where true love lies  
Makes everywhere a Paradise.

Now, sneer not, ye great, at the loves of the poor,  
Though their manners be rude their affections are sure:  
They look not by art, and they like not by rule,  
For their souls are not tempered in fashion's cold school.

Oh! give me the love that will own no control  
But the delicate instinct that pilots the soul,  
As the mountain stream gushes, all freshness and force,  
But obedient, wherever it flows, to its source.

Yes, give me the love that but nature has taught,  
By rank unallured, and by riches unbought;  
Whose very simplicity keeps it secure—  
The love that illumines the hearts of the poor.

An Irish courtship's short and sweet:  
When their hearts are lit,

Their hands are knit,  
 And sorra bit  
 Does Paddy delay when the first fierce fit  
 Urges the venture—miss or hit.  
 It's neither wise nor yet discreet ;  
 But who is wise when his passion's heat  
 Whips the pulse to a galloping beat,  
 Ties up his judgment neck and feet,  
 Makes him the fool of a blind conceit,  
 And, where he is foolish, won't let him see't.  
 Full of love and fond of fight,  
 Paddy's into both "at sight"—  
 Where love or glory  
 Shines before, he  
 Rushes, hurroo ! to be smitten—to smite.

Mary blushed, or looked shy at least,  
 As one week after Lent  
 Jem procured her consent  
 To go the next Sunday and "spake to the priest."

His "Riv'rince" joked, then lectured Jem ;  
 Jem looked down with pious awe,  
 And began to draw  
 The "dues" from his pocket, which, when the priest saw,  
 He gave two little coughs and one long "Ahem,"  
 Rubbed his knees with one hand,  
 Took a pinch with the other,  
 And, exceedingly bland,  
 Said to Jem, "How's your mother ?  
 Augh, she was the wife to your father, so kind ;  
 When she's gone, sure, the likes of her won't be behind  
 For making 'scaltheen,' or attending a 'station.'  
 By the powers of delf,  
 Jem, St. Bridget herself  
 Couldn't bate her in mixing the 'clargy's potation.'  
 May Mary and you,  
 When I 'solder' ye two,  
 Be as fond of the priest and as sure of salvation."

His "Riv'rince" buttoned a pocket flap ;  
 But first had he put in that pocket the "dues ;"

Smiled he at Jem, saying, "Surely, my chap,  
I'll buckle yees both now whenever yees choose."

The morn of the day  
That the wedding was to be  
Had dawned as bright and gay  
As a bride would wish to see,  
And Jemmy was up at the day's first peep;  
Not a wink could Jem sleep—  
One vigorous leap  
Placed him on the floor and the clothes in a heap—  
And a brand new coat, with a bright big button,  
He took from a "chist," after shaving, and put on,  
And brogues as well "lampblackd" as ever went foot on,  
And greased with the fat of the finest of mutton;  
And his new "corduroys,"  
Bought in Dandy Molloy's,  
Were an "iligant" fit, and looked well, by the boys.

A tidier gossoon couldn't be seen  
Treading the emerald sod so green.  
Light was his step and bright was his eye  
As he walked through the "clobbery" streets of Athy;  
And each lass that he passed bid "God bless him," and sighed,  
While she wished in her soul that herself was the bride.

The wedding-party are all together,  
Laughing and talking of "Dan" and the "weather;"  
Each heart in the company light as a feather,  
Allowed no cold form its gushings to "tether:"  
Stories were told by each gay old wife  
Of the sweethearts she had in her early life;  
Of the pranks she played, and how little she thought  
She was going to be married the day she was brought  
To Father O'Shane's at a deuce of a trot,  
Where "the words" were said and herself was caught.  
Of crops and politics talked the men,  
With a joke to the women now and then,  
Who made it rebound with effect agen,  
Till the laugh grew loud,  
And the women so proud  
That their witty replies had the men quite "cowed."

Hush! here's the priest—let not the least  
Whisper be heard till the father has ceased.

“Come, bridegroom and bride,  
That the knot may be tied

Which no power on earth can hereafter divide.”

Up rose the bride and the bridegroom too,  
And a passage was made for them both to walk through;  
And his “Riv’rince” stood with a sanctified face,  
Which spread its infection all round the place.  
The bridesmaid bustled and whispered the bride,  
Who felt so confused that she almost cried,  
But at last bore up and walked forward, where  
The “father” was standing with sanctified air;  
The bridegroom was following after with pride,  
When a piercing grey eye something awful espied;



He stopped and sighed,  
Looked round and tried  
To tell what he saw, but his tongue denied:



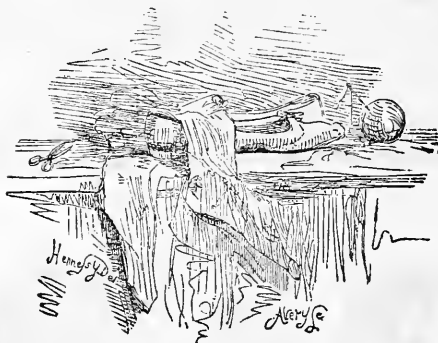
With a spang and a roar  
 He jumped to the door,  
 And the bride "laid her eyes" on the bridegroom no more.

Some years sped on,  
 Yet heard no one  
 Of Jemmy O'Hara, or where he had gone.  
 After four summers, or three at least,  
 An American letter was brought to the priest,  
 Telling of Jemmy O'Hara, deceased,  
     Who, ere his death,  
     With his latest breath,  
 To a spiritual father unburdened his breast,  
 And the cause of his sudden departure confest.—  
 "Oh! Father," says he, "I've not long to live,  
 So I'll freely confess, if you freely forgive—  
 That same Mary Muldoon, sure I loved her indeed;  
 Ay, as well as the creed  
 That was never forsaken by one of my breed;  
 But I couldn't have married her after I saw"—  
 "Saw what?" cried the father, impatient to hear,  
 And the chair that he sat in impatiently rocking—  
 "Not in her 'karàcther,' yer Riv'rince, a flaw"—  
 The sick man here dropped a significant tear,  
 And expired as he breathed in the clergyman's ear—  
 "But I saw a TREMENDOUS BIG HOLE IN HER STOCKING!"

## THE MORAL.

Lady readers, love may be  
 Fixed in hearts immovably,  
 May be strong, and may be pure;  
 Faith may lean on faith secure,  
 Knowing adverse fate's endeavor  
 Makes that faith more firm than ever.  
 But the purest love and strongest,  
 Love that has endured the longest,  
 Braving cross, and blight, and trial,  
 Fortune's bar, or pride's denial,  
 Would—no matter what its trust—  
 Be uprooted by DISGUST:—

Yes, the love that might for years  
 Spring in suffering, grow in tears,  
 Parent's frigid counsel mocking,  
 Might be—where's the use in talking?—  
 Upset by a **BROKEN STOCKING!**



### A LEAP YEAR LOVE SCENE.

YOUNG Albert Ringwood sat at home on New-Year's day, in dishabille. His beard was unshaved, his hair was uncombed, his boots were unblackened, and he was leaning back in a picturesque attitude, with his heels against the mantelpiece, smoking a cigar. Albert thought to himself that this was leap-year, and how glorious it would be if the ladies could be induced to pop the question, in accordance with their ancient privileges. As he sat and watched the smoke which so gracefully curled, his fancy glowed with the idea. How delightful it would be to have the dear creatures fondling on him, and with tender glances endeavoring to do the agreeable. As he meditated, his heart softened, and he began to feel a squeamish, womanish sensibility diffuse itself over his feelings, and thought he would faint with propriety the first time a lady should squeeze his hand.

"Rap, rap, rap," sounded the door. Albert peeped through the

Venetian blinds. "Mercy," exclaimed he, "and if there isn't Miss Jones, and I all in dishabille, and looking like a fright. Goodness gracious! I must go right away and fix myself."

As he left the room, Miss Susan Jones entered, and with composed air intimated that she would wait. Susan Jones was a firm believer in woman's rights, and now that the season was propitious she determined to take advantage thereof, and do a little courting on her own hook. It was only woman's privilege, which had been usurped by the tyrant, and she was determined to assert her rights in spite of the hollow formalities of a false system of society.

Meanwhile, with palpitating heart, Albert went through a series of personal adornments. The last twist was given to his collar, the last curl to his whiskers, and with white cambric in hand, he gave the order



to admit Miss Jones. The aforesaid lady rushed toward him, knelt at his feet, and seizing his hand—exclaimed passionately—"Dearest, how

beautiful you look," accompanying her words with a glance of undisguised admiration.

"Spare the blushes of a modest young man," said Albert, applying his cambric to his face to hide his confusion.

"Nay, my love, why so coy?" said Susan; "turn not away those lovely eyes, dark as the jet, but sparkling as the diamond. Listen to the vows of the fondest affection. Here let us rest," said she, drawing him to the sofa; "here with my arm round thee, will I protest my true affection."

"Leave me, oh leave me," murmured Albert; "think of my youth, my inexperience—spare, oh spare my palpitating heart."

"Leave thee," said Susan, pressing him closer to her, "never, until the story of restless nights, of unquiet days, of aspirations, fond emotions, and undying love is laid before thee. Know that for years I have nursed for thee a secret passion. Need I tell how each manly beauty moved me; how I worshipped like a sunflower in the lurid light of those scarlet tresses; how my fond heart was entrapped in the meshes of those magnificent whiskers; how I was willing to yield up to the government of that 'imperial;' thy manners, so modest, so delicate, enchanted me—were joy to me—for thy joy was my joy. My heart is thine—take it—but first let me snatch one kiss from those ruby lips."

The over-wrought feelings of the delicate youth were too strong, and he fainted from excess of joy. Meanwhile the enamored maiden hung over him, and—

Slowly the eyes of Albert opened—he gazed wildly round him—then meeting the ardent gaze of his "lover," he blushed deeply, and behind his 'kerchief faintly faltered out—"Ask my pa."



## THE MAGIC PHIAL.



O home," said the portly Peter Von Voorst, as he buttoned up his money in the pockets of his capacious breeches, "home to my farm, and to-morrow I'll buy neighbor Jan Hagen's two cows, which are the best in Holland."

He crossed the market-place of Delft as he spoke, with an elated and swaggering air, and turned down one of the streets which led out of the city, when a goodly tavern met his eye. Thinking a dram would be beneficial in counteracting the effects of a fog which was just rising, he entered, and called for a glass of schiedam. This was brought, and drank by Peter, who liked the flavor so much that he resolved to try the liquor diluted. Accordingly, a glass of a capacious size was set before him. After a few sips of the pleasing spirit, our farmer took a view of the apartment in which he was sitting, and, for the first time, perceived that the only person in the room besides himself was a young man of melancholy aspect, who sat near the fire-place, apparently half asleep. Now, Peter was of a loquacious turn, and nothing rendered a room more disagreeable to him than the absence of company. He, therefore, took the first opportunity of engaging the stranger in conversation.

"A dull evening, mynheer," said the farmer.

"Yaw!" replied the stranger, stretching himself, and yawning loudly, "very foggy, I take it;" and he rose, and looked into the street.

Peter perceived that his companion wore a dress of dark brown, of the cut of the last century. A thick row of brass buttons ornamented his doublet; so thickly, indeed, were they placed, that they appeared one stripe of metal. His shoes were high-heeled and square-toed, like those worn by a company of maskers, represented in a picture which hung in Peter's parlor at Voorbooch. The stranger was of a spare figure, and his countenance was, as before stated, pale; but there was a wild brightness in his eye, which inspired the farmer with a feeling of awe.

After taking a few turns up and down the apartment, the stranger drew a chair near to Peter, and sat down.

"Are you a burgher of Delft?" he inquired.

"No!" was the reply; "I am a small farmer, and live in the village of Voorbooch."

"Umph!" said the stranger, "you have a dull road to travel! See! your glass is out. How like ye mine host's schiedam?"

"'Tis right excellent."

"You say truly," rejoined the stranger, with a smile, which the farmer thought greatly improved his countenance; "but here is a liquor which no burgomaster in Holland can procure. 'Tis fit for a prince."

He drew forth a phial from the breast of his doublet, and, mixing a small quantity of the red liquid it contained with some water that stood on the table, he poured it into Peter's empty glass. The farmer tasted it, and found it to excel every liquid he had ever drunk. Its effect was soon visible; he pressed the hand of the stranger with great warmth, and swore he would not leave Delft that night.

"You are perfectly right," said his companion; "these fogs are unusually heavy; they are trying, even to the constitution of a Hollander. As for me, I am nearly choked with them. How different is the sunny clime of Spain, which I have just left."

"You have travelled, then?" said Peter, inquiringly.

"Travelled! ay, to the remotest corner of the Indies, amongst Turks, Jews, and Tartars."

"Eh! but does it please ye to travel always in that garb, mynheer?"

"Even so," replied the stranger; "it has descended from father to son, through more than three generations. See you this hole on the left breast of my doublet?"

The farmer stretched out his neck, and by the dim light perceived a small perforation on the breast of the stranger's doublet, who continued—

"Ah! the bullet that passed through it lodged in the heart of my great-grandsire, at the sack of Zutphen."

"I have heard of the bloody doings at that place from my grandfather—Heaven rest his soul!"

Peter was startled on perceiving the unearthly smile which played over the countenance of the stranger on his hearing this pious ejaculation. He muttered to himself, in an inaudible tone, the word *Duyvel!* but was interrupted by the loud laugh of his companion, who slapped him on the shoulder, and cried, "Come, come, mynheer, you look sad does not my liquor sit well on your stomach?"

• 'Tis excellent!" replied Peter, ashamed to think that the stranger had observed his confusion: "will you sell me your phial?"



"I had it from a dear friend, who has been long since dead," replied the stranger; "he strictly enjoined me never to *sell* it, for, d'y'e see, no sooner is it emptied than, at the wish of the possessor, it is immediately refilled; but, harkee, as you seem a man of spirit, it shall be left to chance to decide who shall possess it."

He took from his bosom a bale of dice: "I will stake it against a guilder."

"Good," said Peter; "but I fear there is some devilry in the phial."

"Pshaw!" cried his companion, with a bitter smile, "those who have travelled understand these things better. Devilry, forsooth!"

"I crave your pardon," said Peter; "I will throw for it;" and he placed a guilder on the table.

The farmer met with ill luck, and lost. He took a draught of his companion's liquor, and determined to stake another guilder; but he lost that also! Much enraged at his want of success, he drew forth the canvass bag which contained the produce of the sale of his corn, and resolved either to win the phial (the contents of which had gone far to fuddle his senses), or lose all. He threw again with better luck; but, elated at this, he played with less caution, and in a few minutes was left pennyless. The stranger gathered up the money, and placed it in his pocket.

"You are unlucky to-night, mynheer," said he, with provoking indifference, which greatly increased the farmer's chagrin; "but come, you have a goodly ring on your finger; will you not venture that against my phial?"

The farmer paused for a moment—it was the gift of an old friend; yet he could not stomach the idea of being cleared of his money in such a manner; what would Jan Brower, the host of the *Van Tromp*, and little Kip Winkelaar, the schoolmaster, say to it? It was the first time he had ever been a loser in any game, for he was reckoned the best hand at ninepins in the village; he, therefore, took the ring from his finger, threw again, and lost it!

He sank back into his chair with a suppressed groan, at which his companion smiled. The loss of his money, together with this ring, had nearly sobered him, and he gazed on the stranger with a countenance indicative of anything but good will; while the latter drew from his bosom a scroll of parchment.

"You grieve," said he, "for the loss of a few paltry guilders; but know that I have the power to make you amends for your ill luck—to make you rich—ay, richer than the Stadtholder!"

"Ha! the fiend!" thought Peter, growing still soberer, while he drank in every word, and glanced at the legs of the stranger, expecting, of course, to see them, as usual, terminate with a cloven foot; but he beheld no such unsightly spectacle; the feet of the stranger were as perfect as his own, or even more so.

"Here," said his companion, "read over this, and, if the terms suit you, subscribe your name at foot." The farmer took the parchment, which he perceived was closely written, and contained many signatures at the bottom. His eye glanced hastily over the first few lines, but they sufficed.

"Ha! now I know thee, fiend!" screamed the affrighted Peter, as



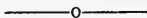
he dashed the scroll in the face of the stranger, and rushed wildly out of the room. He gained the street, down which he fled with the swiftness of the wind, and turned quickly, thinking he was safe from the vengeance of him who he now supposed to be no other than the foul fiend himself, when the stranger met him on the opposite side, his eyes dilated to a monstrous size, and glowing like red-hot coals. A deep groan burst from the surcharged breast of the unfortunate farmer as he staggered back several paces.

"Avaunt! avaunt!" he cried, "Satan, I defy thee! I have not signed that cursed parchment!" He turned and fled in the opposite direction; but, though he exercised his utmost speed, the stranger, without any apparent exertion, kept by his side. At length he arrived at the bank of the canal, and leaped into a boat which was moored alongside. Still his pursuer followed, and Peter felt the iron grasp of his hand on the nape of his neck. He turned round and struggled hard to free himself from the gripe of his companion, roaring out in agony, "Oh! Mynheer Duyvel! have pity, for the sake of my wife and my boy Karl!" But when was the devil ever known to pity? The stranger held him tightly, and spite of his struggles, dragged him ashore. He felt the grasp of his pursuer like the clutch of a bird of prey, while his hot breath almost scorched him; but disengaging himself, with a sudden bound, he sprang from his enemy, and—pitched



headlong from his elbow-chair on the floor of his own room at Voor-booch.

The noise occasioned by the fall of the burly Hollander aroused his affrighted helpmate from the sound slumber she had been wrapped in for more than two hours, during which time her husband had been indulging in potations deep and strong, until overpowered with the potency of his beloved liquor, he had sunk to sleep in his elbow-chair, and dreamed the hellish dream we have endeavored to relate. The noise of his fall aroused his *wrow* from her slumbers. Trembling in every limb on hearing the unruly sound below, she descended by a short flight of steps, screaming aloud for help, into the room where she had left her spouse when she retired to rest, and beheld Peter, her dear husband, prostrate on the stone floor, the table overturned, his glass broken, and the remainder of the accursed liquor flowing in a stream from the stone bottle which lay upset on the floor.



### "POPPING THE QUESTION."



ABOUT twenty years ago (I was not then so bald as I am now) I was spending the midsummer with my old friend and school fellow Tom Merton. Tom had married early in life and had a daughter, Mary Rose, who to her "mother's wit and mother's beauty," added her uncle Absalom's good humor and Aunt Deborah's notability. In her you had the realization of all.

That poets have sung about fairy forms, dulcet voices, and witching

eyes. She was just such a being as you may imagine to yourself in the heroine of some beautiful romance. My heart was susceptible and I fell in love. No man, I thought, had ever loved as I did—a common fancy among lovers—and the intensity of my affection, I believed, would not fail to secure a return.

The blindness incidental to my passion, and the young lady's uniform kindness, led me to believe that the possibility of her becoming my wife was by no means so remote as at first it had appeared to be; and having spent several sleepless nights in examining the subject on all sides, I determined to make her an offer of my hand, and bear the result, *pro* or *con*., with all due philosophy. For more than a week I was disappointed in an opportunity of speaking alone with my adored.

At length the favorable moment seemed to be at hand. A charity sermon was to be preached by the bishop for the benefit of a Sunday school, and as Mr. Merton was church warden, and destined to hold one of the plates, it became imperative on his family to be present on the occasion. I, of course, proffered my services, and it was arranged that we should set off early next morning, to secure good seats in the centre aisle. I could hardly close my eyes that night for thinking how I should "pop the question;" and when I did get a short slumber, was waked on a sudden by some one starting from behind a hedge, just as I was disclosing the soft secret. Sometimes when I fancied myself sitting by the lovely Mary, in a bower of jessamine and roses, and had just concluded a beautiful rhapsody about loves and doves, myrtles and turtles, I raised my blushing head, and found myself *TETE-A-TETE* with her papa. At another moment she would slip a beautiful pink, hot-pressed billet-doux into my hand, which, when I unfolded it, would turn out to be a challenge from some favored lover, desiring the satisfaction of meeting me at half-past six in the morning, and so forth, and concluding, as usual, with an indirect allusion to a horsewhip. Morning dreams, they say, always come true. It is a gross falsehood; mine never came true. But I had a pleasant vision that morning, and, recollecting the gossip's tale, I fondly hoped it would be verified. Methought I had ventured to "pop the question" to my *Dulcinea*, and was accepted. I jumped out of the bed in a tremor. "Yes," I cried, "I *WILL* pop the question! Ere this night can again envelope this unhappy head, the trial shall be made!" And I shaved, and brushed my hair over the bald place on my crown, and tied my cravat with unprecedented care.

Breakfast time at length arrived. But I shall pass over the blunders I committed during its progress; how I salted Mary Rose's muffin

instead of my own, poured the cream into the sugar-basin, and took a bite at the tea-pot lid. 'Pop the question' haunted me continually, and I feared to speak, even on the most ordinary topics, lest I should in some way betray myself. Pop—pop—pop! everything seemed to go off with a pop; and when at length Mr. Merton hinted to Mary and her mother that it was time for them to *pop* on their bonnets, I thought he laid a particular stress on the horrible monosyllable, and almost expected him to accuse me of some sinister design upon his daughter. It passed off, however, and we set out for the church. Mary Rose leaned upon my arm, and complained how dull I was. I, of course, protested against it, and tried to rally. Vivacity, indeed, was one of my characteristics, and I was just beginning to make myself extremely agreeable, when a little urchin, in the thick gloom of a dark entry, let off a pop-gun close to my ear. The sound, simple as it may seem, made me start as if a ghost had stood before me; and when Mary observed that I was 'very nervous this morning,' I felt as if I could have throttled the lad, and inwardly cursed the inventor of pop-guns, and doomed him to the lowest pit of Acheron.

I strove against my fate, however, and made several observations. "Look," cried Mary Rose, as we gained the end of the street, "what a beautiful child!"

I turned my head to the window, when the first object that met my eyes was a square blue paper, edged with yellow, on which was written in too, too legible characters, "*Pop!*" I believe I was surprised into an exclamation stronger than the occasion would seem to warrant, and the poor child came in for a share of my anathema. I didn't intend it, however, for I was very fond of children; but it served Mary Rose to scold me about till we came to the church door, and, if possible, bewildered me more than ever. We had now arrived in the middle, aisle when my fair companion whispered to me, "Mr., dear Mr. —, won't you take off your hat?" This was only a prelude to still greater blunders. I posted myself at the head of the seat, sang part of the hundredth psalm while the organist was playing the symphony sat down when I should have stood up, knelt when I ought to have been standing, and just at the end of the creed found myself pointed due west, the gaze and wonder of the whole congregation.

The sermon then commenced. Just as the rest of the congregation were going to sleep, I began to wake up from my mental lethargy. Just at this moment too a thought struck me, beautiful as it was sudden—a plan by which I might make the desired tender of my person, and display an abundance of wit into the bargain.

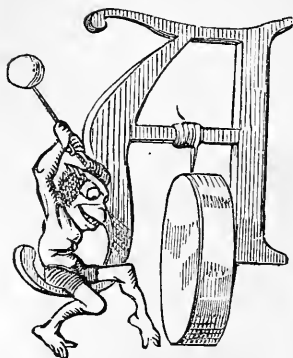
To this end I seized Mary Rose's prayer-book, and turning over the pages till I came to "Matrimony," marked the passage, "Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?" with two emphatic dashes, and pointing confidently to myself, handed it to her with a bow. She took it! she read it!! and with a slight drooping of the eyelids, and apparently a smile of assent. Oh! how throbbed my bosom at that



instant—so loud that the people around us might hear its palpitations, and I looked at them to see if they noticed me.

She turned over a few leaves—took my pencil and marked a passage. O ye gods and demigods, what were my sensations at that moment! Not Jove himself when he went a swan-hopping to the lovely Leda—nor Pluto when he perpetrated the abduction of the beautiful Proserpine—could have experienced a greater turmoil of passions than I at that moment. I felt the score—felt it across my very heart; and I grasped the book, and squeezed the hand that presented it. Opening the page tremblingly, and holding the volume close to my eyes (for the type was small, and my sight not quite so good as it used to be), I read———O, Mary Rose! Mary Rose! that I should live to relate it—*"A woman may not marry her grandfather."*

## A SAN FRANCISCO AUCTIONEER.



OW, ladies and gentlemen, I now have the honor of putting up a fine pocket handkerchief, a yard wide, a yard long, and almost a yard thick ; one half cotton, and t'other half cotton too ; beautifully printed with stars and stripes on one side, and the stripes and stars on t'other. It will wipe dust from the eyes so completely as to be death to demagogues, and make politics as bad a business as printing papers. Its great length, breadth, and thickness, together with its dark color, will enable it to hide dirt, and never need

washing. Going at one dollar ? seventy-five cents ? fifty cents ? twenty-five cents ? one bit ? Nobody wants it ! Oh ! thank you, sir ! Next, gentlemen—for the ladies won't be permitted to bid on this article, is real, simon pure, tempered, highly-polished, keen-edged Sheffield razor ; bran spanking new ; never opened before to sunlight, moonlight, starlight, daylight, or gaslight ; sharp enough to shave a lawyer, or cut a disagreeable acquaintance, or poor relation ; handle of buck horn, with all the rivets but the two at the ends of pure gold. Who will give two dollars ? one dollar ? half a dollar ? Why, ye long-bearded, dirty-faced reprobates, with not room on your phizzes for a Chinese woman to kiss, I'm offering you a bargain at half a dollar ! Well, I'll throw in this strop at half a dollar ! razor and strop ! a recent patent ; two rubs upon it will sharpen the City Attorney ; all for four bits ; and a piece of soap, sweeter than roses, lathers better than a schoolmaster, and strong enough to wash all the stains from a California politician's countenance, all for four bits. Why, you have only to put the razor, strop, and soap under your pillow at night, and wake up in the morning clean shaved. Won't anybody give two bits, then, for the lot ? I knew I would sell them ! Next, ladies and gentlemen, I offer three pair socks, hose, stockings, or half hose, just as you're a mind to call them, knit by a machine made on purpose, out of cotton wool. The man that buys these will be enabled to walk till he gets tired ; and, provided his boots are big enough, needn't have any corns ; the legs are long as bills against the corporation, and as thick as the heads of the members

of the Legislature. Who wants 'em at one half dollar? Thank-ee, madam, the money. Next, I offer you a pair of boots made especially for San Francisco, with heels long enough to raise a man up to the Hoadley grades, and nails to ensure against being carried over by a land slide; legs wide enough to carry two revolvers and a bowie knife, and the upper of the very best horse leather. A man in these boots can move about as easy as the State capitol. Who says twenty dollars? All the tax-payers ought to buy a pair to kick the council with, everybody ought to have a pair to kick the Legislature with, and they will be found of assistance in kicking the bucket, especially if somebody should kick at being kicked. Ten dollars for legs, uppers, and soles! while souls, and miserable souls at that, are bringing twenty thousand dollars in Sacramento! Ten dollars! ten dollars! gone at ten dollars! Next is something that you ought to have, gentlemen—a lot of good gallowses—sometimes called suspenders. I know that some of you will after a while be furnished at the State's expense, but you can't tell which one, so buy where they're cheap. All that deserve to be hanged are not supplied with a gallows; if so, there would be nobody to make laws, condemn criminals, or hang culprits, until a new election. Made of pure gum-elastic—stretch like a judge's conscience, and last as long as a California office-holder will steal; buckles of pure iron, and warranted to hold so tight that no man's wife can rob him of the breeches; are, in short, as strong, as good, as perfect, as effectual, and as bona fide as the ordinance against Chinese shops on Dupont-street—gone at twenty-five cents."

—o—

"**SHMELL TE SHUG.**"—An eccentric German was noted for making and keeping good cider, and for his extreme stinginess in dispensing it to his neighbors. A Yankee resolved to try his hand on the old fellow, and coax a pitcher of cider out of him. He made him a call, and praised up his farm and cattle, and, speaking of his fine orchard, casually remarked:

"I hear, Mr. Von Dam, that you make excellent cider."

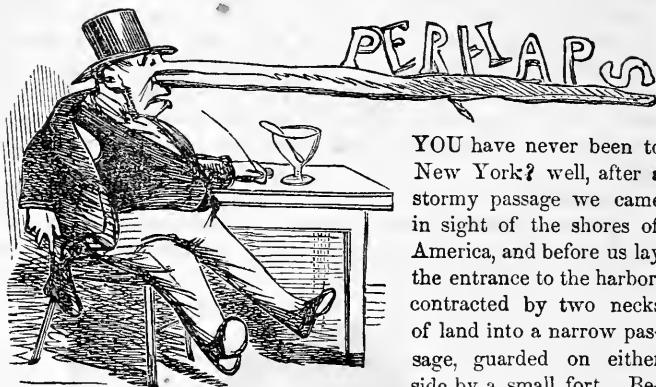
"Yesh, yesh, I dosh. Hans, bring te cider shug."

The Yankee was delighted at his success, and already smacked his lips in anticipation of good things to come. Hans brought up a quart jug of cider and placed it on the table before his father. The old farmer raised it with both hands, and gluing his lips to the brim, he drained it to the bottom; then handing the empty jug to the thirsty Yankee, he quietly observed:

"Dare! if you don' plevé dat ish goot cider, shust you *shmell te shug*!"

## GREAT WESTERN SKETCHES.

BY A ROVING ENGLISHMAN.



YOU have never been to New York? well, after a stormy passage we came in sight of the shores of America, and before us lay the entrance to the harbor, contracted by two necks of land into a narrow passage, guarded on either side by a small fort. Beyond these spreads out the Bay which bears New York—"The Empire City" of the New World—upon its bosom; the distance bounded by the green hills of Staten Island and New Jersey.

Such is the scene which welcomes the wanderer to the shores of Manhattan. At all times lovely in its features,—glowing and bright in climate, luxuriant beyond compare in vegetation, most rich in verdure,—its every charm is multiplied a thousand-fold when its fresh beauties greet an eye wearied with the monotonous glare of a sea-voyage. Oh, welcome sight of Mother earth!—so glad to all thy sons, that no one after-scene throughout that Western World—replete with natural beauties as it is—has ever power to efface the pleasant memory of that green and glorious shore.

First impressions are very important matters.

First impressions have a remarkable tendency towards prejudice; and prejudice is very much given to misrepresentation.

Jonathoniana have been very much in vogue of late years. A Yankee's "sentiment" is generally supposed to consist in sitting on a pike-fence in a thunderstorm, smoking a "long nine," and picking his teeth with a pine-wood chip. As for the ladies, our conceit imagines them to be represented rather favorably than otherwise by that steam-boat coquette in the far-west, who, when asked by a fellow-passenger,



whether she would take a slice of roast turkey, replied, "Thank yer purdigiously, mister; but I'd purfur a pretty little immoderate gob of them bababby sassengers."

I therefore was obliged to bring my first impressions to a full maturity, before I could venture to pronounce upon their shape and color.

And here they are.

"Well, I!—why, nonsense. This ar'n't you? Well—I never—your name's Wildrake, ar'n't it? A freend of my freend Hogden the consul? Mine's Cole—Kit Cole, from Chawsplinter Creek, away south. Well, no matter—I heerd the ship was chuck, and yeu heer—so I came to look yeu up at once. How long have yeu been in the city?"

"Just half an hour."

"Guessed as much—then I reckon you haven't seen nothin'—not the Park—nor Broadway—nor the Avenoo—nor the Bowery—nor the



*Mr. Kit Cole.*

Battery. And yeu hav'n't called none—nor left no cards, nor compliments, nor none o' them kind o' things. Nor been to Niblo's—nor dined at the Globe—nor supped at the Terrapin Lunch, nor the Shak-

spere—nor had a mint-julep at ——— —nor seen Kurnel Webb—nor been to Hoboken—nor Brooklyn—nor Staten Island—nor up the Hudson, nor nowhere. Come—hang on—I'll scorch yer."

So saying, my new ally swung towards the door.

"Well, ar'n't ye comin'? Oh! well, I see—you ar'n't quite used yet. Well, time's enough;" and with that he threw himself into a rocking-chair; pitched his feet some twenty inches higher than his head on the window-ledge; drew out a cigar, lighted his principle, and commenced alternately to puff, and rock, and spit.

He was a tall, gaunt, sinewy young fellow; as strong as Hercules, as brown as Pan, and as awkward as a newly-caught Satyr. His countenance was cast-iron—his complexion sallow—his eyes deeply set, dark, and cunning. His dress was rather roomy than elegant; his coat large, and blue, with brass buttons; his waistcoat wide, and of a thunder-and-lightning pattern; his collars high, and limp, and ravelly. Moreover, his things flew about him like streamers, inasmuch as he only buttoned the buttons of necessity.

"Come," said he, as I finished this cursory survey of his outward nan from the corners of my eyes, "what on 'arth are ye glowrin' at? Ye don't seem used to the sight o' men. Well, prehaps one does feel a queery fish when one's jest off sea. But however, fix yerself right an' tight, an' I'll track with ye down to the Customus, an' get old Schell to pass yer plunder. So ye jest get in fix while I go and take a horn. I'll be back now as soon as a man 'ud whip his mother—" and away he went.

Here was a first impression!

"Come on," shouted Mr. Cole, bursting into my room again at the expiration of ten minutes, with the force of a sucking hurricane, "the jig's up. Come on, ye're all in fix now. Who on 'arth told you to come to the Astor House? It's jest about the biggest best bit of a house in these United States; but it's a bad house for horns—they can't come drinks—they can't mix mint-juleps."

"What is a mint-julep?"

"What's a mint-julep? Well, I *am* blamed! What's a mint-julep? What's a coon? Hoh! why where on 'arth was ye raised, not to know what's a mint-julep? Prehaps ye never seen a hailstorm, nor a ginsling, nor an apple-toddy, nor a cocktail, nor a porteree, nor an eggnog, nor a sangaree, nor a gingeroo? Well, I never—you Britishers *are* queer cods—you *are*—or I wish *I may* be blamed. But here's Broadway."

As Mr. Cole spoke, we emerged from the massive entrance of "the

Mammoth Hotel," and stood in Broadway. Immediately before us was the Park, a large railed square of grass, fringed with trees, and ornamented on the further side by the City Hall. On either side of the enclosure ran two main streets, meeting at an angle of the Park, so as to form a letter Y: the right branch of which, as we stood at the fork, led off to the St. Giles's, and the left branch to the St. James's, quarter of the city; whilst the tail was that commercial thoroughfare, par excellence called "Broadway," and which terminated in the Bowling Green, the Battery and the Bay.

The scene, as we turned down the street towards the water, was very striking. Hundreds of vehicles of every kind—private carriages, heavily-laden wagons, empty trucks, four-horse omnibuses, two-horse "hacks," all were urging their way through a gordian knot of difficulties at a high pressure pace, amidst a stunning chorus of shouts and curses, and cracking whips. The struggling crowd, as we looked down upon them from the steps of the hotel, could only be likened to a lump of microscopic eels in paste. The architectural arrangement of the street was very irregular. Here a church, there a block of stores, then a garden, after that an inn, then stores again, and so on, up and down, *an infinitum*; whilst all the styles and orders of every clime and country seemed mixed up in most admirable disregard of order.

A very gay and picturesque appearance was, however, given to them all, by the variety of gaily-colored awnings which shaded almost every window; and it was refreshing for the eye to rest, amid the dust and boiling turmoil of the street, upon the green locust and acacia trees which lined the edge of the foot-pavement, affording shade and shelter to a heap of niggers, sawing firewood; of porters, waiting for a hiring; or of Paddy-whack hackmen, eagerly plying for a fare with most harmonious brogue.

Busy as was the scene in general, the uproar in the street, at the moment of our egress from the hotel, was increased ten fold by a race, then and there actually coming off. A well-known sporting character of the city had made a bet that he would drive his "Newark waggon" (a light carriage with two horses) the whole length of Broadway at its most crowded hour, faster than his opponent could perform the distance on foot, *on the foot-pavement*. The fun was at its height as we stepped out. In the centre of the street was the sporting charioteer, stuck fast between a Flatbush waggon and a loaded truck, and making equally good use of a quick tongue and a heavy whip, with both of which he let out freely on all sides. In the meantime his opponent, steaming and stewing under the heat of a broiling sun, was rushing

like a maniac along the footway, jostling one, hustling another, upsetting a third, and all the while shouting at the top of his lungs for a clear course. A clear course in Broadway, at mid-day! Rare notion! However, on he ran, screeching at the top of his voice, and after him a crowd of little boys and lazy loafers, who, having nothing better to amuse them, watched the match with eager interest. "Now, Stevens, work ahead—you've the track—lap him—the waggon's fixed almighty still—go it, legs—now, wheels—I'll bet two mint-juleps to a cocktail on toes—hullalaroo—mind the applewoman—see, the waggon's free—yep—yoho." And as the waggon dashed forward in pursuit of the pedestrian, who had now gained some headway, the whole population—white, black, joined in the hue and cry, and rushed after their several champions as eagerly as if their fate hung on the issue.

"Now, then," quoth Mr. Cole, "here's the come in. Here's a feller yeu must kn-w—a chap who'd make mince-meat of all creation in five minutes, and whip his weight in wild cats while yeu swallowed a horn. I'll tell yer, he *can* float farther, swim faster, dive deeper, and come up drier than any I ever *did* see—he *can*. Oh! he is a downright, upright, shingle-splitter, *he* is. Yeu *must* cotton to Mat Doubleton."

"Doubleton!—what, of the Devil's Horn on the Little Sulphur?"

"The very—yeu've a ticket to him; well, he *is* an angel—but come, put out."

So saying, we entered the hotel; and finding, on inquiry at the bar, that Mr. Doubleton, contrary to the usual early habit of the New World, was still in his room, we walked directly up to No. 42, in the sky-parlors.

There was no need to knock at the door; it was wide open; and as we approached, a dialogue was in full play between the "Angel" and the Irish chambermaid. (All the chamber-jewels of New York being emeralds.)

"Burn me, Mary," roared the Angel, "why the 'tarnal heap didn't you rouse me more airly? Here's ncon past, and the muskeeters have a'most clawed my eyes out. It's no use—none. Them devils 'ud eat through an iron pot; you couldn't keep 'em out, if you slept with yer head in a steam-biler—that you couldn't. Come, whar's my hot water, you Mississippi-ringtail-roarer, yeu?"—

"Och, shure yer hanner's hot water's cold—an' brakefast's a-waitin—an' all your Southerners lies in bed all day till to-morrow—an'"—

Here we interrupted the discourse by entering a little low room, "cabined, cribbed, confined," miserably furnished with a short truckle-bed without hangings, and a rush-bottomed chair, on which stood a blue-and-white basin, and a soap-dish. Before a small looking-glass,

with his back to the door, and a coverlet from his bed doing duty on his shoulders for a dressing-gown, stood the redoubtable Matthew Doubleton, Esq., of the Devil's Horn, on the little Sulphur, Mississippi.



"Well, Mat," began Mr. Cole—giving the coverlet a pull which at once dragged it off the Angel's shoulders—"what's up now? Here's a man from the Old Country's got a ticket for yer to show him sights in Mississippi."

"Well, an' he'll see sights thar, I reckon," replied Mat; "he won't see anythin' like it any other war—that you may swear. But you're welcome, stranner;" and we shook hands.

"So, Mat," resumed Mr. Cole, "how's the hunt—have you chanced upon him?"

"Not clinched him," was Mat's reply, "but I'm on his tracks. He's somewhere down these diggins. I reckon I'll hit him off about West-point, or Saratoga, or some o' these northern skylarking bottoms; and then, burn me but I'm down on him like a duck on a June bug."

"What friend is Mr. Doubleton looking for?" innocently inquired I.

"Freend! Well, I! that *does* whip all. I'll tell yer. Some strannger, awhile ago, put some arkwadness, d'ye see, on Mat's sister at a gatherin'; so having nothin' better to do this summer, he's jest made tracks up north here after him, to look up a 'pology."

"You don't mean that he has come a thousand miles to fight a man?"

"I reckon that's jest about what you'll make of it—and I'll go a shin-plaster—and plank the eel-skins—that he makes holes in him. But where's yer heading? Mat and I are going to the Long Island races to-morrer; and next day we make tracks up the Hudson to look up Mat's skeary strannger. Yeu'll come o'course?"

"Oh! anything. I'm unanimous."

As I wish it to be very clearly understood that facts alone will, at all times, form the staple of these sketches—truth being at all times, in my experience, stranger than fiction—it may interest the reader to learn that Mat's "skeary strannger," being "looked up" at Westpoint, made an ample apology for all errors, past and to come, to the immense disappointment of Kit Cole, who was very anxious to see a little of his friend's ball practice.

Thus much, then, for my first impressions; but my heart clings still around Kit Cole in fond remembrance of the fact that he first taught my lips to love MINT-JULEP.

The Hero of the following story must have been a brother of Kit's.

Among the Americans who attended a late ball given at the Hotel de Ville, Paris, was Jack Cole, of Kentucky. Jack rushed the dress somewhat strong, and consequently was the observed of all observers, and got mixed up with a party that his friends could not account for. Wherever the Marshals of France went there went Jack, and when the Marshals sat down Jack did the same, always taking the post of honor. The day after the ball Jack called on his old acquaintance, Mr. Mason, our Minister to France, who started up a little conversation in the following manner:

"I hear you were at the ball last night?"

"I was, Sir, and I had a high old time."

"For which you were indebted, I suppose, to the high old company you got mixed up with? By the way, how came you associated with the Marshals?"

"How? by virtue of my office; they were Marshals of France, while I am nothing else than Marshal of the Republic. I showed my commission and took post accordingly."

"By right of your office! What do you mean?"

"Read that and see."

Here Jack presented Mr. Mason with a whity-brown paper with a seal big enough for a four-pound weight.

"What in the name of heaven is this?"

"My commission of 'Marshal.' I received it in 1850 when I assisted in taking the census of Frankfort."

"You don't mean to say that you travel on this?"

"I don't mean anything else. That makes me a 'Marshal' of the Republic, and I intend to have the office duly honored."

Mr. Mason allowed that Jack was doing a large business on a very small capital. We should not wonder if the reader thinks the same.

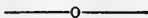



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SAVE THE MAN WITH THE RED HAIR.

It requires great coolness and experience to steer a canoe down these rapids (the Sault Ste. Marie), and a short time before our arrival, two Americans had ventured to descend them without boatmen, and were,

consequently, upset. As the story was reported to us, one of them owed his salvation to a singular coincidence. As the accident took place immediately opposite the town, many of the inhabitants were attracted to the bank of the river to watch the struggles of the unfortunate men, thinking any attempt at a rescue would be hopeless. Suddenly, however, a person appeared rushing towards the group, frantic with excitement. "Save the man with the red hair!" he vehemently shouted; and the exertions which were made in consequence of his earnest appeals proved successful, and the red-haired individual, in an exhausted condition, was safely landed. "He owes me eighteen dollars," said his rescuer, drawing a long breath, and looking approvingly on his assistants. The red-haired man's friend had not a creditor at the Sault, and in default of a competing claim, was allowed to pay his debt to nature. "And I'll tell you what it is, stranger," said the narrator of the foregoing incident, complacently drawing a moral therefrom; "a man 'ill never know how necessary he is to society if he don't make his life valuable to his friends as well as to hisself."



### THE BALL ON BOARD THE "SAM WARD."

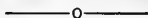
But the most propitious time for ingratiating oneself with our fair passengers was at the evening dance, the band being composed of niggers, who officiated during the day as barbers. There was one lovely girl, with a noble, thoughtful brow, black hair and eyes, perfect features, and a most irresistible smile, with that clear, transparent complexion which is never to be met with out of America, to whom I had from the first ardently desired an opportunity of being introduced; and I shall never forget the thrill of pleasure which I felt when, upon the two guitars and a fiddle ranging themselves along the bottom of the saloon, and striking up a lively tune, this fair creature, near whom I happened to be standing, artlessly remarked, "that she had a mind to take the knots out of her legs," a piece of information on her part which I interpreted to mean that I was at liberty to offer my services to assist her in this proceeding; and I accordingly solicited the honor of being her partner, and "annexed to her right away."

Alas! I little knew what I had undertaken, or how completely I had over-estimated my own saltatory powers. Our *vis-à-vis* were a very



tall, thin, flat lady with a figure like a plank, and a short wizened old man, who reached to her elbow, with grey, bushy eyebrows, which almost concealed his small piercing eyes, and a huge, grizzly beard, so thick and matted, that when he compressed his lips, in the energy of the dance, it was impossible to tell within a quarter of an inch where his mouth was. During the moments of rest, however, he twitched it with a short, jerking motion, as if he was knitting with his jaws. He was buttoned up to the chin in a straight, military-looking coat; but he had short, baggy trousers, dirty stockings, and his large splay feet were thrust into a pair of very old pumps. The band played nigger melodies, and accompanied themselves vocally. The dance was a sort of cotillon; but we were entirely dependent for our figures upon the caprice of the band-leader, who periodically shouted his orders. My partner and the little old man opposite commenced operations. With clenched teeth and contracted brow did he give himself up to the pleasures of the dance. Now he plunged violently forward, then retreated with a double shuffle, then seized my partner by the waist, and whirling her rapidly into the middle, danced round her demoniacally, performing the "pigeon wing on de floor and de same in de ar," he pirouetted first on one leg, then on the other, then jumped into the air with both, finished up with "Pete Johnson's knock," and the "under cleets," and retired breathless to scowl at me and work his jaws defiantly. As my turn had come I now made a dash at his partner, and attempted a series of similar gymnastic exercises, in a solemn and violent way, conscious all the while of the glance of profound contempt with which my fair companion eyed my performances, as I energetically hopped round her tall *vis-à-vis*, whom I might have imagined a May-pole. But not until the dance became more complicated, and the orders followed each other with rapidity and distracted my attention, did I feel the full effect of my rashness. The band sang, "Heigh Nelly, Ho Nelly, listen lub to me;" and then the leader shouted, "Gents to the right!" and away we all shot in the required direction. Then came, "I sing for you—I play for you a dulcem melody." "Balance in line!" There was a puzzle! I got into everybody's line but my own; and my partner, with her sweet smile, said that "I had come near riling her, but that she was amost too tired to locomote much longer;" so that we were both much relieved when the last order came of, "Promenayde all to your seats;" and in a state of extreme exhaustion we threw ourselves on a couch, satisfied that the great end had been gained, and that no knot could have been obstinate enough to resist such violent treatment.

In another steamboat, one of the author's friends takes up his quarters, by mistake, in the lady's cabin, one of the fair occupants of which tells him, "Guess you *put* for the *wrong* pew, Mister."



## THE DOMICILE ERECTED BY JOHN.

(Translated from the Vulgate of M. Goose.)

Splendidly illustrated with *original* cuts drawn for this work by our printer's devil, little Jacky Horner, aged *only* five years and great grandson of the original "jack" who built the aforesaid shanty.



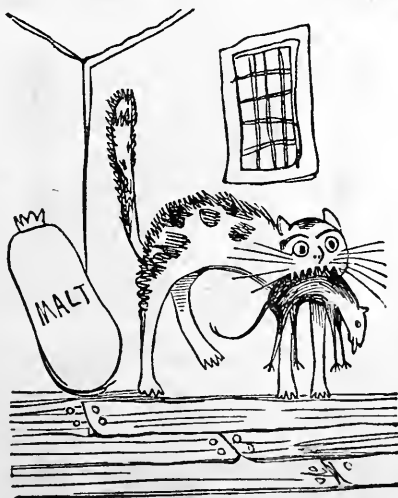
BEHOLD the Mansion reared by dædal Jack !

See the malt stored in many a plethoric sack,  
In the proud eirque of Ivan's bivonac.  
Anon, with velvet foot and Tarquin strides,  
Subtle grimalkin to his quarry glides—

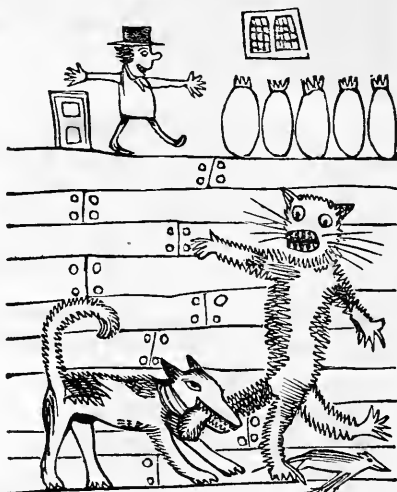
Grimalkin grim, that slew the fierce RODENT,



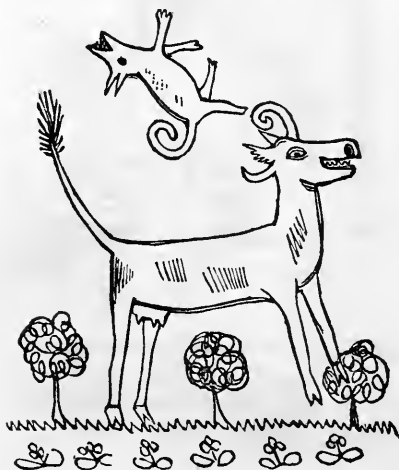
Whose tooth insidious Johann's sackcloth rent!



Lo! now the deep-mouthed canine foes assault,  
That vex the avenger of the stolen malt,



Stored in the hallowed precincts of that hall  
That rose complete at Jack's creative call.



Here stalks the impetuous cow with crumpled horn  
Whereon the exacerbating hound was torn,  
Who bayed the feline slaughter beast, that slew  
The rat predacious whose keen fangs ran through  
The textile fibres that involved the grain  
That lay in Hans' inviolate domain.

Here walks the forlorn damsel, crowned with rue,  
Lactiferous spoils from vaccine dugs who drew,  
Of that corniculate beast whose tortuous horn  
Tossed to the clouds, in fierce, vindictive scorn,  
The baying hound, whose braggart bark and stir  
Arched the lithe spine and reared the indignant fur  
Of puss, that with verminicidal claw,  
Struck the wierd rat, in whose insatiate maw  
Lay reeking malt that erst in Juan's courts we saw.



Robed in senescent garb, that seems in sooth  
Too long a prey to Cronos' iron tooth,  
Behold the man whose amorous lips incline,  
Full with young Eros' osculative sign,

To be the lorn maid whose lact-albic hands  
Drew albu-lactic milk from lacteal glands

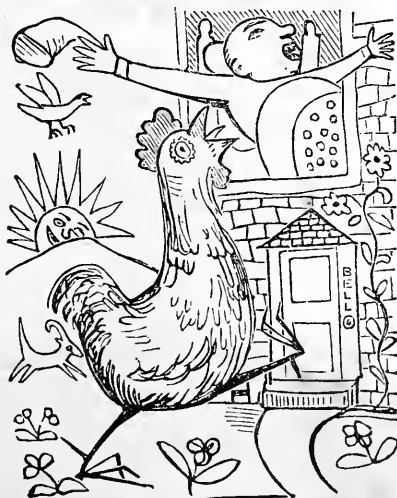


Of that immortal bovine, by whose horn



Distort, to realms ethereal was borne  
 The beast catulean, vexer of that sly  
 Ulysse quadrupedal, who made die  
 The old mordacious rat that dared devour  
 Antecedaneous ale in John's domestic bower.

Lo! here, with hirsute honors doffed, succinct  
 Of saponaceous locks, the priest who linked  
 In Hymen's golden bands the man unthrift,  
 Whose means exiguous stared from many a rift,  
 Even as he kissed the virgin all forlorn,  
 Who milked the cow with implicated horn,  
 Who in fierce wrath the canine torturer skied,  
 That dared to vex the incidious muricide,  
 Who let auroral effluence through the pelt  
 Of that sly rat that robbed the palace Jack built.

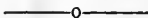


The loud cantankerous Shanghai comes at last,  
 Whose shouts aroused the shorn ecclesiast  
 Who sealed the vows of Hymen's sacrament,

To him who, robed in garments indigent,  
 Exosculates the damsel lachrymose,  
 The emulgator of the horned brute morose,



That tossed the dog, that worried the cat, that *kilt*  
 The rat, that ate the malt that lay in the house that  
 Jack built.



### MRS. PIMPERTON'S WHITEWASHING.

Mrs. Pimperton had "laid it to heart" for years, that her door-yard fence should be whitewashed, and she fairly tormented the flesh from Mr. Pimperton, clattering about "that door-yard fence." The old man said "it had got so that he could dream of nothing else but door-yard fences and whitewash!" Mrs. Pimperton at last found a receipt for whitewash, which she cut from the "*Federal Rocket and Political Torpedo*," made up of lime, salt, and sugar—"more permanent and lustrous," according to the paper, than white-lead itself. This "added fuel to her fire," and she followed Mr. Pimperton with that receipt until



he was obliged, in self-defence, to prepare a dose of it, and baptize about twenty rods of his fence. Well, it *did* look beautiful, in the setting sun, on the evening of its completion; and the old man really began to think that old Mrs. Pimperton *was* something of a woman after all! Mr. and Mrs. Pimperton retired that night happy.

"La, me!" exclaimed Mrs. Pimperton, as she was putting the finishing touches to the bow-knots of her nightcap-strings—"La, me! Mr. Pimperton, it didn't cost much, n'other; and the old fence looks just as good as new, and shines a good deal brighter than Squire Holmes's, with *all* his paint and ile. Dön't say a *woman* don't know nothing again, Mr. Pimperton. Women *do* know something. Not a dollar out and our fence will last us for ten years."

Mr. Pimperton rolled over, grunted, and fell asleep. During the night Mrs. Pimperton was aroused by strange noises. She shook Mr. Pimperton from his slumbers. It *did* seem as if the very heavens had "broke loose," as Mrs. Pimperton *said*. The herds of a thousand hills were evidently upon them.

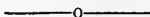
Mr. Pimperton arose and threw open the window.



And there, gathered in the moonlight, marching and countermarching, and bellowing forth unearthly sounds, and goring each other, really *were* (so Mr. Pimperton thought) the "herds of a thousand hills" storming around his newly-whitewashed fence.

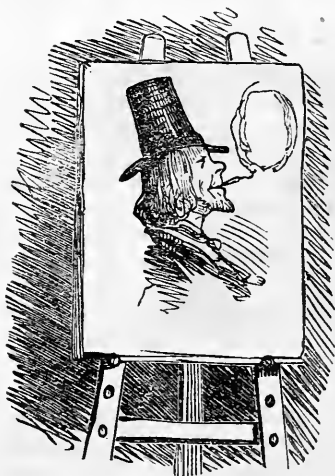
"Great Josiah!" he exclaimed, as he stood in his undress, staring through the window, "why, Mrs. Pimperton, as true as you are a live woman, the very cattle have come down to dance around my fence!"

Then out of bed bounded Mrs. Pimperton; and there they were, sure enough, "a ragin' around, their tails flying, their horns a-flarin'," as she declared, and they had the first really jolly laugh together that they had had for years. But the morning told the story. The herd had mostly disappeared. Two or three persevering animals still lingered, however, and were still standing "reared upon their hind legs, *licking off the salt, sugar and lime* upon the top of the posts—the last touches of their last night's work!" "The fence," said Mrs. Pimperton, in relating the circumstance, "was licked as clean as my washboard!"



## PICTORIAL PASSAGES FROM THE LIFE OF THEOPHILUS SMUDGE.

EDITED BY CIMABUE BRIGGS, ESQ.



ONE fine afternoon, as I was leaving the exhibition rooms of the "National Academy of Design," I encountered an old acquaintance; one Stubbs, whom I had not seen for seven or eight years, and instead of an unpretending quiet air, both in costume and deportment, which were his characteristics (if it could be said he had any) when I last saw him, there was a jauntiness in his manner which flashed about him, and played off (like electricity) at the end of a fashionable cane; together with a profusion of hair, which he shook with the regality of a lion, from under cover of a wide-brimmed Paris cap, an amazingly broad turn-down of a shirt collar, and a small patch of manhood on the nether lip, all of which more than at first half concealed him from my recognition. "Bless my eyes, Smudge, I am glad to see you!" said he, grasping me heartily

by the hand, at the same time keeping the length of his arm stiffly between us (probably that I might be able to scan his whole length, which he was posing effectively); "have you anything here?"

"I am not sufficiently confident," I answered, "to attempt exhibiting my humble essays; and, though I have not seen you for so long a time, I have always looked, but in vain, for your name, not only here but at other galleries. How is it?" I continued; "you must have had many chances of improving yourself, besides (as I have been informed) an intimacy with one or two painters of creditable character."

To these observations Stubbs replied with a series of laughs, concluding with, "Smudge, you are a perfect infant! a regular innocent! So you've look'd for my name, have you? that's capital!" "Surely," said I, in a voice one key above my general tone, "my education has not been so strangely neglected but that I can decipher the monosyllabic difficulty of your name, Mr. Stubbs? And if I"—

"Mum!" interrupted he, glancing quickly around him, "Mum, old boy. It's now five years since I made up my mind that there never could be a niche in the temple of fame for Joe Stubbs. I have, therefore, changed my name."

"Changed your name!"

"Most assuredly," he continued, "and have thus given a chance to future generations, whenever inclined to enter that said temple, to gaze at and ponder on the *vera effigies* of yours, most sincerely, Alphonso M'Intosh Montague Vernon."

At this lofty peroration he bowed, and, taking my arm, said, "How are you engaged this evening? shall I come and take a cigar with you at your lodgings? I must have a chat about old times, and let you into a few moves of the new ones. I'll compare Stubbs with Vernon, and illustrate the difference between the antique and the modern."

On this I eagerly gave him my card, and he instantly fixed his visit for nine that night, apologizing that a peculiar engagement would detain him until that hour.

Punctually at the time named, Vernon arrived—and for a couple of hours entertained me with laughable accounts of his adventures in the world of art, since we last had met—alternating his stories by frequent applications to my best cognac.

I was more than pleased with Vernon's vivacity; and seeing that his vein of oratory was showing itself in stronger marks, whilst I laughed with him, could not help thinking that, if I attempted to keep pace with him in imitating the garniture (as he called it) of his head,

it would be highly necessary to guard against making such alterations with the interior as his fast drinking would inevitably lead to.

At length, just as he was about to withdraw his illustrious person from my humble apartment, I showed him a picture which I had had the good fortune to purchase for a small sum, and, having studied it well, was now willing to part with it.

"It's very fair," said Vernon, with a patronizing kind of scrutiny; "a Spanish friar?"

"No, no," said I, interrupting him, "it's Italian, and, I have been assured, by Caravaggio. The subject is St. Peter; do you not see the key in his hand?"



"Certainly," he continued, "certainly it is; how ridiculous of me not to see it at once. I'm afraid my grog has been too strong; however, I can partly excuse myself from the absence of refinement in the head: it wants dignity. You see, my boy, this said Caravaggio was one of the Neapolitan school, a painter who took common models without idealizing sufficiently; there is something wrong, too, about the drawing of the nose. As he is, nevertheless, an esteemed master,

if you desire to sell it, I'll bring a friend of mine who is better acquainted with the market for these sort of things than I am, a damn'd clever fellow; his name is Kidd, Mr. Greyborne Kidd. I must introduce you at the first opportunity." I thanked him for his kind intentions, and we parted for that night.



I became curiously puzzled, as I reflected, for several successive days after Vernon's visit, upon the very extraordinary change which seven years had wrought in him. The more I pondered over what I recollected of his conversation, and endeavored to recal the *ci-devant* Stubbs, and place him in juxtaposition with Vernon, the greater my curiosity became to see him again, and that, too, in his own domicile—the whereabouts of which his card, given me at parting, indicated to be the neighborhood of Washington-Square. The next day I applied my knuckles to his door. "Come in," exclaimed my grand epi friend Vernon. As I entered, I saw an odd, measly-looking little man, whom he introduced as his friend Mr. Kidd.

"Mr. Theophilus Smudge—Mr. Greyborne Kidd—and I trust that you gentlemen will make such service of each other, both professionally and friendly, as to render this occasion equally agreeable in the memory of three devoted members of a great profession."

I thanked him for his kindness and his friend for his cond scension,

who strangely returned the compliment by requesting me "not to say anything about it," adding, that he had no doubt "we should be able to make the 'deal' all right," after which he glided in a quiet and humble manner about my room, rubbing his hands and looking rather with his nose than his eyes, at the head of St. Peter—(which I had brought with me) during which act I had leisure to observe that Mr. Greyborne Kidd was a little man—very little, in feature and figure, with a sharp nose, and a wide mouth, but pursed up so closely that he appeared to be striving to deceive the beholder into a belief that he had no mouth at all: then his eyes, which were neither black, brown, blue, nor grey, but partaking of a mixture of all those colors, were as small as so small a man's eyes could well be: you, nevertheless, could not deny their piercing sharpness, as they twinkled through a yellow jaundiced bordering, imparting to him the appearance of a golden-eyed needle.

"There's some stuff about my friend Smudge," said Vernon (who had already lighted a cigar, and having stuck a chair between his legs, was, whilst leaning over the back of it, following with his looks this queer personage from one canvas to another); "there's some stuff about him—vigorous pencil—brilliant color—transparent shadows—excellent at composition—he'll be amongst 'em, Sir, before long—he'll be a great man—he'll make a perfect—"

"Will he ever make ten dollars a-week," interrupted Mr. Kidd (before Vernon could finish his eulogistic strain) "unless he turn his attention to *doctoring*?" without noticing my look of surprise.

"To doctor a picture," he continued, "is to do the ancient gaff, to make the production of to-day wear the respectable and seductive garb of two centuries back; and there's plenty of that sort, cooked up for the knowing ones, I promise you: but I'll explain all about it upon some other occasion, when I expect the pleasure of a visit from you—for the present, however, it will be enough to settle upon the alteration of St. Peter, which, in my opinion, may be better effected, thus—first, paint out the glory and the wards of the key in the saint's hand, then put him on a red cap, and you will have a bandit on the look-out, the key being converted by the alteration into a pistol—a decidedly more saleable article, and one," he added, "upon which you may affix a more profitable name—Salvator Rosa."

"Bravo!" said Vernon—"I told you Kidd was the boy; he's a conjuror amongst the old masters, though he acknowledges to be ignorant of high art;—that's excellent," he continued; "St. Peter in the character of a smuggler on the look-out."

"I am glad that you've come, Mister," said my little genius, "as I have had to do a Cuyp, and am just going to *doctor* it;" placing on the



easel at the same time a modern picture, either an imitation or copy of that master—that is, it represented two or three cows in repose on the bank of a river—a distant village church on a low horizon—and a Dutch vessel nearing the foreground; where, as well as the cattle above-mentioned, were some full-grown burdocks and sedges, receiving their share of illumination from the glances of the departing sun. "Yes, yes," he continued, "I'll now show you what more than half the self-created connoisseurs are caught with—the bird-lime of the picture-dealer," whereupon, having slightly oiled and wiped the young Cuyp on the easel, he proceeded to rub the sky and distance over with a dingy mixture of megilp, ivory black, and Naples yellow, avoiding the foreground, which he served in the same way, but with bitumen in the place of the black and yellow, observing to me, during the process, that the doctor for the foreground would be too hot for the more opaque parts of the picture (the sky and distance), whilst the prepara-

tion for those parts would be too muddy and opaque for the transparency of near objects. Having thus passed evenly over the surface, he next, by a circular motion of the thumb, rubbed the dirt into the interstices of the picture, producing a kind of granulated texture, the apparent effect of age.

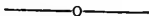
Here the dawn of deception in the picture world first opened upon me. I was astounded at the metamorphosis which in ten minutes was performed on a newly painted work—a senile visage stamped, as it were instantaneously, upon the unfurrowed infant. Many a picture, I exclaimed, must I have seen which could not have been long from your easel, or some one equally expert, which I innocently contemplated as of two centuries back.



"Ha! ha! that's more than likely," said the little conjuror. "I suppose you never once thought of making a calculation as to how many accredited pictures by different masters there are in the various public



and private collections? My governor once did, and as to Cuyp alone, he proved that he must have been harder worked than a West India slave, to have produced a half that bear his name. Then you see every purchaser hugs himself upon having one of the right sort. So soon as it is in his possession it becomes his pet, and like one of his children he sees it all beautiful."



"DANDY NAT'S" COURTSHIP.



"DANDY NAT" was the *sobriquet* facetiously and descriptively bestowed on Mr. Nathaniel Higgins of our village. Mr. Higgins was a barber—I beg his pardon, a hairdresser; for you could hardly offend the little man more seriously than by applying the former coarse term to his "profession." Imaginative tailors are said to have souls above buttons. Mr. Higgins had a soul above lather and shaving-cloths. It is true that his limited means and the smallness of the patronage to be obtained in so humble a

place as "our village," forced him to handle the razor and the strop as well as the scissors and the curling-irons; but he always averred that, when lathering the visages of country bumpkins, and rasping off their stubbly beards, his soul was not in his occupation—his thoughts were far away. I am inclined to believe him; for an unlucky ploughman once averred that the romantic tonsor, while in the act of shaving him, had suddenly squeezed his nose with such intense force as to make him sneeze violently, thereby bringing the injured feature into such forcible contact with the razor, as nearly to amputate his organ of smelling at one blow.

"Pardon, pardon!" shouted the unhappy Higgins, in an agony of alarm at what he had done. "Oh! I was thinking of *her*."

"Thinking of *her*!" growled and sputtered the unfortunate ploughman, holding his nose so tight to his face, that he appeared doubtful whether it would not tumble off if he let go his hold; "thinking of *her*! well, dang it, if I'd loike to *be* her, if that's the way you squeeze her nose."



Very different was the case when Miss Tadpole, the daughter of Squire Tadpole, sent for Mr. Higgins to come to Tadpole Hall, and "do her hair" for a race-ball, or a dinner at the county member's. Then, indeed, the hair-dresser's whole heart was in his task; he gave the reins to his imagination; but it was only to bring its workings to bear upon the subject of his duties; only that his genius might devise

some new and artistic grouping of the side curls, some never-before-attempted fold of the top-knot of the "bell chevreloor" (as he termed it) of the carroty-headed Miss Wilhelmina Tadpole.

It will be naturally inferred from the *sobriquet* bestowed on our friend, that he was very careful of his personal appearance, and such was the case. Not only were his own hair and whiskers brushed, oiled, curled, and arranged with a precision and an eye to effect, that rendered them living and moving evidences of his professional skill, but in every portion of his dress he was no less particular. When, doffing the tonsorial apron, he prepared to sally forth for a walk in our village, he might be seen arrayed in brilliant nankeen "unmentionables," violet sprig-pattern waistcoat, and coat of bright bottle-green, with brass buttons; a white hat, Berlin gloves, variegated neckcloth (crimson the predominating color), and shoes with the largest of ties of the broadest of riband. The hat was worn slightly on one side; and in his hand was flourished a cane of slender dimensions, surmounted by an "albata" top, representing the head of an animal, supposed, by charitable zoologists, to be meant for a fox. His person was not by any means commanding, though Nat himself believed it to be graceful; neither was his face, judged by ordinary standards, handsome; indeed, it was so extremely puny-looking, that it seemed as though all the vital energy of his body had been exhausted on his hair.

In our village there also resided a young seamstress, who, by her own labor, supported herself and her bed-ridden mother. She was a remarkably pretty girl, with a merry voice, a laughing eye, and one of those brilliant complexions which defy the evil influences of hard work and close confinement in-doors. Many were the admirers and lovers of pretty Mary Jenkins. But either Mary was too fastidious in her tastes, or too cold-hearted to care for the swains who said they were dying for her. At all events, not one among them could boast of any marks of her preference; and one or two who had been bold enough to "pop the question," had met with decided refusals; though they confessed, that it had been done with such consideration for their feelings by Mary, that they loved her better than ever, after they had ceased to hope that she would smile on their suit.

Mr. Nathaniel Higgins was decidedly sentimental. Therefore, as a matter of course, he imagined himself very desperately in love with the fascinating Mary. Like sentimental young gentlemen of all classes, no sooner did the idea of his being the victim of the tender passion seize him, than he began to write poetry. It is a singular fact,

that sentimental men always fancy that bad verses have a greater effect than good prose on the female mind; consequently, Mr. Higgins having finished off five or six "shavings" one morning, sat himself down with a steel pen, a penny bottle of ink, and a clean sheet of note-paper, and determined "to give vent to his feelings," as he said, in poetry. And here, we may remark, that it has always struck us that it must be exceedingly annoying to a gentleman of a romantic turn of mind seeking to express his "burning thoughts" in verse, to be constantly brought to a "pull-up" for want of a rhyme. Perhaps it is our own want of poetical inspiration that has put this very prosaic idea into our head. Certainly, we did once attempt to perpetrate an amatory effusion in verse, but when we sought for a rhyme to "Cupid," the only one we could hit on was "stupid." It looked ominous; so we refrained, and have stuck to prose ever since. But we are digressing.

After four hours' intense labor, our friend Nat had produced the following offspring of his brain:—

Lovely girl, you've won my heart:  
Oh, if you only knew the smart  
Which you've given to that part!  
Dare I tell you all I feel?  
Dare I on the hearth-rng kneel  
At your feet, and tell you then  
I'm the wretchedest of men  
If you will not deign to bless  
Him that is in such distress?

Beauteous Mary! hear me swear  
By that lovely head of hair.  
Which these fingers dress'd one day  
For the ball on first of May,  
How I love you, on the whole,  
Better than my heart and soul.  
If you'll only deign to give  
One small smile, I'll happy live.  
But, if you reject my prayer,  
Mary, not another hair  
Shall these wretched fingers dress—  
I'll die! but love you none the less!"

How many sheets of paper the poet spoiled in copying out this beautiful production of his genius is not recorded, but it is to be feared that their cost equalled the proceeds of several "shaves," "cuttings," "curlings," and "dressings." At length, however, the feat was accomplished; and although one or two "h's" got blotted in the bows, and

one or two "y's" kicked their neighbors in an unpleasant manner, Mr. Higgins was altogether proud of his caligraphy.

Folding the note carefully, and sticking it into the pocket of the sprig-pattern waistcoat, after an elaborate toilet, "Dandy Nat" sallied forth to visit the fair milliner.

Bolder men than Nathaniel Higgins have felt something very like trepidation when approaching the habitation where "dwells the lady of their love"—at all events, before the delicate question has been asked and answered in the affirmative. It will readily be believed, therefore, that the hairdresser's legs shook under him in the most absurd style; and his hand trembled so violently as he laid hold of the little brass knocker of Mrs. Jenkins' door, that the rap he gave was almost involuntary, and sent forth a little quivering sound, as if the head of the knocker was having a quiet laugh at his agitated appearance.



Mary herself opened the door, and with a smiling and blushing countenance begged the visitor to enter. Nat stammered out some-

thing intended for a greeting, and followed her into the parlor, treading on the tail of a slumbering cat, which forthwith struck her claws into his nankeens.

"Nice day, miss," said Nat, bolting out the words.

"Do you really think so, Mr. Higgins? I'm afraid it's raining a little."

Poor Nat had made a bad shot, so he was obliged to say he rather liked rain than otherwise.

There was a long pause, after which Mary inquired, "Are you going to the dance next Monday, Mr. Higgins?"

"Oh yes, certainly," replied Nat, very quickly; and then, suddenly checking himself, "that is—no—at least, I'm not certain. It depends on one thing——" Here he stammered and looked so queer that Miss Jenkins inquired if he was ill.

"Oh no! That is—yes—not exactly—but *here*, you see—" stut-tered the little man, laying his hand on his waistcoat.

"A pain in the chest?" said Mary, quite unconscious. "Colds are so very much about. Have you ever tried those new wafers that Mr. Drugs sells?"

"N-o-o-o," said poor Nat; "not exactly. You see it's not *that*; it's not a *bodily* illness——" And here he put on such a diabolical leer that Mary could scarcely tell whether to laugh or scream. She certainly thought he was mad.

"Pray, Mr. Higgins, excuse me," she said, "but I really must go to poor mamma." And she rose to depart.

"Oh, yes—exactly so—good-by!—stay, Miss Jenkins!" He fumbled in his waistcoat-pocket, thrust a piece of paper into her hands, saying, *Read that,* with a half despairing look, and rushed out of the house, nearly breaking his neck over the sleepy cat, who, however, had no time to stick her claws against his nankeens before he escaped.

In an agony of mind, "Dandy Nat" rushed back to his own shop. He was dreadfully afraid that he had not made a favorable impression. He began to wonder why he had not said half a hundred fine things that seemed to come so naturally into his head now. He tried to recollect what he *had* said; but he could recollect nothing, except that his leg was still sore from the indentation of the cat's claws.

"Confound the cat!" he muttered. "It was she that put everything out of my head. Well, never mind; if that girl has a heart, I don't think she'll resist those verses."

With this gratifying reflection he consoled himself, and fell into a fit of musing, which lasted half-an-hour. He was then aroused by a boy

knocking at his door, and, on opening it, a letter was thrust into his hand. “From Miss Jenkins,” the urchin said, “and no answer.”

With trembling hands he seized the sweet missive, and, bolting his door, broke the seal and opened it. An inclosure fell to the ground; but before stooping to pick it up, he read the note, which was in *her* handwriting, as follows:—

“Miss Jenkins’s compliments to Mr. Higgins, and returns him the paper he left with Miss J. She cannot understand what Mr. Higgins could mean in giving the note to her, as it cannot possibly be any affair of hers. If Mr. Higgins means that he is in want of a small loan, no doubt her mamma will be happy to supply Mr. Higgins; but he really should apply in a less extraordinary manner.”

A horrid doubt seized poor Higgins as he read this letter. He thrust his hand into his waistcoat-pocket. The *verses were still there!* He picked up the inclosure which had fallen from Mary’s note. Alas! it was a dunning epistle from the laundress that washed and *did* for him.

“Mr. Higgins

“sir—i doante konsidur yor condick bekummin of a jentelman not to menshun an aredressur not to pay me 2 and 9 has you o me so long a poore loan widdur and shal summins you too Cownte Korte if not pade at wunce

“mare jones.”

The unhappy Nat never moved for half-an-hour after this horrid catastrophe. His first sane action was to rush off to the nearest railway station and book himself for London. He has never visited “our village” since that day; but to his honor be it said, though he always vows that “mare jones” blighted the hopes of his heart, he *did* settle accounts with his laundress.



THE END OF THIS MOVING TALE.

## OLD ZEB. BEESWING'S EXPERIENCE AT A CRACK HOTEL.

ZEB. BEESWING was as hard looking an old nut as you'd find on a twelve hours' travel. The first time I saw him he was sitting on a mule, meek as Moses, dressed in an old, dark, brown-soap-colored blanket-coat, originally white, an old battered, broad-brim, low crown, black felt hat, old cottonade breeches, of an invisible blue color, and a very square pair of old russet shoes. His face—well! I don't believe I can do it justice. However, if you'll take a hickory nut, one that age has turned a dark-brown shade, leave the sharp end for a nose, drill two holes each side of it, and put in black glass beads for eyes, cut a long slit from right under the nose to the corner of the left eye, for a mouth—perhaps you can approach it. The cords of his neck were loose, for which cause, possibly, his head hung down. When you spoke to him he'd slowly turn his head round sideways, shutting his right eye—if you were on that side of him—till he could see you with his left eye, and then he'd open on you.

Wishing to reach the landing at St. Joseph's in time to take the morning boat down the Mississippi for New Orleans, I had pushed my horse pretty well until I came within sight of the river. The mist rising as the sun came up I saw the boat was not yet in sight, and so held in and walked my horse. Turning a corner of the road, I met Zeb. looking as I have described and riding the same old mule. As I came up to him he slowly twisted his head round, until, seeing who it was, he drawled out:—

"Mornin' Squar. How d'ye do, this mornin'?"

"Right well, Zeb. What brings you out so early, before the fog's off?"

"Cottin, cottin, cottin, ollaways cottin, in course! Sent a load down t'other day to landin', heerd last night it haddent been shipt. Am gwine thar now to give somebody hell." And he gave himself, at this moment, some tobacco, first thrusting one hand down, down, in the pocket of that old blanket coat till his whole arm disappeared, and when he drew it up again bringing up a chunk of honey-dew, as big as "a hymn-book!" to use his own expression.

"On-ly twist me into a b'y agin, an' I reckon"—here was a pause, occasioned by the honey-dew—"I'd ractify thengs. Squar 'em up. You're young, you can ractify for me."

"Certainly! What can I do for you?"

"Yew kno' Dewberry, Frenchman in P'ydras street down in Orleans



City? Keeps licker oll kinds. I'm sore f'r about ten gallins of his best con-yag bran'ny. Got kinder racked down on whiskey, an' want a change of feed. Tell him ter drive it up by next boat; ef he dis-appints me, he and me will have the severest kind of a battil nex' occasion we meet." I promised to call and give his order, and then asked him why he didn't visit the city occasionally; mentioning to him that I had heard he had never been down the river but once in his life.

"True as trooth! Never was thar bot one occasion, never go agin'. Crack hotels! Hell!"

"What's the matter with the crack hotels?"

"Cracks are the matter with 'em. Cracks more'n siventy foot deep. Oh yes, I've been thro' 'em, from top to bottom!"

"How?"

"Yew lissen!"—here the honey-dew caused a cessation of words for a second—"Some yares agone I travelled to the city for the fust time, an' mebbe I hadn't a few things to larn. I 'rived thar of a mornin', went strate to my marchant, drew on him, and then streaked for a fust-class ho-tel—mind ye a *crack* ho-tel. The ho-tel was filled. Spring races, and all that sort of theng on, an' they lo-cated me up in the top loft. I proposed to work on thair feelin's, sayin' I was a ole man, week and fee-bull in the jints like, an' couldn't mount them air stairs. 'Twouldn't jerk. Had to stan' it. In the afternoon jined forces, with a onsigthly fast crowd of ole b'ys, an' the way they made thengs cirkoolate was 'stoundin'. Tore up everything as was to be seen, by the roots. We did! Drunk more licker nor one could bottel in a yare, and then—wal, I've a faint-ish i-dea 'bout bein' toted, t'ord mornin', up very high, over one story and then 'uother, feelin' orful mizzable 'bout the boddy ginerally, incloodin' my hed. Rek'lect concloodin' to git a leetle more licker, to cure me, gittin' out of my room, losing my way in a entry; end of all, gittin' to wot I s'posed to be my room, and layin' right down in bed an' goin' to sleep.

"All of a suddin I started up out of a soun' sleep, the room was as dark as black nite, an' thar was the mos' tearin' and poundin' soun' a ringin' in my ears, like ef they wur tryin' to bile down a thousan' thunder-claps inter one. All at once I feel the floor a sinkin' an' givin' way unner me. 'Way I went, fallin', fallin', the nise bein' added all the time; such a screamin', shriekin', yellin', thunderin', roarin' row! Knew I was on the road to fire an' brimstone when I started; sech kind uv low-com-motion ain't pious—goin' down hill faster an' faster, till I was brought up with a roun' jerk an' pitched right inter the black hole. Jus' as I 'spected! Thar wos all the fires a burnin', an' nigge

devils busy, brilin', roastin', stewin'; jes' as I 'spected! Smelt kind u nateral down thar, though somethin' like fried eggs an' bacon an' may I never chaw honey-dew more ef I didn't scent coffey. P'raps, says I, I'm doomed to go into eggs and bacon—who knows? Jes' then up rushes a big devil, dressed in white, and pre-pares ter haul away at the clothes I was wrapped up in. Sez I, 'Hallo!'



"Sez he, 'The devil! Air you here?'"

"Come at last!" sez I. "Don't be hard now, on a poor ole man. Draw it easy. I always lived pie-ously on airth."

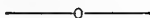
"Woter yer doin' here?" sez he.

"I'm sure I dun know," sez I.

"Clare out then!" says he, "thar's the door!" 'Twant quite clare in my mind whether 'twas the quarters for bad sperits or no, but I ashore you I didn't need no second invite to make myself scarce 'bout thar! I made a rush for the door like ef old Sauglier's blood hounds were after me an' would you believe it! the next minnit I was in the bar-room of the i-dentical ho-tel I put up to when I come to the city. It was 'bout nine o'clock in the mornin', and fortoonitly thar wan't but preshus few roun' thar, so I goes up ter the bar—I hedden't nothin' on

but a shirt, an' felt cool naberhood ov my legs—an' gits a bruisin' strong coektail, tells 'em to send two more up to my room, then I got showed up myself. 'Tain't every feller gets inter the 'fernal regions and out again 'fore nine o'clock in the mornin'!

"They wanted to make out a history 'bout my gittin' inter a dum waiter, where clothes were h'isted up to the top o' the house to dry, an' how as I had gone down an' stepped inter the kitchen. But that cock won't fight. Dum waiter! Whar did all that n'ise come from, then? No, Sir, I'll stick to it I went to a *crack* hotel, an' I fell through the *crack*. Whar I went to is nobody's bizinis, I conceit."



JUVENILE ART-TREASURES.

PRIVATE VIEW.



FOLLOWING the lead of the Manchester Art-people, a committee of young gentlemen has recently been formed, with the view of getting up an Exhibition of all the Juvenile Art-Treasures they can anyhow lay their hands on. It is intended to confine the specimens exhibited

to the very early works of our exceedingly young masters; and any master who exceeds the age of ten will be esteemed too ancient to have his works exhibited. The object, which the Art-Committee will keep steadily before them, is to show the progress of the Arts from the earliest infancy, and it is confidently hoped that specimens may reach them even from the cradle. Of the works which have already been entrusted to their care, we have been courteously invited to a private view, and we have our own permission to make public the results of our inspection.

No oil-paintings as yet have been received by the Committee, and indeed the only bit of canvas in their hands is a piece used as the ground of an unfinished work in worsted, on which the outline of a

kettle has been traced in marking-ink. This has been sent in by a young Welsh master, MASTER JONES; and having been achieved at the age of not quite three, may be viewed as a specimen of his very early period. Several water-color sketches have, however, come to hand, one or two of which are quite *chefs-d'œuvre* in their way, and are prized by the mammas of the young masters who have painted them as being early sweepings of the brush of genius. Some of these, we note, are somewhat smudgy in their tone, and must perhaps be viewed as being rather after rubbings than they can be after RUBENS; still, upon the whole, the color-boxes have been used with singular effect, and, for first attempts, the landscapes are perhaps not more completely unlike nature than is usually the case. MASTER SMITH's in this way are especially unique, and may be fairly viewed as JEM's—that being the christian name of this now rising-six young artist.



Although the colorists appear in tolerable force, we are not surprised, of course, to find their works are far outnumbered by the drawings in plain pencil which already have arrived. When properly arranged and classified in order, we think that this compartment will perhaps be the attraction of the whole Art-Exhibition. Both the pencil schools, in fact, will be completely represented—both the Lead school and the Slate. There are some portraits in the former style which must have not a little startled those who sat for them, so far from being human are the features represented. With the slate-pencil-ists, however, there is a greater tendency to landscape than to drawing from the life. Several of their subjects are indeed architectural, but their houses, for the most part, are merely sketched in outline. Their landscapes are, however, works of more pretension, and even animals are introduced in some of them with the happiest effect. There may be doubts in some cases what creatures are intended (as for instance in young MASTER BROWNE's "A Landscape with Cows," where the tails are so handled as

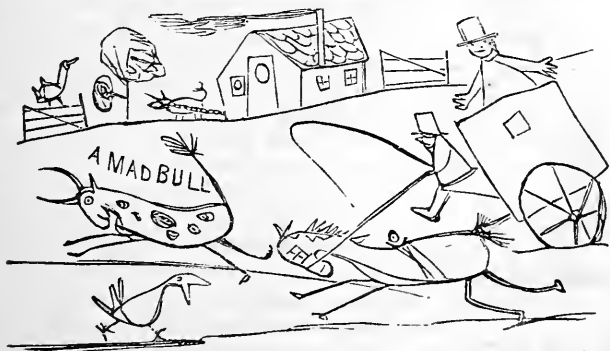
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some of them with the happiest effect. There may be doubts in some cases what creatures are intended (as for instance in young MASTER BROWNE's "A Landscape with Cows," where the tails are so handled as

to look like fifth legs), but in general the device of the scroll has been resorted to, and the words "This is a Horse!" prevent one's guessing that a pig must be the animal depicted.

With the sole exception of some ornamented book-covers (many of them so injured as to be quite past repairing) no specimens of Ornamental Art have been as yet contributed. A few carvings have arrived, of cherry-stones and hockey-sticks; and some spoons, bit nearly through, and otherwise embossed, will be sure to claim attention as choice specimens of metal work. To connoisseurs in chicken bone a highly-decorated skipjack, from MASTER GREEN's collection, will doubtless be an object of considerable interest; while those who have a taste for Sculpture can hardly fail to be delighted with the ROBINSON Marbles, which, in the estimation of their owner, are not second to the ELGIN ones. They will be found to contain specimens of both the antique styles, the plain style and the colored: as they comprise a goodly show of Alley Tors' as well as Commoners.

The Armory Compartment will be very rich in specimens. Several of the fly-guns will be found most delicately finished, and well worthy of inspection; and although the pop-guns show less polish, and perhaps more hasty workmanship, still, their elegant simplicity is in itself a beauty. The pea-shooters and pin-darts are also very choice, and some



of the toy-cannon will be viewed as highly interesting specimens of early English ordnance. But perhaps the gem of this compartment is a suit of pasteboard armor, lately manufactured for some nursery theatricals. This will be found to repay the closest study, being exquisitely finished, and complete in every detail, down to the lath dagger and the paste and paper battle-axe.

## DEACON HEZEKIAH.

O, HEZEKIAH is a pious soul!  
With his phiz as long as a hickory pole,  
And he wouldn't smile if you'd give him the whole  
Of the gold in California;  
There he is, like a cloud, in his Sunday pew  
With his book in his hand, in his long-tailed blue,  
And you'd better take care or he'll look you through,  
With a glance that says, "I scorn you."

He is very strait, and narrow, and tall,  
From the crown to the hem of his over-all;  
And he sings the psalm with a woful brawl,  
And a mouth like a clam's when it's crying;  
But when Monday comes he is up with the sun,  
His *religion* is over, his work begun,  
And you'd think that there wasn't a world but one,  
And he hadn't a thought of dying.

You would think he was sorry he'd lost a day,  
As he rushes and rattles and drives away,  
As he gives the poor orphan a crusty "nay,"  
And the widow a vinegar greeting;  
And he bargains, and sells, and collects his rent,  
Nor tears nor petitions can make him relent,  
Till he gets in his pocket each doubtful cent,  
Though he wouldn't *be seen* a cheating!

And Tuesday, and Wednesday, and all the week,  
He doesn't know Gentile, nor Jew, nor Greek,  
Nor care whom he robs of the last beef-steak,  
Nor the last poor hope of fire;  
But Hezekiah is pious, very!  
For who in the world ever saw him merry?  
And he looks as forlorn as a dromedary,  
And his voice, of itself, is a choir.

## "BEWARE OF THE WIDDERS."



TALKIN' o' widders, Mr. Spades, they're slippery characters; and wunst they git thar thumbs on a young man, by gosli he's clean gone! I know this by experience, pretty much—and I've had a good deal ov that sort o' teachin'. I was lucky, though, for once, and got outen her clapper-claws *jist* in time. Got a piece terbacker, Mr. Spades? Thank-ee.

You see, I was a young feller, 'bout twenty, or thereabout, and ji t begun to feel my beard 'gin to grow, when I tuck it into my head I must get married, and be hanged to me. (Git up!) Well, I was driving then on the old Ramville road, and 'bout ten mile an' better fore you git thar, lived the widder Taylor. She had two children, was about twenty-five, an' pore as Job's turkey hen. I didn't mind that. Her whole sittywation in life didn't matter much to me. I felt power-

ful smart, an' was goin' to git a wife. Golly, what a mouthful that word "wife" is in the teeth of a fool 'bout twenty yer old! Well, I sot in to courtin', and she sorter shied off, I thought, but had an idea she was drawin' me on. I used to stop every day when I didn't hev passengers; and when I did, I'd ride back and see her at night. She wouldn't never let me kiss her, lessen she wanted sumpen from town by me; and then, three times outen four, she didn't give me the money to git that sumpen with. I didn't keer, she kissed me; and I'd hardly take a chaw terbacker, fear 'twould take the taste ouffen my lips. (Git up!) Well, I don't wanter be all day tellin' o' the story; but arter sayin' pirty things, and spendin' more than my month's wages, I 'gun to think I might as well bring things to a pint. Thinks I, Peace, to-morrow you must ax her 'bout it. When to-morrow cum, course there was a big load o' passengers, and course they was in a hurry, an' I couldn't stop. That night I rid ten miles thro' the rain to see her.

"My lor," sez she, "what brot you here, Mr. Peace?"

"Cum to see *you*, my darlin'!" sez I.

"Aw, hush!" sez she; "you're always so funny, Mr. Peace."

Sez I—"My love, you look mity purty to-night; won't you marry me 'bout Christmas?"

"Law! Mr. Peace, how you talk! Why, I can't think o' sich a thing."

"Cum, cum," sez I, "none o' yer gammon; come up to yer fodder, my pirty, an' say 'Y-a-s,' rite sweet."

Geeminy! I was a fool, gentlemen. (Git up!)

Sez she—"This hyars gone fur enuf. I'm in yarnest, and tho' I think a heap of yer, I can't think of marryin' yer."

I was kerflummixed, and didn't know no more'n a fool wot to say. I an' she was settin on a chist, an' I sorter hilt down my head to think an' she begun to cher me up. I groaned and she talked, and toreckly I drapped off'n the chist full length on the floor, groanin' powerful. As I fell, I kicked over the table with the candle on it, leavin' us in the dark.

"Wot's the matter, Mr. Peace; are you sick?"

"No; I aint sick."

"Wot's the matter, then? Do tell me, Mr. Peace."

I groaned, and rolled, and wallered roun', she keepin' a coixin' of me to say what was the matter.

"Do git up, Mr. Peace; you'll get your clothes all siled."

"Don't keer," says I, an' I groaned and rolled wuss an ever, and then stopped.

'Where are you, Mr. Peace? Say, you ain't a dyin', are you?"



By this time I heerd her down on her hands and knees, feelin' for me.

Sez she—"Mr. Peace, ef you don't speak, I'll holler for a light and help."

"That won't do," thinks I, an' I groans again, and hyar she cum on all fours towards me. I was onderneath the bedside, and jist as she got in reach, I grabbed her by the hands.

"Let go, Mr. Peace, or I'll holler."

"Yaas, do," sez I, "an' wot'll people say? I ain't gwine to let go 'tell you say you'll hev me. I'll lay an' groan, and roll, and hold you tell mornin', ef you don't."

"Now, gentlemen, that was keen as a brier for a fellar only twenty yer old, wan't it?" We assented, and he proceeded.

Well, a'ter so long a time, she cum tu terms, an' sed she'd try an' accommodate me, and told me to git up. Up I riz, and smacked her purty lips, an' rid back to Ramville. Golly! I was the biggest man thar nex morning, an' tole all my frens to git ready for a big splurge, 'Twas common talk, and everybody believed it; but—I *didn't marry the widder Taylor!* "Why?" we both asked in a breath. Well, you see, few days a'ter that night, she cum out to the stage to ax me to bring her some wine—that she wan't zactly well. Certingly, sez I; an' that night I went to the drug-shop and tole the long-legged, lank-sided, hatchet-faced whelp of a clerk that I wanted sum wine. "Wot kind?" sez he. "The best you got." Sez he, we have several wine; white, Maderia, and sum other names he give, (an' he didn't have half of 'em), but toreckly he grinned, and sed antimonial wine. "Matrimonial wine," sez I—I had pick'd up the manin' of that word, and sez I, that's just what I want; fill that flask. "It's very dear," "Dod rot yer, charge it to Keen & Co. (they was my bosses), they're good for it, ain't they?" He grinned again, and I wanted to punch his darned tow-hed like thunder. I give it to my widder that nite, and looked daggers at the fellow that was settin' talkin' to her. I know'd he boarded thar, but he was in my way, and I wanted to let him know it. Sez I—"Take some of it now, my dear." Then Jones looked at me, right sassy like. She sorter blushed, and poured out sum and drank it off, makin' a nasty face at it that riled me. Sez I, it's best in Ramsville, and cost a thunderin' site o' money to git. I didn't hev time to say much more when out she bolted on the gallery, and—a—well, I felt disgusted at her ignorance. Jones run out a'ter her, an' I sot still—mad like. Toreckly back he cum, and sez he, wots that you gave my wife?" I gave Widder Taylor some matrimonial

wine, and she doesno wat's good, an's gone and heaved it up. I wish she was your wife, your plenty good 'nuff for her; but let me caution you not to call her your wife, an I've got sumpen to say thar, and you might git hurt." Sez he, bristlin' up—"I married Widder Taylor this mornin', an' she's my wife, an you've ben givin' her pison, I believe, to kill her. Now git outer here?" Well, gentlemen, I was so taken back by what he sed, that he jist kickèd me right outer the house, my disgust for him and her both bein' too grate to notice him, or resentify the kickin'. Wasn't I lucky in gettin' rid of her? Didn't I manage well? Thar's Columby jist ahead. Git up.



## HIGH TRAGEDY,

IN THE ATTIC STYLE.

(He's giving *rains* to his imagination.)

DRAMATIC REMINISCENCES.

THE Chapman family, consisting of old Chapman, William, George, Caroline, Harry and Therese Chapman, some years since established

and carried into operation on the Western waters a "floating theatre," concerning which so many anecdotes are told. The family were all extremely fond of fishing, and during the "waits" the actors amused themselves by "dropping a line" over the stern of the ark. On one occasion, while playing the "Stranger," act IV., scene 1st. there was a long stage wait for Francis, the servant of the misanthropic Count Walbough.

"Francis! Francis!" called the Stranger.

No reply.

"Francis! Francis!" [A pause.] "Francis!" rather angrily called the Stranger again.

A very distant voice; "Coming, sir!" A considerable pause, during which the Stranger walks up and down *à la* Macready, in a great rage.

"Francis!"

Francis entering: "Here I am, sir."

Stranger: "Why did you not come when I called?"

Francis: "Why, the fact is, sir, I was just hauling in one of the d--dest biggest catfish you ever saw."

It was some minutes before the laughter of the audience could be restrained sufficiently to allow the play to proceed.

On another occasion, while lying at Natchez, the performance being the play of "Pizarro," *Rolla*, in the last act, after seizing the child, and as he was rushing up towards the bridge, observed a tall negro holding a tea-cup full of blood (rose pink), which was wanted almost immediately on the other side of the stage. As he passed he said to the negro:

"Here, boy, carry that blood round to me on the other side; I want it the moment I cross the bridge."

Away dashed *Rolla*, bearing the child aloft, amidst a volley of Spanish musketry, and turning to cut away the bridge with his sword, what was his horror to see the tall negro walk deliberately upon the stage between the "waters," and in full sight of the audience, holding the cup in one hand, and stirring up the contents with the fore-finger of the other, and hear him exclaim:

"Heah, Massa Smith, here's your blood."

The effect upon the audience can be better imagined than described, and the drop was immediately lowered to shut in the ludicrous scene.

When Cooper (we think it was) was playing at one of the Northern theatres, years ago (if it wasn't Cooper, it was somebody else), he had just made his exit at the entrance to the chamber of "the sleeping

Duncar," when he called to the prompter, "Give me the blood! the blood!" meaning the pigment wherewith he was to smear the daggers, and give himself those "hangman's hands!"

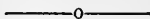
The prompter trembled, grew pale, and stammered out, "I forgot the blood! there's none in the house!"

What was to be done? Blood must be had of some kind, or what would become of the scene between Macbeth and the lady, that was to follow. The time was wasting, was wasted, was spent: the stage was waiting.

The actor, at his wit's end, suddenly seizing the delinquent prompter by the hair, drew back and placed a plumper upon his nose, drawing "the claret" in a perfect cataract.

As he was incarnadining his hands and the daggers, Cooper looked savagely at the poor prompter, and suggested that hereafter he would probably be better provided with his "properties."

And thus, probably, was the first and only time that that scene was played with *real* blood.



### CLEAN SOUP—SCENE IN A HOTEL.

DINING-ROOM. *Yankee at the table commencing with soup.*

YANKEE. I sa-ay, waiter! This 'ere seup aint so clean as I have seen!

COCKNEY WAITER. Sir, I don't know wot yon mean by that insinervation. I must speak to Mr. Carvinknife about that.

Waiter runs to head waiter, and brings that officer to Yankee's chair.

HEAD WAITER. Beg pardon, sir. Did you have the honor to make a remark respecting the soup?

HEAD WAITER (*looking red in the face*). Sir, shall I have the pleasure of saying to the Superintendent, that you remarked that the soup is dirty?

YANKEE (*throwing himself back in the chair*). Look here, yew can report to the Sewperintendent, ef yo've got such an officer over yer—I s'posed they had Sewperintendents in Sunday schools, but I never heard of one in a tavern before—you can jest say to him what I said to that linen-jacket fellow there. Tell the Sewperintendent what I said but don't yer lie.

SUPERINTENDENT (*coming forward*). Anything wrong, Thomas? Anything wrong, sir?

WAITER. He says the soup aint clean, please, sir?

YANKEE. That's a teetotal lie. I didn't say it was dirty—I didn't



say it warn't clean. I shouldn't have said anything about yer soup at all, ef that linen-jacket fellow hadn't poked a bill for the dinner in my face afore I began ter eat. I shan't pay in advance. He had mor'n forty things charged in it—mor'n I could eat in tew fortnights. Had a lot of wine charged, when I belonged to the Sons of Temperance. What I hev, I'll pay for when the work's done. This here was recommended to me fer a fus rate tavern.

SUPERINTENDENT. My dear sir, that was only our bill of fare, designed simply to indicate what dishes may be called for. Our prices for dinner are uniform.

YANKEE. The deuce it is; well, the fact is I didn't mean anything agin yer soup; what I was agoin to say was this; that the soup wasn't so clean as I had seen; for yer see, when I was a travellin' in Pennsylvany, they had some seup at one tavern so clean, that ef yer should dip a white cambric 'andkerchief into it, 'twouldn't grease it.

Exit Superintendent and "linen jacket fellers," amid great laughter from the company.

## SEEING THE ELEPHANT—DOUBLE.



ENRY GREEN was brought in for having been inebriated and asleep in the highway. He had been having an evening's amusement, in the course of which he had been to the circus, and afterward to a bowling alley and shooting gallery with a friend whom he had picked up. By the kind permission of the Judge he was allowed to tell his story in his own way, which he did in a very disjointed style, and with a great deal of earnestness and volubility, somewhat after the fashion of the well-known Alfred Jingle.

"My name is Green, Mr.

Judge; live in the country; come down here for the first time to see the city; stop at Mr. Astor's tavern in Broadway street; fine place; good bartender, big whiskers, does things with a kind of flourishy jerk peculiar to himself; didn't know anybody in the city; perfect stranger; got my supper; went out on the steps; man came along—good-looking man, shiny hat, big chain, stand-up collar, cane with a jack-knife in; introduced himself; said he was a stranger too; wanted me to go with him and pass a pleasant evening; agreed to go; went; took something to drink before we started; got a little ways and he said hadn't we better take a nip; took a nip; he said shouldn't we go to the circus; told him wasn't acquainted with circus, but trot it out; he said hadn't we better have something first; had something; got to the door; my friend had left his pocketbook at home, borrowed ten dollars and paid for two; gave me the change, a one dollar bill, three pewter dimes and a smooth cent; didn't understand York currency, but thought it all right; got inside; place near the door with bottles in, also glasses and pumps—large assortment of pumps with mahogany handles; friend said, "Should we smile?" We smiled; stepped along and looked at the performance; men with nothing on but a crown and a pair of tight breeches covered with sixpences, and women with petticoats about as long as a turnover collar, all standing

on one leg on horseback, except when they were rolling heels over head in the sawdust trying to catch the tips of their toes in their teeth; remarkable fact, all the horses had two tails, and all the men were double headers; friend said it was the effect of the last smile, and proposed that we should take something to get the dust out of our eyes—got something to take the dust out of our eyes—friend said if I'd seen enough we'd go—took a last look.

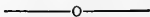


#### AT AN ELEPHANT NOT ALTOGETHER "UP TO TRAP."

The men in the sixpenny breeches were dancing with the ladies in the short skirts, which seemed all upside down like a bowl—man with a whip was cracking it at everybody, especially a fellow with three-cornered patches all over him, who was standing on his head on a pewter platter on top of a pair of stilts—stopped at the place with the bottles in—friend said should we imbibe—we imbibed—went outside, started to go across the street, brought up against oyster cart, tried to kick over oyster-cart, got my leg between the wheels—new hat fell off, couldn't get up, concluded to sit down—did sit down in my hat—friend helped me up and tied my hat on with a string—friend said shouldn't we take a snifter—took a snifter—went to a shooting place—tried to kill the cast-iron man with the pipe in his mouth—don't think I did, fired seven times and all the balls lodged in the ceiling overhead, except one which went through the toe of my boot and stuck in the

floor; friend said, hadn't we better horn—horned; started for a bowling saloon; got part way; friend proposed that we should stop at milk punch place and take a suck—took a suck; got to a rolling place; thought I'd roll first ball; didn't stay on the alley; the second I let slip behind me, and it smashed a bird cage, and demolished a canary, while the last one hit the pin-boy and knocked him through the side of the house; friend said, shouldn't we go to the bar, and "Let 'em up"—"Let 'em up," and kept doing so till the floor looked like a river, and I tried to drink the coal hod, under the impression that it was a glass of brandy and sugar, hot; friend said, shouldn't we julip—juliped; he then proposed that we should cocktail—cocktailed; friend borrowed my pocketbook and coat; officer came, and here I am.

Mr. Green was reprimanded and discharged, further punishment being considered unnecessary, in consideration of his loss while seeing the elephant.



### FASHION AND INFLUENZA.

"THAT fairy form muffled in shawls FANNY! why?  
What sorrow hath swoln and beclouded thine ej'?"



What an have occasioned the tint of the rose  
To abandon that cheek for the end of that nose?



"Strange ornament, strip of mere flannel, to deck  
That swanlike, that snowy, that statuesque neck!  
Why sit o'er the fender in such an odd trim,  
With handkerchief stanching those red orbs that swim?"

"For shabe, HELRY! dolt you bake ful so of be;  
You bulkey, preteldil that you diddlet see  
The state I ab ill; do you walt to be told?  
You bust low I've got a bost troublesub cold."

"But how did you catch it, love?—where did you go?"  
"I cal't thilk, I cal't tell at all, I dol't low."  
"You don't think damp feet may have brought it about?"  
"Lo, I've worl Ildia rubber shoes whel I've beel out."

"I think I can tell what has caused a catarrh  
Those charms to disfigure, those accents to mar;  
The bonnet, my FANNY, was meant for the head,  
But FANNY wears hers 'twixt the shoulders instead."

Oh HELRY!—ald yet it bust surely be oled  
Lot clothid the head is the way to catch cold,  
Ald following Fashiul is what, I suppose,  
Bakes me look such al object ald talk through the doze."



## THE PERPLEXED HOUSEKEEPER.

I WISH I had a dozen pairs  
Of hands, this very minute;  
I'd soon put all these things to rights;  
The very deuce is in it.

Here's a big washing to be done,  
One pair of hands to do it,  
Sheets, shirts, and stockings, coats and pants,  
How will I e'er get through it?

Dinner to get for six or more,  
 No loaf left o'er from Sunday;  
 And baby cross as he can live—  
 He's always so on Monday.

And there's the cream, 'tis getting sour,  
 And must forthwith be churning,  
 And here's Bob wants a button on—  
 Which way shall I be turning?

'Tis time the meat was in the pot,  
 The bread was worked for baking,  
 The clothes were taken from the boil—  
 O dear! the baby's waking.



Hush, baby dear, there hush sh-sh!  
 I wish he'd sleep a little,  
 Till I could run and get some wood  
 To hurry up that kettle.

O dear! if P—— comes home  
 And finds things in this pothor,  
 He'll just begin to tell me all  
 About his tidy mother!

How nice her kitchen used to be,  
Her dinner always ready  
Exactly when the noon-bell rung—  
Hush, hush, dear little Freddy.

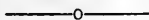
And then will come some hasty word  
Right out before I'm thinking—  
They say that hasty words from wives  
Set sober men to drinking.

Now isn't that a great idea,  
That men should take to sinning,  
Because a weary, half-sick wife  
Can't always smile so WINNING?

When I was young I used to earn  
My living without trouble,  
Had clothes and pocket money, too,  
And hours of leisure double.

I never dreamed of such a fate,  
When I, A-LASS! was courted—

Wife, mother, nurse, seamstress, cook, housekeeper, chamber-maid,  
laundress, dairy woman, and scrub generally, doing the work of six,  
For the sake of being supported!



“HE WAS A PIOUS MAN AND SAVED HIS CHIST.”



RECENTLY, a gentleman riding in an Eastern railroad car which was sparsely supplied with passengers, observed, in a seat before him, a lean, slab-sided Yankee; every feature in his face seemed to ask a question, and a little circumstance soon proved that he possessed a more “inquiring mind.” Before him, occupying the entire seat, sat a lady dressed in deep black, and after shifting his position several times, and manoeuvring to get an opportunity to look into her face, he at length caught her eye.

"In affliction?"

"Yes, sir," responded the lady.

"Parent?—father or mother?"

"No, sir."

"Child, perhaps?—a boy or girl?"

"No, sir, not a child—I have no children."

"Husband, then, I expect?"

"Yes," was the curt answer.

"Hum!—cholery?—a tradin' man may be?"

"My husband was a sea faring man—the captain of a vessel, he didn't die of cholera, he was drowned."

"Oh, drowned, eh?" pursued the inquisitor, hesitating for a brief instant.

"Save his *chist*?"

"Yes, the vessel was saved, and my husband's effects," said the widow.

"Was they?" asked the Yankee, his eyes brightening up. "*Pious* man?"

"He was a member of the Methodist church."

The next question was a little delayed, but it came.

"Don't you think you have great cause to be thankful that he was a pious man, and saved his *chist*?"

"I do," said the widow abruptly, and turned her head to look out of the window. The indefatigable "pump" changed his position, held the widow by his glittering eye once more, and propounded one more query, in a lower tone, with his head slightly inclined forward, over the back of the seat: "Was you calculating to get married again?"

"Sir," said the widow, indignantly, "you are impertinent!" And she left her seat and took another on the other side of the car.

"'Pears to be a little huffy!" said the ineffable bore. Turning to our narrator behind him:

"What did they make you pay for that umbrella you've got in your hand?"



## THE PERFIDY OF CAPTAIN SLYBOOTS.



SLYBOOTS, quotha Macheath was a captain, and so was Kidd the pirate. I'd captain them! I'm not a revengeful man. I love my neighbors as myself. But I confess that I should like to see Captain Slyboots boiled; that I should like to see him grilled; that I should like to run red-hot forks—three pronged—into those confounded blue eyes of his, and to introduce the sharp-pointed blades of penknives between his flesh and his fingernails. He has de-

stroyed my happiness. He has made a Sahara desert of Arabella Lodge, and reared a hideous Upas tree in the middle of the Brussels carpet in the back drawing-room. Yes; the back drawing-room, for there—but be calm, my raging soul; let me relate the story of my wrongs for the benefit of husbands in general, and gunpowder agents in particular. Let me gibbet this monster, and nail him, like a vampire bat of a light dragoon as he is against the door of the temple of Hymen. Give me a pen of adamant and a pint bottle of gall, and I will commit to paper the particulars of the atrocious—the fiendish, perfidy of Captain Slyboots.

I spoke of gunpowder agents. I'm one of them. I have an office in Broad Street Buildings, in the city of London, where I carry on the chief agency of the Bangford Powder Mills. You need not be afraid to come and see me. We don't keep much on the premises, and I never smoke before lunch. Good years, bad years, my commission, salary and perquisites, bring me in eight hundred a year. I keep a

dog-cart; my wife has a brougham, whenever she chooses to ask her "Hubby"—or rather the wretched outcast who was once known to her by that endearing diminutive—for it. I live at Arabella Lodge, Brompton, and my name is Harcourt Symes. I have done with the vanities of this world now; so I don't mind telling you that I was christened Thomas, and that my papa used to spell *his* surname thus—Sims.

My Arabella—I don't mean my house, but my wife—was the beauty of Herne Bay; and I married her there in 'fifty-three. I married her for her loving heart, her varied accomplishments, and her long black ringlets. She had a little property, which I valued little indeed in comparison with her own sweet self, and which I have invested very advantageously. We have two children now—poor helpless innocents!—Grenville Harcourt, aged three, I intend shall become a civil engineer; Arabella-Louisa, aged two, is destined for the church. The dear little creature is so staid and solemn, that my wife declares that when she grows up some bishop will be sure to fall in love with her and marry her.

Up to the month of November last year, Arabella Lodge was a model on a small scale of the garden of Eden. I don't think any children in Brompton ever cried so seldom as did ours. My Arabella was a capital manager, and the housekeeping bills were very moderate. Our cook was a treasure, and our two housemaids pearls; and as for James the footboy, I never knew such a clever boy as that boy. In gardening, grooming, &c. &c.—cleaning, errand-running, door-answering, and bringing home books from the circulating library, he was an Admirable Crichton. He had but one failing—a leaning towards singing nigger melodies, accompanied on the bones, in the back garden late at night; but a timely admonition, and a mild application of the back of a clothes-brush to the head, cured him of that ungenteel propensity. I don't think, six months ago, there was a happier man in Brompton—in London—in England—than Harcourt Symes. Slippers always ready when I came home; children always shiny-faced and well-dressed, with pink bows on their plump little shoulders as big as kites; cat—I hate cats—always snugly locked up in the coal-cellar; my Arabella smiling; my dog Buffo turning over head and heels with delight in the gravel-path; the leaves of the new books all cut, the dinner ready, and the wine decanted. We were visited by and received the best families in the neighborhood and outlying suburbs. The Almond Tumblers, of Thurlow Square (rich conveyancing family), the Pouter Pigeons of the Gloucester Road, the Cotchins of Brompton.

Square, the Chiners of Chiswick Mall. We had people from Kensington Palace—from the Royal Palace at Kensington—yes, sir—beneath our humble roof. Old Lady Fang, widow of George the Third's dentist and cupper, and enjoying the hospitality of a grateful country in that dignified retreat, took up my Arabella. She invited the very best society to our house. The Honorable Miss Julia Medea Buffleton, (~~she~~ lives at Hampton Court Palace, yes, sir, and is first cousin to *the* Lord Buffleton) used to come and read her three volume novels of fashionable life to my wife, before she sent them to the crack west-end publishers, who were only prevented from giving them to the world *by an infamous combination of literary cliques*. Young Guffoon told me as much; and young Guffoon ought to know. I never mentioned the gunpowder business at Brompton, of course; that might have led to "a blow up" you know (isn't that a joke?); we gave snug little dinner parties, and quiet little dancing teas, and now and then a regular first-rate concert and soirée. I am not a vain man, but I think I can boast of having seen the prettiest girls and the most genteel-looking parties—I mean men—in our suite of rooms at Arabella Lodge, that are visible anywhere out of Almacks or Her Majesty's drawing-room.

In an evil hour—what do I say!—a fatal, an irrevocable hour, the path of our turtle-dove felicity was crossed by Captain Slyboots. My wife picked him up—yes, "picked him up" is the word—at the annual ball in aid of the funds for providing small-tooth combs for the destitute Shetland ponies, held at the Hanover Square Rooms. I had an engagement at Greenwich that day. I think the landlord of the Trafalgar wanted some gunpowder; at all events, I went down, and half-a-dozen jolly fellows from the city, who, curiously, all had business in Greenwich that day, went with me. We dined together when business was over, and felt so exhausted with the mental anxiety we had gone through—you know how harassing business matters are—that we could not possibly get back to town till the last train. Lady Fang had kindly promised to be my wife's chaperon at the ball (which was a very exclusive one, vouchers, signed by two ladies patronesses, being requisite to procure a ticket, quite tip-top style) so I felt quite easy on my Arabella's account. When I returned home rather late that night—for feeling rather hungry after the railroad journey, I had dropped in to have some supper at my club—I found a white camelia in a glass of water on my wife's dressing-table. Her own bouquet, which I had sent her that morning from Covent Garden, lay beside it, all crumpled and faded. I never was of a jealous disposition—never! never! ha

ha! hoo! never—and I thought no more about it. I know now who gave her that camelia.

The next morning Arabella told me all about Captain Slyboots. He was the most delightful creature, she said—so droll, so full of anecdote, so *truly distinguished*. He had been presented to her by Lady Fang herself, and was, indeed, a distant connection of her Ladyship. He, Slyboots, was the only son of Sir Crispin Slyboots, of Diddlecot Hall, Learyshire, immensely rich, captain in the 21st Hussars, and all the rest of it. It was by the merest chance that he happened to be in town so late in the year, but was in London, she believed, in order to settle something with the family lawyers, about the estates in Learyshire. He had asked permission to call; permission had been granted, and he was to make a call that very day—a morning call. I am the most unsuspicious man breathing, and had my wife told me then—mark me, *then*—that the Sultan of Turkey, or Governor Brigham Young, or any other polygamical villain, was to call at Arabella Lodge, I should have driven into the city with a light heart. It was not long before I saw Captain Slyboots. I had to ask him to dinner before the week was over. He came very often, not too often for me *then*, for he had such insinuating, such persuasive ways about him, that I really liked the fellow. He found out all about the gunpowder, and rallied me—“chaffed,” he called it—in a manner at which it was impossible to be offended, but for which I should like to kick him, now. He did me the honor—I mean he had the impudence, to call on me in my office in the city one morning, and borrowed ten pound of me in the most affable—I mean in the most jesuitical manner. I must do him the justice to say that he paid me the money back; I wish he hadn’t, that I might sue him, and accumulate costs against him, and immerse him in a life-long dungeon. Saba! He was over six feet high, and had fair whiskers, which he curled; and fair hair, which he parted down the middle; and fair moustaches, which he twisted; and very white teeth, and a white hooked nose, like an eagle’s beak. His eyes, as I have said, were blue. You see that to all appearance he was as like as two peas to the heavy swells one sees flattening their noses against the windows of the army and navy club-houses, or smoking big Milo cigars outside four-in-hands; but Captain Slyboots was of a very different order. He wasn’t solemn and sheepish and foolish, like the grandly-dressed young fellows one meets out. The wretch could sing and dance, and imitate the noises of animals, and play the banjo, and do tricks with the cards. He could mesmerise, and make pigs out of oranges. He was a dab at table-turning; could make a hat spin like a teetotum; knew lots of poetry and all that; talked



about chemistry and Mr. Faraday; taught my wife *potichomanie* and modelling in wax; was the best archer—I had a target in my back garden—I ever knew, and played the pianoforte brilliantly. Oh, he *was* sly, he was! If I hadn't known him to be the son of a baronet, and heir to eight thousand a year, I should have taken him to be a play-actor. All the girls who visited us were mad after him. Clara Cotchins, (who has a good bit of money of her own, though her father is only Cotchins, R.A., the farm-yard painter) positively threw herself at him, like a boomerang; but she came back again, also like a boomerang, and because Captain Slyboots wouldn't make love to her, she said he was a puppy. A puppy! you might as well call a Bengal tiger a kitten. Mrs. Almond Tumbler conceived a violent hatred to my wife, because the Captain visited oftener at Arabella House than in Thurlow Square, and took an early occasion to inform Captain Slyboots in strict confidence that we were only "people in the city,"—"something quite low," she believed. I should like to know what the Tumblers are forsooth, if not people in Bedford Row, who make their living by grinding the noses of their unfortunate clients. I always hated lawyers. The Captain laughed, told my wife the story, and drew a pen-and-ink caricature of Mrs. Almond Tumbler—who had three distinct double chins, one under the other, like a flight of stairs going the wrong way—which sent us all into extacies of laughter.

You know what a rage there was last winter for private theatricals. From Woburn Abbey to Camberwell Grove, the mania for amateur play-acting spread like an epidemic. Brompton didn't escape the infection; Kensington took it severely. The Pouter Pigeons gave a grand performance on New Year's Eve in the Gloucester Road, and a ball afterwards. A dramatised version of the "Old Curiosity Shop" was the piece of the evening, and Clara Pigeon, who is at least five feet eight inches high (she is called the "Grenadier" in the domestic circle), insisted upon playing "Little Nell." To diminish from the effect of her stature she wore a ridiculously short skirt, which made her look like an overgrown ballet-girl. To mend matters, Master Tom Pigeon, who is about six inches taller than his sister, must needs play "Quilp," and in order to give himself the appearance of a dwarf, he bent his legs and hunched his body to such an extent that in the middle of the piece he was seized with the cramps, and was carried off the stage. He wasn't seen again, but lay on the sofa behind the scenes, moaning dismally, while Miss Pitcher, the teacher from Minerva House, played airs from the "Trovatore" on the piano.

Of course, we must have our share in private theatricals, and early in

the present year my wife propounded to me a notable plan for an amateur performance on the night of the 14th of February—Valentine's Day, you know. I gave way to her, as I did in everything, *then*, and gave her a cheque into the bargain." The programme was most elaborate. First, we were to have a grand operatic selection by lady and gentleman executants; accompanist, the famous Signor Papadaggi, who was my wife's singing-master, and whom I would gladly have paid for his services (Arabella has—she *had*, rather—a delicious contralto voice), but who insisted upon giving his gratuitous aid out of regard for Captain Slyboots, who was "ticklar frez of 'is," he said. After the opera was to come a solo on the bassoon by Jack Blunderbore, who is a friend of mine in the city (Blunderbore and Doublebarrel, gun-stock makers, Barbican), and whom I instructed, after his performance on the bassoon was over, to sit in a corner and say not one word till supper time, when I would make it up to him in game pie and champagne. Jack, who is one of the best-natured fellows alive, promised at once. The performances were to end with an entirely new and *original* farce, written by Ethelred Guffoon, Esq., entitled "The Kiss and the Kick; or, A Hint to Husbands."

Guffoon, a good-natured young fellow enough, who wore peg-top trousers and a chin-tuft, was a clerk in the Nose-bag and Check-string section of the Hackney Carriage Department in the Inland Revenue Office, Somerset House. I don't think that his official duties took up much of his time, for he found abundant leisure to write farces, paint impossible landscapes on tinted paper, and make himself agreeable in genteel society, where, from his amiable manners and comic acquirements, he was highly popular. The mammas were not very anxious about him on account of their daughters one way or the other, for it was generally understood that he had a hopeless attachment for a marchioness, who wrote Latin verses and played the violoncello, and was thereby condemned to perpetual celibacy. He was good enough, as I have said, to write the farce of "The Kiss and the Kick" for us; and he was, in virtue of his indubitably vast theatrical experience, appointed stage manager, acting manager, prompter and general director of our dramatic entertainments. There wasn't much plot in his farce, but there was a great deal of fun. The point on which the piece seemed to turn was this: that a Chevalier Somebody stole a kiss from the Marquise de Somebody Else, and that the Marquis, her injured husband, coming in at the very nick of time, revenged himself upon the Chevalier by inflicting on him a violent kick in the skirts of his brocaded coat. The scene of the piece had originally been laid in

England—at Camberwell, if I remember rightly—and the Chevalier, under the name of Prupper, was to have worn a grass-green coat with brass basket buttons, a white hat, speckled stockings, and nankeen inexpressibles; but, as the ladies thought that hoops and powder would look pretty—and as the gentlemen had no objection to bag wigs and swords (though some were slightly timorous about the effects of shorts and silk stockings till padding was suggested by the artful Captain Slyboots), the venue was changed to Versailles, and the kick was supposed to be inflicted for the kiss given in the palmy days of Louis the Fifteenth. Now, as a malignant fate would have it, Guffoon, who had the distribution of the parts, “cast” me—that was the term he used—for the Marquis, Arabella for the Marchioness, and *Captain Slyboots for the Chevalier*. I winced a good deal at this; for, though no sensible husband ought to have any objection to his pretty wife being kissed (in fun) by an intimate friend—don’t we do it all round in our game of forfeits at Christmas?—I could not bear the idea of Captain Slyboots’ moustached lips touching my Arabella’s cheek; of course he was only to kiss her cheek. I remonstrated with my wife, I privately entreated Guffoon to change the “casts;” I offered, time after time, to change parts with Slyboots, offering to let him kick me with spurs on if he chose; but all to no avail. Everybody, friends included, declared that I was cut out for the Marquis; and at last, for fear of seeming to be jealous, and consequently ridiculous, I consented to waive my objection. “But what a kick I will give him,” I thought to myself, “on the night of performance, to be sure.”

Would you believe it, that on the very first rehearsal of the farce, Captain Slyboots coolly told me that of course he should kiss Arabella! I pointed out to him that such a proceeding at this stage was not only highly indecorous but wholly unnecessary; that a kiss was an operation that needed no rehearsing, and that both kissing and kicking could be postponed till the grand night. But my objections were scarcely uttered, before there arose from the audience (for we had a large audience at all the rehearsals) such a Babel of laughter and remonstrance, that I was almost stunned. “I ought to know better;” “I was paying a bad compliment to my wife;” “Of course Captain Slyboots must kiss her,” and the like. Even old Lady Fang shook her snuff-box at me, and said “Fie, fie, jealous man!” Some of them called me Bluebeard; and Miss Grenadier Pigeon quoted the lines about the “green-eyed monster.” Miss Almond Tumbler told me plainly that I ought to be ashamed of myself; and my wife evinced such unmistakable signs of beginning to cry, that I bowed my head and submitted. “Kiss her,

Captain," I said in a faint voice. Somehow, that kiss took a long time to rehearse; but when I really heard a good sounding smack, I rushed



on to the stage—the carpet of the back drawing-room I mean, and was about to assuage my wrath in kicks—in kicks mind, not in a kick, when Ethelred Guffoon seized me round the waist, and from that detestable audience of women in the front drawing-room there arose a cry of “No! no! no! not till *the* night—not till *the* night!” Again did old Lady Fang shake her snuff-box at me; this time she called me, “Cruel, spiteful man, to want to kick dear Captain Slyboots more than once.” Again did Arabella show symptoms of tears, and again, like a hound as I was, did I bow my head, and to my shame and sorrow submit. So Captain S’yboots kissed Mrs. Symes, and I wasn’t allowed to kick him. Alaloo! vengeance!

My friends, this martyrdom went on for nearly a month. We had a rehearsal almost every day, sometimes twice a day. The instant I

came back from Broad Street Buildings—and I very frequently missed going altogether, leaving my clerks, Cartooch and Squibber, junior, in charge—they were sure to “call the farce,” and Mrs. S. went through her part, and I didn’t go through mine, and Captain Slyboots did nothing but laugh and twirl pirouettes upon his military heels.

But on the 6th of February I walked—walked, sir—down to Toeser, my bootmaker, in Jermyn Street, St. James’s.

“Toeser,” I asked, darkly, “are pointed toes worn now?”

“Rounds is most fash’nable.”

“Make me,” I said sternly and gloomily, “a pair of the best Wellingtons—the strongest leather, mind; but they must be varnished, and cut as they are in this colored print of the Duke de Richelieu which I will leave with you: let the toes be of the sharpest and hardest you can make. Let there be double soles and iron heels” (for I thought the affair might end seriously, and that it was as well to be prepared with means for stamping on my enemy), “and let me have them home, without fail, this day week. You understand.” Toeser bowed and sniffed at an unfinished boot, his usual mode of expressing acquiescence in the wishes of a customer, and I left the shop with a lightened heart.

The boots came home on the 13th; and I did not go to the office that day, but passed the greater portion of my time in my dressing-room, gloating over the instruments of retribution as they gleamed on their trees. “I *will* kick him, and no mistake,” I thought.

By great good fortune it had been settled that, in order to relieve the monotony of the shorts and silk stockings, I was to be a sporting marquis, and to wear buckskins and boots—*bottes à l’écuyère*, I think Guffoon called them. His Imperial Majesty Napoleon the Third wears similar boots when he goes out hunting.

I drove down to Broad Street Buildings for a couple of hours next morning—the morning of *the* day, just to see how things were getting on. Everything was progressing smoothly for the performance. Simmons’s men had brought the portable theatre and scenery; the costumes were to come from Nathan’s; the supper was ordered, the supply of extra waiters laid on, the invitations duly sent out and responded to. I felt in high spirits, and giving my groom a holiday, took an omnibus back to Brompton, and arrived at Arabella Lodge about two in the afternoon.

I found my wife in her morning gown, and a flood of tears, on the sofa. With one hand she held her handkerchief to her face, in the other she clutched a letter.

"What is the matter, my poppet?" I said, caressingly, thinking that Simmons's men and the extra waiters had been too much for her nerves.

"G-g-g-g-gone," she sobbed.

"Who's gone?" I asked, thinking, perhaps, that our Admirable Crichton, the footboy, might, as a finishing stroke of genius, have absconded with the plate-basket.

G-O-O-O-O-ONE AWAY," she repeated, holding out the letter.

I seized the fatal epistle, I recognized the horribly familiar handwriting, and I read *this*:—

"MY DEAR MRS. SYMES (*his* dear Mrs. Symes, indeed!)—I much regret to say that I shall not be able to fill my part in your private theatricals of this evening. I have received orders from the Horse Guards to join my regiment at Bhowaljuggerpore, without a moment's delay. I leave by the twelve o'clock train for Alexandria, *via* Dover and Marseilles, *en route* for Calcutta. Pray apologise for me to all our friends, especially to your husband, whom I am sincerely sorry to rob of *his legitimate retaliation*. I will write at length from Marseilles." (*Will* he write at length from Marseilles?) "Most truly yours,

"VULPUS REYNARD LUPUS SLYBOOTS."

I crushed up the abominable epistle in my hand; I folded my arms, and assuming the majestic look of Lucius Junius Brutus when he—but I really forget what he was doing when he did it—I said to Mrs. Symes—

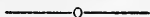
"Madam"—I had never called her "Madam" but once before in my life, and that when she was a Miss, and I apologized for treading on her toes while dancing with her at the Caledonian ball. "Madam, if she wasn't such an intolerable old catamaran that no human being could live with her, and be alive at the end of the week, I'd send you home to your mother. As it is, you will be kind enough to put off the absurd, disgusting, degrading tomfoolery of to-night. Say you are ill—that I am ill. Say, if you like, that I have cut my throat, and shall be back in a week." I was so agitated that I did not know what I said.

I left my wife in hysterics; sent her maid to her, and rushing out, hailed a Hansom cab, and told the cabman to drive me into town. I alighted at Essex Street in the Strand, scarcely knowing where I was going, and found myself somehow on the pier and aboard a steamer. I was landed at the Old Shades Pier; if I had been landed at Copenhagen it would have been all the same to me. As I was moodily threading my way towards Thames Street (as a long cut towards Broad Street Buildings), a little ragged urchin came tumbling head over heels before me, and importuned me to buy cigar-lights. I never did so cruel, so mean, so cowardly a thing in my life; but I could not resist the instinct

of being revenged on *somebody*. I caught the boy in a favorable position, and I gave him *one sounding kick* that sent him flying among the rabble rout of his companions with a howl that would have awakened the Seven Sleepers. . . . .

P. S.—Arabella and I are reconciled now. She has confessed to me, with many tears and kisses, that she never liked Captain Slyboots; and always thought him deceitful. Besides, old Lady Fang says that he has been engaged for years to his cousin, Miss De Loup.

I am happy again; though occasionally nervous that Lady Fang should find out that we are city people; but if Captain Slyboots ever comes back from India, and I meet him, I—I—I—I—I'll most certainly *cut him*.



## MY ELOPEMENT.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF A GENTLEMAN WHO WISHED TO GET  
MARRIED ON THREE HUNDRED A YEAR.

I SHALL not mention my name. You may call me what you like. Augustus, Reginald, Almanzor—anything will do. What I am going to tell happened many years since.

Not only shall I abstain from mentioning my own name, but I shall also carefully avoid giving any, even the slightest, clue to the identity of the young lady, who, by-the-bye, must be now a middle-aged lady. This reminds me that I also am not so young as I was: but no matter.

We were talking the other night, at the club, about getting married on three hundred a year. The most absurd nonsense was uttered. One fellow said you could live without wine; another, that dinner parties were not essential to happiness, and so on; but they'll take precious good care not to get married themselves, for all that. It isn't a question whether a man *can* get married on three hundred a year, for any man with a tongue in his head, and half a sovereign in his pocket, can persuade some girl or other to have him, and, what's more, can pay the necessary fees—if he doesn't mind getting married by banns, which appears now to be the fashion. No; the question is whether you can be as jolly on three hundred a year, married, as you may sometimes contrive to be with that amount of income when you are single (I say sometimes, for, after all, three hundred a year is not much, and very few fellows who are condemned to live upon it *can* succeed in making both ends meet).

Well, my answer to the question is this, that if a single man can only just live upon three hundred a year, a married man can't do it at all; that is to say, not if he means to give anything to his wife and children. Women don't eat much, and, fortunately, don't drink at all; but they wear a lot of clothes, and don't object to jewellery. Then wives have an inveterate, and I suppose invincible, habit of having children, and children want nurses, and boots, and drums, and all sorts of things.



A BACHELOR'S VIEW OF MATRIMONY.

There is one kind of marriage, however, which suits a man of three hundred a year admirably. I mean marriage with a rich heiress. A man with only three hundred a year may safely marry a woman who has three thousand. This is just what I tried to do, and it wasn't quite so easy as you may imagine, though I was thirty-two at the time, and the girl only sixteen. She was so infernally romantic, you see, and I'm not romantic at all. I can make love and all that sort of thing, and know when to squeeze a woman's hand—and never did so either too soon or too late (except with the one I am going to tell you about, and she wouldn't stand it any time). But I can't manufacture sentiment very fast, having never been accustomed to the society of school girls; and that's just what spoiled the whole business. Still, I *do* think that if a young girl gets into a post-chaise with you, the least she can do is to behave herself until the end of the journey. I've been thinking about it ever since, and all I regret now is that I didn't make a confounded row about it at the time.

As I said before, I can't mention her name, because I promised I wouldn't, and for other reasons besides. However, her father was a rich manufacturer—say at Manchester; and her mother had been dead and buried long before—say at Kensal Green. As for the daughter, I think she was a pretty girl, but I know she was immensely



rich. The money that girl had in the funds was something enormous, although this was only what she got from her mother. Her father was sure to leave her a lot of money besides; but, of course, I knew there would be a quarrel with the old man after the elopement. However, she could not help having a clear sixty thousand pounds, and although it was all settled on herself, we could have lived deuced well on the interest.



THE RICH MANUFACTURER.

As we must call her something (I suppose, Mr. Editor, you would not admit a heroine without any name at all?) we will call her Julia. I first heard of her from my sister, who was at school with her at Paris, at Madame Favre's, in the Champs Elysées. It was what is called a "finishing" school, and I think it deserved the name, for it turned out some of the most finished coquettes I ever saw. Julia, however, had not yet reached coquettishness. The coquettes were all in the sixth class—that class which contains the "philosophers" in the



French collegiate system. Julia was only in the fifth—corresponding to "rhetoric" in the colleges—and had not yet gone beyond sentiment and romance. It must be remembered that she was not more than sixteen.

The course of studies pursued at Madame Favre's—at least in the upper classes—was in fact, nothing more nor less than a course of love. Was it the course of true love? asks the reader. I am inclined to think it was not, if only from the fact that, as a general rule, it *did* “run smooth.” In the fourth class, the little girls of thirteen and fourteen read “Paul and Virginia,” or other tales of a comparatively innocent nature; in the fifth, they studied the novels of Richardson and Rousseau; but, in the sixth, they affected to have lived through “such childishness,” and thought of nothing but their chances of establishing themselves in large houses, with rich husbands ready to pay the largest bills.

Where the novels came from I don't know—probably they procured them, through the servants, from some circulating library. But I am quite certain they used to read them, and it was chiefly owing to my supposed resemblance to some fellow called Ernest de Waldemar—the hero of one of the books—that Julia (as we have now agreed to call her) ultimately consented to elope with me.

The first time I saw her was at a distribution of prizes in the summer of 18—. I knew she was English by two things. First of all, she had beautiful light-brown hair, such as French girls seldom have; secondly, the priest who gave the prizes away did not kiss her on the forehead. Whenever one of the French girls went up for a prize, Father Someone-or-other, who presided at the distribution, crowned her with a wreath, gave her a very small book and a very large certificate of good conduct, and then imprinted a cold, chaste kiss on her brow as the young lady bent forward with much meekness to receive it. The Protestant



DISTRIBUTION OF THE PRIZES.

girls, however, did not see the fun, as they expressed it, of being kissed by an ugly old father confessor, and it was quite understood that they were not to receive the customary salute.

My sister, who had no prize to take (our family was never remarkable for brilliant accomplishments), was sitting by my side; and as Julia

passed before us, with her little book and her large certificate. she smiled and stopped to receive her congratulations.

As a compatriot, and the brother of one of her fellow-pupils, I took upon myself to congratulate Miss Julia also. She started, blushed, and after I had gone, told my sister that I was the very image of Ernest de Waldemar.

"And who is this Ernest?"

"How foolish you are!" was the reply. "Ernest de Waldemar is her hero. Laure de Marsan and Julia are both in love with him, and, as for Julia, she scarcely talks of anything else."

"And what will she do to me for being like him? Is she very savage?"

"Why, how stupid you must be? She likes you for it. She thinks you are so like him that you must have all his noble qualities."

"Poor girl!" I remarked.

"Not so poor as you imagine," replied my sister, making, almost unconsciously, one of those puns in which some young ladies delight. "How much do you suppose she has a year?"

"I'm sure I can't say."

"Well, I don't know exactly myself, but I know she has hundreds and thousands of pounds in the funds."

"If she has only a few thousand pounds in the funds, she will not get much a year out of that."

"Well, I'll ask her. I know it's a great deal."

"Do," I replied. "I should very much like to know."

When I saw my sister again she brought me an invitation to a ball which was to take place at Madame Favre's.

"Julia will be so glad if you come," she added.

I had almost forgotten Julia's existence, but now that I was reminded of it, I asked about the small sum of money in the funds.

"Small sum, indeed!" exclaimed my sister. "She's sixty thousand pounds left her by her mother. Nothing can prevent her having it when she is of age, or before, if she marries with her father's consent."

"Oh, he'll never give his consent," I observed, half to myself.

"Never give his consent! And why not?" asked my sister.

"No, that's not what I meant," I replied. But I omitted to add that I had been thinking of proposing to her myself, and had just imagined the probable answer to any such offer on my part.

Then I went on to reflect that a girl with sixty thousand pounds was not to be met with every day, and that I should be a flat to miss such a

chance. As for proposing to her in a formal manner, that was all nonsense. The father would say she was too young, and then marry her to some one else. I had been served that way once before.

As I knew that my sister would, as a matter of course, disapprove of my plan for carrying off her interesting young school-fellow, I thought it best to keep all my plans to myself. The first thing to do was to make love to Julia; so, at least, it appeared to me, though I discovered when I saw her that she was already as much in love with me as she could possibly be. It was impossible to produce a better impression upon her than she had already received, and it was just possible that this impression might be injured if I conversed with her too much; for, to tell the truth, I never was a good talker. It always appeared to me that love-making was a good deal like fishing. If the young lady is not thoroughly hooked, you must use all your art until you have her fast; but if you are quite sure you have taken her by the gills, pull her ashore at once. At all events, don't begin playing with her, for, after all, you can but catch her, and you *might* break your line.

Therefore, all things considered, I determined not to make love to Miss Julia at all, but to leave all that sort of thing to her own imagination and the good offices of Mademoiselle Laure de Marsan, whom I found a most worthy coadjutor. Laure, as we have seen, had herself been in love with Ernest de Waldemar, but she generously admitted that Julia loved him—that is to say, loved *me*—better than she did: and, like a good, affectionate girl, gave him up—I mean gave me up—to her dear friend and school-fellow. But having done so, she took a most admirable, because disinterested, interest in the progress of our loves. She was for ever talking to Julia about me, and aided me in every possible manner in conveying letters to Julia.

When I said I did not make love to Julia, I forgot the letters. But I saw that it was expected I should send a few. In fact, Laure hinted as much, and I of course lost no time in complying with the suggestion of so accomplished a confidante. The letters were declared to be very much like those of Ernest de Waldemar; and as they happened to have been copied literally from certain epistles by the author of the novel in which that estimable hero figures, I have no doubt that this resemblance really existed.

At last I entreated Julia to “fly with me.” This was exactly five months after my first interview with her. It was at another school-ball, given in honor of the new year. (Since my elopement with Julia, the balls at Madame Favre's have only taken place once a year; and, for some years afterwards, it was a rule that at least one teacher should

stand up in every quadrille that was danced—a regulation which has considerably interfered with the gaiety of the proceedings.)

This was how we arranged it—thanks to the skilful machinations of the romantic, but ingenious, Laure de Marsan.

On a certain day in February, Julia was to start for Italy with her aunt, a lady who resided in Paris, and who was in the habit of visiting her niece about once in three months. Julia's father was anxious his daughter should make this journey, but the aunt herself did not seem very desirous that her niece should accompany her. So, at least, I heard from my spies and confidantes; and I believe I was pretty well served by them.

Julia, by my directions, or rather by those of Mademoiselle de Marsan, in which I always acquiesced, expressed her readiness, in the first instance, to accompany her aunt. The school-bills were paid up to March, and everything was prepared for the young lady's departure. Then, a few days before the time fixed for commencing the journey (which was no joke then, let me tell you), Julia became suddenly afraid of the fatigue—a bad excuse, but one which we knew the aunt would willingly accept.

The aunt was stopping at the Hôtel des Princes, in the Rue Richelieu. On the eve of the departure Julia went to her, told her she would prefer not to go to Italy at all, that she would much rather go back to England, and that she would write to her father to come and fetch her.

"Well, my love," said the aunt, as she embraced her; "you know you're our spoiled child, and do just as you like, so, as you wish it, you must go back to England."

Julia returned that night to the school, and the next morning at seven o'clock met me at the very hôtel which her aunt had left at six. If Madame Favre questioned her coachman, all he could reply was, that he had been told to drive the young lady to the Hôtel des Princes, and that to the Hôtel des Princes he had driven her.

The post-chaise was waiting for me in the court-yard, and at half-past seven we had passed the barrier, and were galloping along the high road to Italy.

Julia cried a little at first, but I persuaded her it was useless to do so, bringing forward several excellent reasons in support of my argument, and at length she became pacified.

"How is Laure?" I inquired.

"Quite well," said Julia, wiping her eyes. "She sent her love to you."

"Have you her cousin's address at Lyons?"

"Yes; here it is," she replied, giving me at the same time an envelope on which was written the address of one of Laure's cousins, at whose house we were to be received, and where we intended to have our wedding breakfast.



THE ELOPEMENT.

This was the plan of my campaign. We were to go on without stopping as far as Lyons. Travelling day and night it would be impossible to overtake us, even if the alarm were given, which was by no means certain; and once at Lyons, all we had to do was to go to the German church and get married forthwith. Then Julia was to write to her father, and the marriage could afterwards be solemnized with his consent, either before the English consul at Lyons, or at the chapel of the embassy at Paris. But to apply at the English consulate for permission to marry a girl of sixteen, with whom every one in the town would know, soon after the arrival of the post-chaise, that I had eloped—this, it appeared to me, would be imprudent and something more.

"What will my poor aunt say?" exclaimed Julia thoughtfully, after we had proceeded for some time in silence.

I made no reply, for I didn't know what her poor aunt was likely to say, not enjoying the honor of that lady's acquaintance.

"And what a hypocrite she will consider me, pretending up to the last moment that I wanted to accompany her, and even writing to take the rooms at the hôtel, and all!"

"What hôtel?" I inquired.

"At Sens, where my aunt and myself meant to stop to-night."

"Oh, that won't matter," I continued. "But where is Sens?"

"Sens? I'm sure I forget. I didn't address the envelope."

"Postillion," I exclaimed, "where is Sens?"

"Sens? You want to know, sir, where Sens is? It's the last station you'll come to to-night; that is to say, if you travel as you're doing now."

"But we don't want to go to Sens."

"I'm afraid, then, you're going there very fast, sir. But here are the horses."

We had now reached the first post-town. I gave the postillion two five-franc pieces for the first stage, and told his successor to lose no time in getting the horses harnessed.

"Some foreign prince carrying off a banker's daughter," said the retiring postboy, to the one who took his place, at the same time exhibiting the ten francs which he had just received.

"I forgot to ask about Sens," I remarked to Julia; and then, calling out to the postillion, I inquired as to its locality.

"Road to Lyons, sir," was the answer. "With patience and good horses you'll get there before to-morrow morning."

"I thought your aunt was going to Italy?" I observed to Julia.

"So she is. But may she not go to Italy through Lyons?"

"Well, I shouldn't think so; but I don't know."

"I think you might have ascertained that before," suggested Julia, with a gentle pout.

"Postillion, postillion! which is the way to Italy?" I called.

"This is the way, sir. All in good time," was the answer. "There's another road, sir, and then, sir, you know that every road leads to Rome. But they mostly go through Lyons, sir."

"Confound it!" I muttered. "And so we shall be passing through the very place where your aunt is. Where did you write to take the rooms?"

"Hôtel de l'Europe."

"We shall know what to avoid then. A pity you couldn't think where Sens was before. Sens, Sens! As for me I never heard of it."

"I thought I was under your protection, and that you would take the trouble to ascertain where we were going before you started."

"Well, don't cry, my beloved Julia, or I shall think you no longer love me."

"My presence here is a sufficient proof of my affection. Oh! what a lovely landscape," she then exclaimed, pointing to a valley with a river running through it, and a few cows grazing about here and there.

"Yes, a very fine landscape," I replied; "but not enough cows."

She looked at me, and stared. The fact was, I was anxious to stop all sentimental twaddle, because it's not my line, and I don't shine in it; and I therefore thought I had better check this outburst about the landscape as soon as possible.

"Does that scene say nothing to your heart?" she continued. "Do you see no poetry in that placid valley, in that calm rippling stream?"

I now stopped her for another reason, for I began to think she might take me for an unfeeling brute.

"Yes, it's very beautiful," I replied. "Indeed it reminds me of something I saw at the Diorama, or at the Water-Color Exhibition, in London, I forget which. But it's very fine, whichever it was."

After this, Julia remained silent for some minutes.

"Do you read much poetry?" she asked when we again changed horses.

"Not very much," I answered. "I used to read it at school, and write it out too, a hundred lines at a time, when I had been doing anything wrong."

"But I should have thought the study of poetry formed part of your daily life."

"No. In Paris I used to get up as late as I did in London: and then what with breakfasting at a *café*, riding in the Bois de Boulogne, calling on a few friends, dining, and then going to the opera or one or two balls, I'd enough to do without reading poetry."

"But surely you like poetry. I always thought you adored it," she continued.

"I should like it very well if it weren't for the rhymes; but, as for adoring it, I only adore you."

The latter remark was made by way of conciliating the fair Julia, who seemed determined that I should like exactly what she liked,—a notion which I thought I might as well destroy as soon as possible. Besides, I don't like poetry at all. I'm not very fond of prose; but as for poetry, I can't read a line.

"You, the image of Ernest de Waldemar, not to like poetry! I thought you loved it!"



THE IMAGE OF ERNEST DE WALDEMAR.

"I only love you," I ventured to observe.

"This is the second time you have paid me that compliment," said Julia, impatiently. "Cannot we talk of something else?"



"Well, what shall we talk of? Oh, here we change horses. By-the-bye you must want breakfast. It's eleven o'clock."

"I could not eat a thing."

"Couldn't you? Well, I feel exceedingly hungry. When do you generally breakfast?"

"At seven; but to-day I am so restless, so agitated, I cannot think of such things."

"Well, to tell the truth, I feel rather peckish," said I: and, indeed, I did. "I am accustomed to take my meals regularly, and I think I shall breakfast here."

"And if we are being pursued?"

"Oh, who's to pursue us? After you've been with me three hours in a post-chaise, after running away from school, it is not very likely any one would object to my marrying you; is it now?"

"That may be, but it's not the way to look at it."

"Will you breakfast at the post-house, sir, or at the hôtel?" said the postillion, as he came to the window.

"At the hôtel, and the best in the place," was my prompt reply

"You mean to breakfast?" expostulated Julia, "when you know we may be overtaken at any minute. How could I bear such a scene? The disgrace would kill me."

"But, my dearest love," I replied, "I always breakfast at eleven; and I have been up to-day since five."

"Were we not to hurry to Lyons, and be married there instantly on our arrival? Pray, think of me and of my dreadful position, and do not let us have any needless delay."

The notion of calling breakfast a "needless delay," I think, was rather good. But as Julia began to cry once more, I bought some bread and cheese and a bottle of wine at an inn, and just before starting swallowed a large cup of coffee.

I had determined, from the beginning, not to give in to Julia—a good-natured, but at the same time a silly, sentimental girl, who wanted her romantic notions knocked out of her head as soon as possible. However, she did not appreciate my firmness and decision of character, but remained sulking in a corner of the carriage during the whole of the next stage.

Postillions are known to be scoundrels, but I think, on this unfortunate journey of mine, I met with the most extortionate, and at the same time one of the most impertinent, villains that ever was known. At one of the stations I had given a postillion about twenty-five sous, instead of two or three francs, more than he was entitled to claim from me.

"They are not so loving as they were when they started," said the low brute, to one of his companions. "He's actually only given me twenty-five sous."



THE POSTILLION.

"Oh!" said the other, "what can you expect? some commercial traveller eloping with a ballet girl."

"There! there!" exclaimed Julia, who heard this last remark. "That's what I meet with through you. Nothing but insults."

"If we only had time to go back," I muttered, "I would break the scoundrel's head."

"Quarrelling would not improve the matter," remarked Julia.

"No; but paying the fellows properly might. I shall pay the next by the legal scale, not a farthing more."

However, at the very next station, I had a row with the scoundrels. I paid them by the legal scale, and you should have seen their looks. To make it better, there were no horses to be had. An English lady had just passed with three travelling carriages, one for herself and her lady's maid, another for her other servants, and a third for her lap-dogs.

"My aunt!" whispered Julia, quite pale from fear.

"Well, my love," I replied, almost tired of her nonsense, "she's not running after us, we're running after her; and as the laws of the road will not allow one post-carriage to pass another, there is no fear of our overtaking her."

"But she stops at Sens."

"Well, Sens is not a village. It appears to be a large town. She puts up at the Hôtel de l'Europe, and we can stop and dine at any hôtel that happens not to be the Hôtel de l'Europe."

"Dine!" muttered Julia contemptuously, as she threw herself back in the corner of the carriage.

However, I was not going to remain twenty-four hours without a :

regular meal for the sake of a romantic young school-girl. Of course, I should be able to teach her a little reason after our marriage, but in the meanwhile she was certainly somewhat exacting. Nothing could stop the marriage now, not even her aunt, if her carriage should break down, or any other accident should bring us into collision. After passing Sens we should not even have to fear this. Her aunt was to sleep there. We were only going to stop there an hour to dine—for I was determined to have my dinner—and the next morning, when the old woman started, we should be eighty or ninety miles ahead.

As Julia seemed seriously grieved, I thought I would try to console her. I began by putting my arm around her waist, or rather by attempting to do so, for she drew herself up quite furiously, and said, with a look of something very like scorn: "Remember your promise, sir; and be good enough not to approach me so closely."

I tried to reason with her, but it was no use. Then I became sulky too, but only for a few minutes, after which I amused myself by thinking what I should do with the interest of the sixty thousand pounds.

"I shall live in London," I decided, "in one of the new houses between Knightsbridge and Kensington Gore, overlooking Hyde Park. I shall only want three servants besides my own. Oh, yes—there's the cook, and we must have a good one too, for I shall give a dinner party once a fortnight at least. With economy, we shall be able to have a place in the country, and shall have enough for a foreign trip every year. And I don't see why I shouldn't go to Parliament too. I can't speak, but if I could manage to get a lucrative place I could receive the salary just as well as any one else."

These agreeable reflections were put an end to by the jerk of the carriage, which suddenly stopped before the post-house of Sens.

"Here we are," said I to Julia.

"Heré we are," I repeated, as I had received no reply.

"Oh, my heaven! What is to become of me?" sighed Julia, who had been sleeping, and was as yet scarcely awake.

I was determined to put a stop to all this sort of thing, and said, rather abruptly perhaps:

"Have the kindness to get out. And remember we dine here."

She got out without a word, and entered the hôtel. It was the Hôtel de France, the Hôtel de l'Europe being, as I had ascertained, at the other end of the town.

Julia's eyes looked hollow, and had large black circles round them. She had evidently been crying much, and was quite exhausted.

I really pitied her, and went towards her to speak to her, when she turned away from me, took up a candlestick, and asked one of the servants to show her a room where she could arrange her toilette.

Soon afterwards the servant came down for a pen and ink.

"A pen and ink! what for?" I inquired.

"For Madam," she replied.

I thought this rather odd, but ordered the dinner without troubling myself about it.

The soup was getting cold, and still Julia had not returned.

"This shall not take place after we are married," said I to myself, and began eating.



#### LOST—AN HEIRESS, FOR THE SAKE OF A DINNER!

"There you are at last," I exclaimed, as the door opened.

But instead of Julia, an old lady entered.

"You are Mr. ——?" she began, mentioning my name.

"Yes, Madam."

"I am the aunt of the young lady who accompanied you here in a post-chaise," she continued. "Julia missed me by one hour; and it was very kind of you to offer her a place in your carriage. But as people might misinterpret the affair, I beg you will never mention it, and I need not assure you we shall be equally discreet on our side."

"Madam, I do not understand you," I answered.

"Read this letter, then," she replied, giving me a letter which Julia had just sent her by one of the waiters.

The letter was as follows:—

"MY DEAR AUNT,—I have behaved very shamefully, but you must pardon me. I left my school this morning with a man I thought I loved; but now that I have been a day in his society I detest him. Pray save me before it is too late.—Your heart-broken niece,  
JULIA"

I could not say a word—I was thunderstruck.

"You will not mention this"—said the aunt, with a bow.

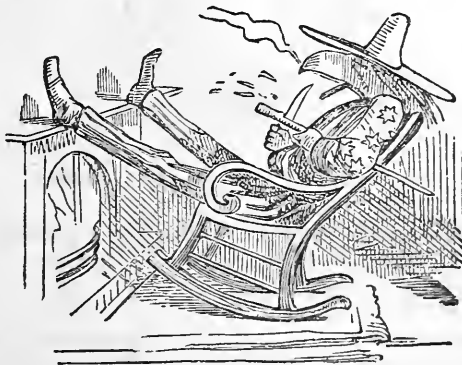
"I mention it, Madam? I should think not, indeed. A nice fool I should be considered," I reflected.

"Because I have two sons, who are in the army," added the old lady, "and who are very fond of Julia, and I should not like them to hear of it."

"No threats are necessary, Madam—I shall not speak of the affair."

"Excuse my having interrupted you," said the old woman; and with a very polite bow, she left me.

Thus ended my elopement, and my first and only attempt to get married on three hundred a year.



## HOW A STORY WAS FINISHED.

SOME years ago a Cincinnati paper received and printed the first chapter of what promised to be a thrilling romance, with the expecta-

tion of being provided with the concluding portions as might be needed. The chapter was very ingeniously written, and concluded by leaving the principal character suspended by the pantaloons from the limb of a tree over a perpendicular precipice. It attracted the attention of the press, and inquiries were about to be made concerning the continuation of the story and the fate of the hero. Day after day the victimized publishers looked for the remaining chapters, but in vain; they never came to hand. Finding that they had been sold, and wishing to put a stop to the jokes their contemporaries were cracking at their expense, they briefly concluded the story thus:

Chapter II.—Conclusion. After hanging to the treacherous tree for four weeks, his pantaloons gave way, and Charles Melville rolled headlong over the yawning precipice. He fell a distance of five miles, and came down with the small of his back across a stake, which so jarred him that he was compelled to travel in Italy for his health, where he is at present residing. He is engaged in the butchering business, and is the father of a large family of children.



### THE FROG.

OF all the funny things that live  
In woodland, marsh or bog,  
That creep the ground, or fly the air,  
The funniest thing's the frog.

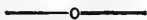
The frog—the scientificest  
Of nature's handy-work,  
The frog that neither walks nor runs,  
But goes it with a jerk.

With pants and coat of bottle green,  
And yellow fancy vest,  
He plunges into mud and mire,  
All in his Sunday best.

When he sits down he's standing up,  
As Paddy O'Kinn once said;  
And for convenience sake he wears  
His eyes on the top of his head.

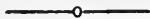
You see him sitting on a log,  
Above the "vasty deep,"  
You feel inclined to say "Old chap,  
Just look out before you leap!"

You raise your cane to hit him on  
His ugly-looking mug;  
But ere you get it half way up,  
Down he goes kerchug.



## A COLORED MINISTER'S ELOQUENCE.

"My brudders," said a waggish colored man to a crowd, "in all infliction, in all ob yer troubles, dare is one place you can always find sympathy!" "Whar? Whar?" shouted several. "In de dictionary," he replied, rolling his eyes skyward.



## SOMETHING ABOUT CRAVATS.



THE cravat changes with the age of the wearer. Before ten, our necks are free from all incumbrance; up to eighteen the cravat is considered an object of utility; from twenty to twenty-five it becomes an object of agreement, we seek to set off our faces to the best advantage, and submit to the yoke with a light heart. At thirty the cravat begins to be a study; at forty it becomes a task; its folds grow ample and comfortable in their dimension—at this age we long for repose.



At this age our last pretensions to beauty, who do not survive its possession more than from twenty to thirty years, become quite extinct, and the cravat may sit "as Heaven pleases"—we heed it not; it collapses, and permits itself to be crushed down by the stiff shirt collar, or metamorphoses itself into a sack, where we bury both chin and mouth, sometimes the nose itself.



The shape, and color, and adjustment of the cravat, vary, then, with



the age of the wearer; but they also further vary with individual character and social position.

A pliable, soft, and loose cravat, negligently, yet not inelegantly tied, marks out the man who knows how to enjoy life; a stiff cravat, tightly drawn, denotes the man of dry humor, and the ill-tempered man who never sleeps well. The physician in good practice, the successful artist, and the lawyer wear a cravat tied in an unpretending way, without stiffness, or the least semblance of dandyism.



Black-bearded men should all wear shirt-collars.

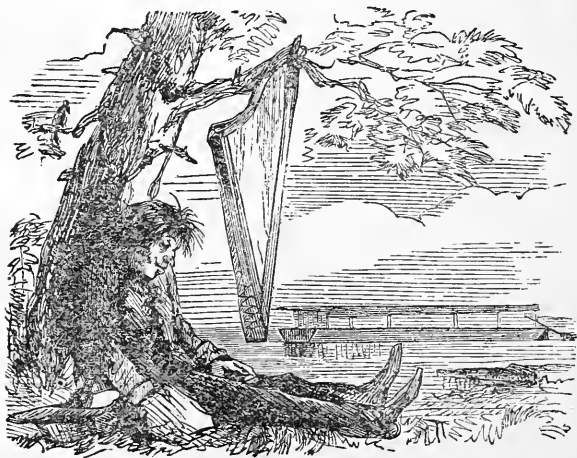
Beware of the man who wears a rusty black velvet stock, exceedingly high, and fastened behind with an immense black buckle. Be cautious how you speak in the presence of such a man. Most likely he is a spy or an informer.



## TRYING TO GET AROUND A FEMALE.

ONE eve, in velvet bravery arrayed,  
As Phil sat toying with his darling maid,  
Her little buxom waist's bewitching charm

The while half folded in his furtive arm ;  
He took her dimpled hand, and with a smile  
Stealing it gently o'er the silken pile,  
Asked, in a tender silence of love chat,  
If palm e'er fondled aught so soft as that ?  
She archly answered, " Might I venture, pet,  
I could press yours on something softer yet."  
With sidelong glance of amorous mistrust  
Adown the graceful neck and swelling bust,  
Whose ermine cape, his darling fancy taught,  
Was the coy " something " of the maiden's thought.  
He fondly sighed, to fingers' ends a thrill,  
" Ah! dearest, do!—my hand is at your will."  
But O ! lost rapture!—for no sooner said,  
She gaily clapt it pat on his own head !



" PLAYED OUT."

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